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new MUSICAL EXPRESS

NMEXCLUSIVE

VICIOUS PRISON INTERVIEW

P.3/11/12

XTC

GO WEST

CENTRESPREAD

ANDY PARTRIDGE of XTC. Pic: PENNIE SMITH.

Robin Trower

NEW SINGLE IN RED VINYL

33⅓ CHS 2247

COLOUR BAG

'IT'S FOR YOU'/
'MY LOVE (BURNIN' LOVE)'
c/w 'IN CITY DREAMS'

Chrysalis

Radio One's Breakfast Show Record of the week.

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They have been reading the ISA magazine "The Songwriter" which has contained articles on recording and publishing contracts, song royalties, trends, song plagiarism, getting a job in the music industry, starting your own publishing company, and finding your way around the London publishing scene. There have been plenty of interviews, with people like the Darts, Don Kirshner (he discovered Carole King and Neil Sedaka), Tony MacAulay, Stephen Bishop, Sammy Cahn, Burt Bacharach, Bernie Taupin, Don McLean, Tom T. Hall, Albert Hammond, Phil Spector and many more.
Members also get the confidential newsletter, "SongSeller" which prints the names and addresses of singers, managers, publishing and recording firms, who are actively looking for new songs.
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INTERNATIONAL SONGWRITERS ASSOCIATION LTD
(Dept NMD), LIMERICK CITY, IRELAND

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending October 16, 1973

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	EYE LEVEL	Simon Park Orchestra (Columbia)
3	2	MY FRIEND STAN	Slade (Polydor)
5	3	NUTBUSH CITY LIMITS	Ike & Tina Turner (United Artists)
6	4	LAUGHING GNOME	David Bowie (Deram)
2	5	BALLROOM BLITZ	The Sweet (RCA)
9	6	CAROLINE	Status Quo (Vertigo)
16	7	PUPPY SONG/DAY DREAMER	David Cassidy (Bell)
4	8	MONSTER MASH...	Bobby 'Boris' Pickett & The Crypt Kickers (London)
13	9	A HARD RAIN'S GONNA FALL	Bryan Ferry (Island)
11	10	GOODBYE YELLOW BRICK ROAD	Elton John (DJM)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending October 16, 1968

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	THOSE WERE THE DAYS	Mary Hopkin (Apple)
4	2	LITTLE ARROWS	Leapy Lee (MCA)
2	3	JESAMINE	Casuals (Decca)
3	4	HEY JUDE	Beatles (Apple)
9	5	MY LITTLE LADY	Tremeloes (CBS)
7	6	THE RED BALLOON	Dave Clark Five (Columbia)
6	7	LADY WILLPOWER	Gary Puckett & The Union Gap (CBS)
10	8	LES BICYCLETTES DE BELSIZE	Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
13	9	A DAY WITHOUT LOVE	Love Affair (CBS)
20	10	LISTEN TO ME	Hollies (Parlophone)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending October 18, 1963

Last Week	This Week		
1	1	DO YOU LOVE ME	Brian Poole & the Tremeloes (Decca)
2	2	THEN HE KISSED ME	Crystals (London)
7	3	YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE...	Gerry & the Pacemakers (Columbia)
3	4	SHE LOVES YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
5	5	THE FIRST TIME	Adam Faith (Parlophone)
6	6	BLUE BAYOU	Roy Orbison (London)
4	7	IF I HAD A HAMMER	Trini Lopez (Reprise)
9	8	I	Shirley Bassey (Columbia)
7	9	SHINDIG	Shadows (Columbia)
17	10	HELLO LITTLE GIRL	Fourmost (Parlophone)

CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending October 21, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	SUMMER NIGHTS	John Travolta & Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	5	1
2	(2)	LOVE DON'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE	Rose Royce (Whitfield)	5	2
3	(3)	LUCKY STARS	Dean Friedman (Lifesong)	5	3
4	(5)	RASPUTIN...	Boney M (Atlantic Hansa)	4	4
5	(15)	SANDY	John Travolta (Midsong/Polydor)	3	5
6	(8)	SWEET TALKIN' WOMAN	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	2	6
7	(6)	I CAN'T STOP LOVIN' YOU	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	4	5
8	(4)	GREASE...	Frankie Valli (RSO)	8	3
9	(13)	NOW THAT WE FOUND LOVE	Third World (Island)	5	9
10	(9)	YOU MAKE ME FEEL	Sylvester (Fantasy)	9	9
11	(11)	TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP	Crystal Gayle (UA)	5	11
12	(—)	RAT TRAP	Boomtown Rats (Ensign)	1	12
13	(20)	BLAME IT ON THE BOOGIE	Jacksons (Epic)	4	13
14	(—)	DARLIN'	Frankie Miller (Chrysalis)	1	14
15	(—)	MACARTHUR PARK	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	1	15
16	(24)	MEXICAN GIRL	Smokie (Rak)	2	16
17	(21)	A ROSE HAS TO DIE	Dooleys (GTO)	4	16
18	(23)	HAVE YOU EVER FALLEN IN LOVE	Buzzcocks (UA)	4	18
19	(7)	DREADLOCK HOLIDAY	10cc (Mercury)	10	1
20	(—)	HURRY UP HARRY	Sham 69 (Polydor)	1	20
21	(12)	KISS YOU ALL OVER	Exile (Rak)	7	4
22	(10)	SUMMER NIGHT CITY	Abba (Epic)	6	8
23	(19)	THE WINKERS SONG	Ivor Biggun (Beggers Banquet)	5	19
24	(—)	GIVIN' UP GIVIN' IN	Three Degrees (Ariola)	1	24
25	(14)	PICTURE THIS	Blondie (Chrysalis)	9	10
26	(—)	DOWN IN THE TUBE STATION AT MIDNIGHT	Jam (Polydor)	1	26
27	(22)	RESPECTABLE	Rolling Stones (EMI)	2	22
28	(—)	BRANDY	O'Jays (Philadelphia)	1	28
29	(—)	GET IT WHILE YOU CAN	Olympic Runners (Polydor)	1	29
30	(16)	JILTED JOHN	Jilted John (EMI Int)	11	5

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

PUBLIC IMAGE — Public Image Ltd (Virgin); GOT TO GET YOU INTO MY LIFE — Earth Wind & Fire (CBS); BRAVE NEW WORLD — David Essex (CBS); COMING HOME — Marshall Hain (Harvest).

ALBUMS

Week ending October 21, 1978

This Week	Last Week			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	GREASE.....	Original Soundtrack (RSO)	15	1
2	(6)	BIG WHEELS OF MOTOWN.	(Motown)	4	2
3	(3)	NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS	Boney M (Int/Hansa)	14	1
4	(4)	BLOODY TOURISTS..	10 c.c. (Mercury)	5	3
5	(5)	WAR OF THE WORLDS	Various (CBS)	16	2
6	(9)	CLASSIC ROCK	London Symphony Orchestra (K-Tel)	11	6
7	(2)	IMAGES.....	Don Williams (K-Tel)	12	2
8	(15)	STAGE.....	David Bowie (RCA)	3	8
9	(10)	TORMATO.....	Yes (Atlantic)	4	9
10	(13)	ROSE ROYCE STRIKES AGAIN	Rose Royce (Whitfield)	3	10
11	(8)	PARALLEL LINES...	Blondie (Chrysalis)	5	7
12	(7)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Various (RSO)	26	1
13	(27)	LOVE BITES	Buzzcocks (United Artists)	2	13
14	(15)	OUT OF THE BLUE	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	44	3
15	(14)	DON'T LOOK BACK.....	Boston (Epic)	6	9
16	(18)	BROTHERHOOD OF MAN	Brotherhood Of Man (K-Tel)	2	16
17	(28)	NEVER SAY DIE	Black Sabbath (Vertigo)	2	17
18	(21)	NATURAL HIGH	Commodores (Motown)	14	7
19	(—)	LIVE & MORE	Donna Summer (Casablanca)	1	19
20	(11)	WHO ARE YOU.....	Who (Polydor)	8	5
21	(26)	LEO SAYER.....	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	6	14
22	(—)	BURSTING OUT	Jethro Tull (Chrysalis)	1	22
23	(—)	TO THE LIMIT	Joan Armatrading (A&M)	1	23
24	(24)	ARE WE NOT MEN.....	Devo (Virgin)	6	16
25	(19)	ROAD TO RUIN.....	Ramones (Sire)	3	19
26	(30)	20 GOLDEN GREATS	The Kinks (Ronco)	2	26
27	(12)	THE BRIDE STRIPPED BARE	Bryan Ferry (Polydor)	5	12
28	(—)	BREATHLESS.....	Camel (Decca)	1	28
29	(—)	GREEN LIGHT.....	Cliff Richard (EMI)	1	29
30	(—)	JOURNEY TO ADDIS	Third World (Island)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

BACK IN THE U.S.A. — Linda Ronstadt (Asylum); STRANGER IN TOWN — Bob Seger (Capitol); LUCKY STARS — Dean Friedman (CBS); WET DREAM — Richard Wright (Harvest)

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending October 21, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(2)	HOT CHILD IN THE CITY	Nick Gilder
2	(1)	KISS YOU ALL OVER	Exile
3	(3)	REMINISCING	Little River Band
4	(5)	YOU NEEDED ME	Anne Murray
5	(6)	WHENEVER I CALL YOU "FRIEND"	Kenny Loggins
6	(4)	BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE	Taste Of Honey
7	(11)	MAC ARTHUR PARK	Donna Summer
8	(9)	RIGHT DOWN THE LINE	Gerry Rafferty
9	(10)	WHO ARE YOU	Who
10	(14)	BEAST OF BURDEN	Rolling Stones
11	(12)	BACK IN THE USA	Linda Ronstadt
12	(15)	YOU NEVER DONE IT LIKE THAT	Captain & Tennille
13	(13)	LOVE IS IN THE AIR	John Paul Young
14	(18)	HOW MUCH I FEEL	Ambrosia
15	(25)	DOUBLE VISION	Foreigner
16	(7)	DON'T LOOK BACK	Boston
17	(23)	READY TO TAKE A CHANCE AGAIN	Barry Manilow
18	(19)	SHE'S ALWAYS A WOMAN	Billy Joel
19	(21)	TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP	Crystal Gayle
20	(20)	GET OFF	Foxy
21	(22)	JOSIE	Steely Dan
22	(24)	I LOVE THE NIGHT LIFE (DISCO ROUND)	Alicia Bridges
23	(28)	I JUST WANNA STOP	Gino Vannelli
24	(26)	IT'S A LAUGH	Daryl Hall & John Oates
25	(8)	SUMMER NIGHTS	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John
26	(16)	HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU	Olivia Newton-John
27	(30)	SWEET LIFE	Paul Davis
28	(—)	SHARING THE NIGHT TOGETHER	Dr Hook
29	(17)	HOLLYWOOD NIGHTS	Bob Seger
30	(—)	TOOK THE LAST TRAIN	David Gates

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending October 21, 1978

This Week	Last Week		
1	(2)	DON'T LOOK BACK	Boston
2	(1)	GREASE	Various Artists
3	(3)	WHO ARE YOU	The Who
4	(5)	TWIN SONS OF DIFFERENT MOTHERS	Dan Fogelberg & Tim Wiseberg
5	(6)	NIGHTWATCH	Kenny Loggins
6	(4)	DOUBLE VISION	Foreigner
7	(11)	MIXED EMOTIONS	Exile
8	(9)	SGT PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND	Various Artists
9	(10)	STRANGER IN TOWN	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
10	(14)	LIVING IN THE U.S.A.	Linda Ronstadt
11	(12)	THE STRANGER	Billy Joel
12	(15)	NATURAL HIGH	Commodores
13	(13)	WORLDS AWAY	Pablo Cruise
14	(18)	SLEEPER CATCHER	Little River Band
15	(25)	ROSE ROYCE STRIKES AGAIN	Rose Royce
16	(7)	SOME GIRLS	Rolling Stones
17	(23)	CITY TO CITY	Gerry Rafferty
18	(19)	DOG AND BUTTERFLY	Heart
10	(21)	A TASTE OF HONEY	Taste of Honey
20	(20)	BAT OUT OF HELL	Meat Loaf
21	(22)	IS IT STILL GOOD TO YA	Ashford & Simpson
22	(24)	GET OFF	Foxy
23	(28)	BLAM	The Brothers Johnson
24	(26)	ONE NATION UNDER A GROOVE	Funkadelic
25	(8)	LIVE AND MORE	Donna Summer
26	(16)	PIECES OF EIGHT	Styx
27	(30)	ALONG THE RED LEDGE	Daryl Hall & John Oates
28	(—)	THE CARS	The Cars
29	(17)	SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees and Various Artists
30	(—)	CHILDREN OF SANCHEZ	Chuck Mangione

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

VICIOUS arrested. Pic: AP.

THE VICIOUS AFFAIR

ON SUNDAY, IN AN EXCLUSIVE interview with NME, Sid Vicious gave his version of the events which led up to his arrest for the for the murder of Nancy Spungen.

NEWS DESK

When we spoke to Vicious, he was undergoing heroin detoxification treatment in the hospital wing of New York's Riker's Island Prison. Although he appeared overwrought and confused about his situation, he was adamant about one thing: his innocence.

Vicious is charged with second degree murder, and intends to plead Not Guilty.

From New York, JOE STEVENS filed the following report.

RIKER'S ISLAND is a heavily guarded remand centre and short-term jail situated in the Hudson River, not far from La Guardia International Airport. The prison population consists almost exclusively of blacks and Puerto Ricans.

The Island has a tough reputation, and is supposedly a drug trafficking centre.

Accompanied by Sex Pistols manager Malcolm McLaren and Sid Vicious' mum Ann Beverly, I met Vicious in the prison hospital wing. When we told him that according to both London evening papers on Friday, Sid had "confessed" to Ms Spungen's murder, he angrily denied the reports.

"When the fuck did I make a confession?" he retorted "I was well out of it, mate!"

Over the course of our visit, Sid detailed his version of the events which took place in room 100 of the Chelsea Hotel between Wednesday evening and Thursday morning. His story is as follows:

He remembers waking up sometime during the night and seeing Nancy sitting up in bed fingering the knife they had bought earlier in the day, ostensibly to protect themselves from junkie scavengers who hung around the methodone clinic Sid frequented. Sid dozed off again before he could ask Nancy what she was doing.

His next recollection is of waking up a few hours later and seeing blood all over Nancy's side of the bed.

"There was blood everywhere. On the sheets, on the pillow-case, all over the mattress and the floor leading into the bathroom. My first thought was that she had been killed."

He stumbled into the bathroom and found Nancy — still breathing — slouched under the bathroom sink. After a futile attempt to revive her, Sid ran out into the lobby yelling for help.

He then ran into the room and called the hotel reception desk, saying, "Get an ambulance up here quick. I'm not kidding!"

Minutes later it wasn't an ambulance but the police who arrived. When they saw the scene they turned to the dazed ex-Pistol — who, it was later revealed, had at the time been taking Tuinol — and said:

"Listen kid, why'd you do that?"

"Why'd I do what?" replied Vicious.

"Why'd you kill the girl?"

"I didn't kill her."

"If you didn't kill her why can't you look at me straight in the face?"

"All right," retorted Vicious, "I'm looking at you straight in the face. I didn't kill her mate."

NANCY & SID, Music Machine, earlier this year. Pic: ROSS HALFIN.

The two cops laughed at Vicious' denial, then pushed him up against the wall face first and handcuffed him.

ACCORDING TO police, Nancy died of "a stab wound inflicted after midnight on Wednesday". They later recovered the weapon, a large folding knife with a black wooden handle, and are said to be investigating reports that an unidentified young man had been with the couple until 4.00 am that morning.

Vicious was meanwhile taken to Riker's Island.

The following day he appeared in court, where he seemed understandably distressed and not a little disconnected. He was charged with second degree murder under his real name, John Simon Ritchie, and bail was set at £25,000 — much to the dismay of New York's finest, who had expected bail to be denied.

By this time Malcolm McLaren had arrived in New York — Vicious is still contracted to him — telling the British press before he left that "one of the reasons I want Sid out is to record a new album in New York. With a bit of luck the money from the record might pay for the trial."

McLaren engaged the respected New York law firm of Prior, Cashman, Sherman and Flynn to represent Vicious. Estimates of the legal fees likely to be involved are in the region of $100,000

McLaren also engaged some private investigators to follow up, amongst other leads, a theory that the death had some connection with the activities of a Puerto Rican gang that has recently taken over drug operation on the Lower East Side, who sometimes congregate in a bar near the Chelsea Hotel.

Soon after his court appearance, Vicious was moved to the hospital wing of Riker's Island, where he is undergoing heroin detoxification.

On Sunday Sid's mother Mrs Ann Beverley arrived in New York armed with a sleeping bag and obviously ready for a long siege. We went to see Sid in hospital.

When Mrs Beverley — a very cool-headed lady who spent time on the hippie trails when Sid was ten years old — started getting a bit soft with her boy, Sid said: "Listen. I'm not a mama's boy, I'll fight my own battles."

Sid seemed to be unaware of the pressures building up around him, of the fact that the U.S. courts will probably be only too happy to make an example of him to any aspiring punk desperadoes. And, of course, Nancy's death is taking its emotional toll.

That same day Nancy's body was buried in her parents' home city of Philadelphia.

On Monday, Virgin Records telegraphed the bail money to McLaren in New York, and Sid was released on Tuesday morning.

If, when the case is heard, Vicious is convicted, the absolute minimum time he will spend in prison, with parole, is seven years. The maximum is 25.

● **Life In The Vicious Circle. Page 12.**

● **I Don't Want To Go To The Chelsea. Page 11.**

Winter tour by Gallagher

RORY GALLAGHER is to headline seven major British concerts during the first half of December, then — after playing his usual Christmas and New Year gigs back home in Ireland — he returns for another seven shows here early in January. This represents one leg of an ambitious three-month tour, which started this week, taking in 13 different countries. The U.K. dates, including three at the Hammersmith Odeon, are:

London Lewisham Odeon (December 8), Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (9), Liverpool Empire (10), Newcastle City Hall (11), Edinburgh Odeon (13), Glasgow Apollo (14) and Manchester Apollo (15); Bristol Colston Hall (January 9), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (10), London Hammersmith Odeon (12, 13 and 14), Ipswich Gaumont (16) and Brighton Dome (17).

Ticket prices are £3.50, £3 and £2.50 — except at Hammersmith (£4, £3.50 and £3) and Birmingham (£3.50 only). Official box-office opening date is November 3, though tickets for Bristol, Brighton and Bournemouth are unlikely to be available until late November. A support act has still to be named.

The Birmingham gig is the first rock concert to be staged at the new 6,500-capacity exhibition centre, and British Rail are laying on special trains direct to the venue from Birmingham Central, Leicester, Coventry and Wolverhampton — for which the return fare will be included in the £3.50 admission price, while car drivers will be able to park free of charge.

Gallagher has now re-shuffled his backing band, slimming down to a three-piece. He's retained bassist Gerry McEvoy and brought in former Alex Harvey drummer Ted McKenna. Because of these changes, he decided to re-record his new album "Photo-Finish" completely and — after much delay — this was finally released by Chrysalis last week.

RECORD NEWS

● Released by EMI on October 27 is a new single by **Kate Bush**, who is currently on a promotional visit to Australasia. Titles are "Hammer Horror" and "Coffee Home Ground", two tracks from her upcoming album.

● **Julie Covington'** first Virgin album, with her name as its title, is issued on November 10. Backing musicians include Richard Thompson, Neil Larson, Willie Weeks and Andy Newmark — and there are guest appearances by John Cale, Steve Winwood, Trevor Lucas, Simon Nicol and Chris Spedding, among others. Her single "(I Want To See The) Bright Lights" comes out this weekend.

● **The Lurkers** have just recorded their new single, titled "Just 13", for release by Beggars Banquet at the end of this month. Currently touring England, they begin a series of Irish gigs on November 20, and Scottish dates are being lined up for early December.

● **The Police**, whose new single "Can't Stand Losing You" is picking up heavy sales, have their debut album issued by A & M in early November — titled "Outlandos D'Amour", it contains 11 self-penned numbers including their classic single "Roxanne". Currently on a short U.S. tour, including gigs at New York's CBGB's, they'll be playing selected British dates on their return.

● A new album by **The Three Degrees**, titled "New Dimensions" is issued by Ariola this week. Three albums scheduled by the same label for October 27 release are "Partners In Crime" by **Bandit**, "Love Is In The Air" by **John Paul Young** and "Obscure Alternatives" by **Japan**.

● A new independent label and a new band — that's the formula for a four-track EP due out on Cells Records by four-piece Somerset band **The Ripchords**. Titles are "Ringing In The Street", "Television Television", "Peace Artist" and "Music Is . . .".

● Both the **Newton-John & Travolta** singles taken from the "Grease" album, "You're The One That I Want" and "Summer Nights", have now each sold over a million copies in Britain alone. They are, claim the record company, only the 19th and 20th singles ever to do so.

● "Rockabilly Originals" — the solo album by **Steve Bloomfield**, lead guitarist and singer with Matchbox — is now set for U.K. release this weekend by Charly Records, as a result of their new distribution deal with Dutch-based label Rockhouse. Charly are also releasing an early **Matchbox** album called "Riders In The Sky", recorded nearly three years ago but never officially issued in Britain.

● **The Flys** have their first EMI album out this week titled "Waikiki Beach Refugees". The band are being lined up for a string of gigs to promote the LP, starting at the end of this month.

Santana add two

SANTANA have added extra performances in London and Manchester, following the complete sell-out of their six-concert British tour starting at the end of this month, reported by NME four weeks ago. They now play an additional early-evening show at London Wembley Arena at 6pm on October 31, and an extra concert at the same time on November 5 at Manchester Apollo. Tickets for these shows are on sale now, priced £5 and £4 at both venues. Promoter is Mel Bush.

Rods return

EDDIE & The Hot Rods return to the concert platform next month, for the first time since their spring tour. They're playing four gigs in Scotland and two in England — at Newcastle City Hall (November 6), Aberdeen Capitol (8), Glasgow Apollo (10), Dundee Caird Hall (11). Edinburgh Usher Hall (12) and Preston Guildhall (13). Tickets at all venues are £2.50, £2 and £1.50, and support act is Squeeze. They'll be previewing material from their upcoming Island album, set for release in the New Year, when further dates can be expected.

COSTELLO: PRE-XMAS CONCERTS IN LONDON

ELVIS COSTELLO & The Attractions are to play a special pre-Christmas season of seven consecutive nights at London's Dominion Theatre in Tottenham Court Road — from Monday, December 18, to Christmas Eve inclusive.

They are the first rock band ever to be presented at this venue, and they follow in the footsteps of David Essex (who starred there for a similar week-long season last Christmas) — and, looking further back, Judy Garland. What's more, the screening of the hugely successful film "Star Wars" will be interrupted in order to accommodate Costello's shows.

Tickets are priced £4, £3 and £2, and they go on sale tomorrow (Friday) at the box-office and usual agencies. From Monday to Friday, concerts start at 8pm, while on Saturday and Sunday (23 and 24) the curtain goes up at 9pm.

And for those living too far from London to catch any of these Christmas gigs, there's news that a full British tour is being lined up for Costello and the band in the New Year.

With his new single "Radio Radio" out this weekend, Elvis is currently putting the finishing touches to his new album, which hopefully will be issued before Christmas. At the end of this month, he and the Attractions leave for Canada, Hawaii, Japan and Australia. They'll be out of the country until mid-December, returning a few days before the start of their London season.

Elkie plays the Dominion, too

ELKIE BROOKS paves the way for Elvis Costello by appearing at London Dominion Theatre for two nights — on Sunday and Monday, December 10 and 11. These dates are the climax of a European tour, starting next month in Holland, and taking in appearances in Germany, France, Scandinavia, Belgium and Switzerland. Her backing band comprises Robert Ahwai (guitar), Trevor Morais (drums), Chris Stainton (piano), John Mitchell (vibes) and Dave Markee (drums).

It's possible that Elkie may also play one or two provincial concerts in December, but a decision is unlikely until next month.

A new Elkie single titled "Don't Cry Out Loud", penned by Peter Allen and Carole Bayer Seger, is being rushed out by A & M tomorrow (Friday) — and the same evening she is showcased in her own BBC-2 special, as part of the "Sounds Like Friday" series. She'll also be guesting in the first show in the same channel's new Leo Sayer series on November 3.

Have Stranglers blown it?

THE STRANGLERS appear finally to have blown it with BBC Television, after walking off stage last week at Guildford Surrey University during the filming of a BBC-2 "Rock Goes To College" show, so causing it to be scrapped. And they may well have blown it on the campus as well, because — as a result of the band's attitude at the gig — a group of Guildford students are now trying to get them banned from the college circuit.

They were already in trouble with "Top Of The Pops", following an incident when Jean Jacques Burnel broke down a dressing-room door. And this week, "Rock Goes To College" producer Michael Appleton told NME: "As far as I'm concerned, they've coooked their goose."

The band walked off stage at Guildford after only 15 minutes, during which time they allegedly swore at students, sang "obscene" songs, smashed equipment and threw microphones. And Burnel hardly helped matters when he described the students as "conservative and reactionary".

BBC & CAMPUS THREATEN BAN

The Stranglers' case is that they were annoyed because the free BBC tickets, which the Corporation had promised to distribute equally between students and the public, had in fact been limited to students only. And the band claim that not only were some students selling tickets to members of the public at high prices, but also the touts were out in force. Consequently they harangued the audience for what they felt was unfair, even illegal, behaviour.

Said Hugh Cornwell: "We feel misled by the BBC and the university authorities." Added Jet Black: "The BBC finally realised that a live situation was a more realistic way of presenting rock music. But the gig should have been advertised, to allow those who really wanted to see us come along."

Commented Appleton: "They knew very well that it was a closed college concert. Certainly if tickets were sold, it was illegal — but I can't comment on that, because I simply don't know. Anyway, the point is that The Stranglers' attitude was amateur and immature. I'm convinced it was a set-up job."

● *Other bookings for the series include The Rich Kids at Reading University (October 28) and AC/DC at Colchester Essex University (November 3). Set for later in November, exact dates and venues to be decided, are the Average White Band and The Cars. John Martyn replaces The Stranglers in tomorrow's show.*

Upcoming on "Old Grey Whistle Test" are Whitesnake with David Coverdale and Jon Lord, plus film of the Average White Band in Nassau (October 28), Elton John and film of The Cars in Los Angeles (31), Billy Cobham and Siouxsie & The Banshees (November 7) and The Buzzcocks (14). It's possible that Peter Tosh may fly over for the November 14 show, even though his British tour next month has been called off (see page 67).

THE BISHOPS, who seem likely to give the Chiswick label its first major hit with their single "I Want Candy", are playing a short series of dates in their own right after completing several guest spots on the Dr. Feelgood tour. So far confirmed are Batley Crumpets (October 27), London Camden Electric Ballroom (28), London Middlesex Polytechnic (November 3), Southampton University (4) and Brentwood Hermit Club (9). Further gigs are being set and will be announced shortly.

HI-TENSION HEADLINE

HI-TENSION, who recently had a Top Ten hit with their single "The British Hustle", are going out on their first major headlining tour. It includes a concert at London's Hammersmith Odeon, where they last appeared as support to Heatwave. Their debut album "Hi-Tension" is set for November 10 release by Island, with a new single to follow later next month, and their tour dates are:

Carlisle Cosmo's (November 4), Peterborough Cresset Club (6), Swansea Top Rank (7), Newcastle Polytechnic (10), Poole Arts Centre (15), Coventry Warwick University (16), Bracknell Sports Centre (17), Manchester UMIST (18), Bognor Arun Leisure Centre (19), Manchester Middleton Civic Hall (22), Liverpool University (24), Tunbridge Wells Assembly Rooms (28), Northampton Salon (29), Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic (30), Edinburgh University (December 1), Glasgow Strathclyde University (2), London Hammersmith Odeon (4), Bristol Colston Hall (5), Sheffield Polytechnic (6) and Dunstable California (31).

RUMOUR, HARVEY, RUNDGREN LONDON STINTS — PAGE 67

RAY CHARLES SHOCK AS VISIT IS VETOED

RAY CHARLES pulled out of his three projected British concerts — planned for Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of last week in Birmingham, Edinburgh and London — at short notice. So short, in fact, that news of the cancellation did not reach NME before last Tuesday's deadline. Promoters Sol Ray and Norman Beaton of SNR Productions say they ran into "insurmountable contractual problems".

Charles' manager Joe Adams flew into London early last week in an attempt to resolve the difficulties, but was unable to do so — although the rest of Charles' European tour is going ahead as planned. It's hoped that alternative dates can be scheduled in the near future, but meanwhile it's the old story of ticket-holders having to apply for cash refunds.

AC/DC EXTRA — AND JUDAS

AC/DC have sold out their concert at London Hammersmith Odeon on November 15, which climaxes their British tour, reported three weeks ago. So they have now added a second show at the same venue the following night (16), for which tickets are now on sale priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50. Their new single "Whole Lotta Rosie" — taken from their latest album "If You Want Blood You've Got It" — is issued by Atlantic on October 27.

JUDAS PRIEST have added several more dates to their cufrent tour, including second shows at London Hammersmith Odeon (November 17) and Newcastle City Hall (19). New venues are Bournemouth Winter Gardens (November 15), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (16), Bridlington Spa Ballroom (18), Guildford Civic Hall (21), Chelmsford Odeon (23) and Peterborough ABC (24).

THIRD WORLD FOR RAINBOW

THIRD WORLD have switched their major London concert — the highlight of their British tour, reported last week — from Leicester Square Empire Ballroom on November 19 to the Rainbow Theatre on November 22, and tickets go on sale this weekend priced £3, £2.50 and £2. They've also added another London gig at Oxford Street 100 Club on November 16. Two date changes due to European commitments involve Leicester University (moved from November 7 to 9) and Cardiff Top Rank (from 8 to 15).

The Clash's JOE STRUMMER

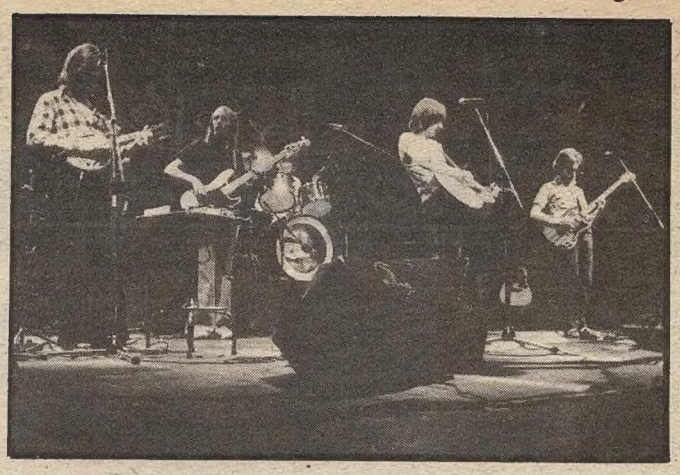
CLASH: BIG NOVEMBER SCHEDULE & NEW LP

UNDER THE banner of "The Clash Sort It Out", the band next month begin their longest-ever British tour. It will include several London dates in early December, details to be announced shortly. Meanwhile, confirmed gigs are:

Bournemouth Village Bowl (November 9), Malvern Winter Gardens (10), Coventry Locarno (14), Manchester Belle Vue (15), Middlesbrough Town Hall (17), Leeds University (18), Sheffield Top Rank (19), Leicester De Montfort Hall (20), Bristol Locarno (21), Birmingham Odeon (22), Ipswich Gaumont (23), Derby Kings Hall (24), Cardiff Top Rank (26), Exeter University (27), Hanley Victoria Hall (29), Peterborough Wirrana Stadium (30), Liverpool venue to be set (December 1), Newcastle Polytechnic (3) and Glasgow Strathclyde University (4 and 5).

The Clash's long-awaited second album "Give 'Em Enough Rope", containing ten new tracks penned by Joe Strummer and Mick Jones, is issued by CBS on November 10. And their latest single, titled "Tommy Gun", is released the same day.

The band's much-delayed concert at London Harlesden Roxy was called off again last Saturday, due to last-minute accommodation restrictions imposed by the GLC. It will now take place over two nights on October 25 and 26 — tickets numbered from 1 to 900 will be valid on the first night, and 901 and over should be used for the second show. More about this in 'Thrills'.



Lindisfarne gigs galore

MOST OF THE DATES and venues have now been confirmed for the massive six-week tour by Lindisfarne, plans for which were reported by NME last week.

As already announced, they're headlining one of the shows (November 30) in the six-day Great British Music Festival at Wembley Arena, and their itinerary culminates in three special Christmas Party shows at the City Hall in their home town of Newcastle (December 20, 21 and 22), With three dates still to be finalised, the rest of their confirmed gigs are:

Bridlington Spa Royal Hall (November 10), Lancaster University (11), Birmingham Hippodrome (12), Oldham Queen Elizabeth Hall (13), Nottingham Theatre Royal (14), Manchester Free Trade Hall (15), Glasgow Apollo (16), Aberdeen Capitol (17), Dundee Caird Hall (18), Edinburgh Odeon (20), Middlesbrough Town Hall (21), York University (22), Derby Assembly Rooms (23), Loughborough University (25), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (26), Leicester De Montfort Hall (27), Blackburn King George's Hall (28), Coventry Theatre (29), Bristol Colston Hall (December 1), Swansea Brangwyn Hall (2), Cardiff Top Rank (3), Preston Guildhall (4), Liverpool Empire (5), Blackpool Opera House (6), Leeds University (9), Stoke Jollees (10), Portsmouth Guildhall (11),Bournemouth Village Bowl (12), Brighton Dome (13), Plymouth Polytechnic (14), Bath Pavilion (15), Bradford St George's Hall (17) and Sheffield City Hall (18).

Support act is Chris Rea (except at Plymouth and Bath), though Lindisfarne will themselves be playing two-hour set, and the compere is Mike Elliott. Tickets are now on sale at all venues, though there are special arrangements for the Newcastle shows where prices are £4, £3.50, £3 and £2.50 — and these may be obtained either from the City Hall box-office or by post from Lindisfarne's Christmas Party, P.O. Box 1LT, Newcastle-upon-Tyne NE99 1LT (cheques to "LMP Ltd." and enclose s.a.e.).

To tie in with the tour, Mercury release the band's live double album "Magic In The Air" on November 10 — this was recorded last Christmas Eve at the Newcastle show, the reaction to which was primarily responsible for their decision to re-form on a permanent basis. The set was produced by the band and Gus Dudgeon. The previous week (3) they have a new single out called "Brand New Day". And this week, Charisma have reissued Lindisfarne's first album "Nicely Out Of Tune," which was unavilable for four years, as well as Alan Hull's first solo LP "Pipedream".

KNOX: going solo

KNOX IS LEAVING VIBRATORS; AND PALMOLIVE OUT OF SLITS

THE VIBRATORS' lead vocalist and founder member Knox has decided to quit the band, in order to pursue a solo career. He makes his final appearances with them at London Marquee Club this Saturday and Sunday (21-22), which were to have been the opening dates of their full-scale British tour, reported two weeks ago. However, the remainder of the tour has now been cancelled, and on Monday a spokesman described the future of The Vibrators as "uncertain".

THE SLITS, who were the subject of an NME centre spread two weeks ago, have parted company with their drummer Palmolive. They say it was mutually agreed that she was restricting their musical direction and accomplishment — and that her drumming, although good, was nevetheless limiting. A statement issued on behalf of the remaining girls says they are now looking for a female drummer "able to consolidate fully the rhythm section and expand their identity".

Rockin' Livvy in four U.K. dates

OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN flies into Britain, as part of her world concert tour, to headline four shows here — at London Rainbow (November 28 and 29) and Manchester Apollo (November 30 and December 1).

Tickets are on sale now at the box-offices and through various agencies — priced £6, £5, £4 and £3 (London) and £5, £4 and £3 (Manchester). Special guest is singer-composer Labi Siffre.

Promoter Harvey Goldsmith commented: "Audiences are in for a big surprise with the new Olivia. She has a new seven-piece band including Jean Roussel on keyboards, Jim Sullivan on guitar, and three back-up singers. The show's emphasis is on rock'n'roll, though she will perform some of her past hits and numbers from 'Grease'."

An indication of the new-style Olivia, described by Goldsmith as "much hotter", can be gained from her new album — titled "Totally Hot" and produced by John Farrar, it's scheduled for EMI release in mid-November.

NAZARETH with new member ZAL CLEMINSON (second right).

January trek by augmented Naz

NAZARETH are to headline a 17-concert British tour early in the New Year, opening on January 18. It will be their first major outing here for more than two years, and their first since they expanded to a five-piece line-up with the addition of Zal Cleminson, former guitarist with the Sensational Alex Harvey Band.

Although they've retained the same quartet line-up for over ten years, the decision to bring fellow Scot Cleminson into the band follows weeks of rehearsals, to ensure that all concerned were happy with the move. After Alex Harvey disbanded the SAHB last year, Cleminson worked for a time with his own Zal band, but the project was short-lived, and he says he's delighted to be back in action with Nazareth.

Cleminson has been writing with the other Naz members for their next album, provisionally titled "No Mean City" and planned for release by Mountain to coincide with their New Year tour. A new single will be issued before Christmas. Tour dates for the band — whose revised line-up is now Dan McCafferty (vocals), Manny Charlton and Zal Cleminson (guitars), Pete Agnew (bass) and Darrel Sweet (drums) — will be announced shortly.

AND DAVID ESSEX DOES FOUR MORE

DAVID ESSEX — already set for a headlining appearance on the final night of the six-day Great British Music Festival at Wembley Arena — is to play four other concerts, embracing all the capital cities of the British Isles. His full itinerary is Dublin RDS Hall (November 26), Belfast King's Hall (27), Glasgow Apollo (29), Cardiff Sophia Gardens (30) and Wembley Arena (December 2).

Because of his commitment in the stage musical "Evita", which he leaves on November 4, these will be his first concerts since his string of Christmas shows at London Dominion Theatre last year. He'll be backed by his own band comprising Barry De Souza (drums), Phil Palmer (guitar), Herbie Flowers (bass) and Alan Wakeman (sax).

Support acts are The Real Thing and Chas Chandler's new Barn Records signing, Nick Van Eede. Promoter Mel Bush says that ticket prices vary, and details may be obtained from the respective box-offices.

SEVEN MORE FOR COBHAM

SEVEN provincial concerts have now been confirmed for Billy Cobham, in addition to his date at London Hammersmith Odeon on November 14, exclusively reported by NME two weeks ago. They are Oxford Polytechnic (November 9), Bristol Colston Hall (10), Norwich East Anglia University (11), Brighton Dome (13), Birmingham Hippodrome (16), Manchester Free Trade Hall (17) and Sheffield University (18). Tickets are now on sale.

Drum king Cobham is coming in primarily to boost his new album "Simplicity of Expression, Depth Of Thought", just released by CBS. He's bringing over his regular backing band and, prior to the opening of his short tour, he guests in BBC—2's "Old Grey Whistle Test" on November 7.

FRIEDMAN DEBUT: FIVE SHOWS SET

HOT ON THE heels of his smash hit single "Lucky Stars", Dean Friedman flies into Britain next month for a short concert tour. He's accompanied by Denise Marsa, who sings with him on "Lucky Stars" as well as on several tracks on his new Lifesong album "Well Well Said The Rocking Chair".

For his first date on November 9, he is one of the first attractions at London's latest concert centre, The Venue in Victoria — formerly the Metropole Cinema. He then plays Brighton Dome (11), Manchester Royal Exchange Theatre (12), Birmingham Town Hall (17) and Glasgow Pavilion (19).

He'll also be appearing on BBC-2, though at press-time it hadn't been decided whether he would guest in "Whistle Test" or star in "Rock Goes To College". On either side of his British dates, Friedman will be supporting Elkie Brooks in her European tour.

LATEST NEWS WAVES

PERE UBU have brought forward their London date at the Electric Ballroom in Camden, reported last week, from December 1 to November 28 — and they've added another London gig at the College of Printing on December 5. Four more provincial dates have been added to their itinerary, starting at Middlesbrough Rock Garden on November 17, which now becomes the opening gig of the tour — and the others are Cambridge Lady Mitchell Hall (22), Loughborough University (December 3) and Doncaster Outlook (4). After fulfilling their U.K. commitments, they begin a European tour on December 12, running through until Christmas.

THE SOFT BOYS are lining up a nationwide tour in February, to coincide with the release of their second album, provisionally titled "Heat Me Up And Tell Me You're Happy". The LP is currently being recorded and, between sessions, they play London gigs at the College of Printing (tonight, Thursday), Islington Hope & Anchor (Friday), Covent Garden Rock Garden (October 27), Camden Dingwalls (31), Hope & Anchor again (November 11) and Kensington Nashville (16). They also play Cambridge University on October 28.

THE BUZZCOCKS have added another date to their current tour — it's at Bath University on November 1.

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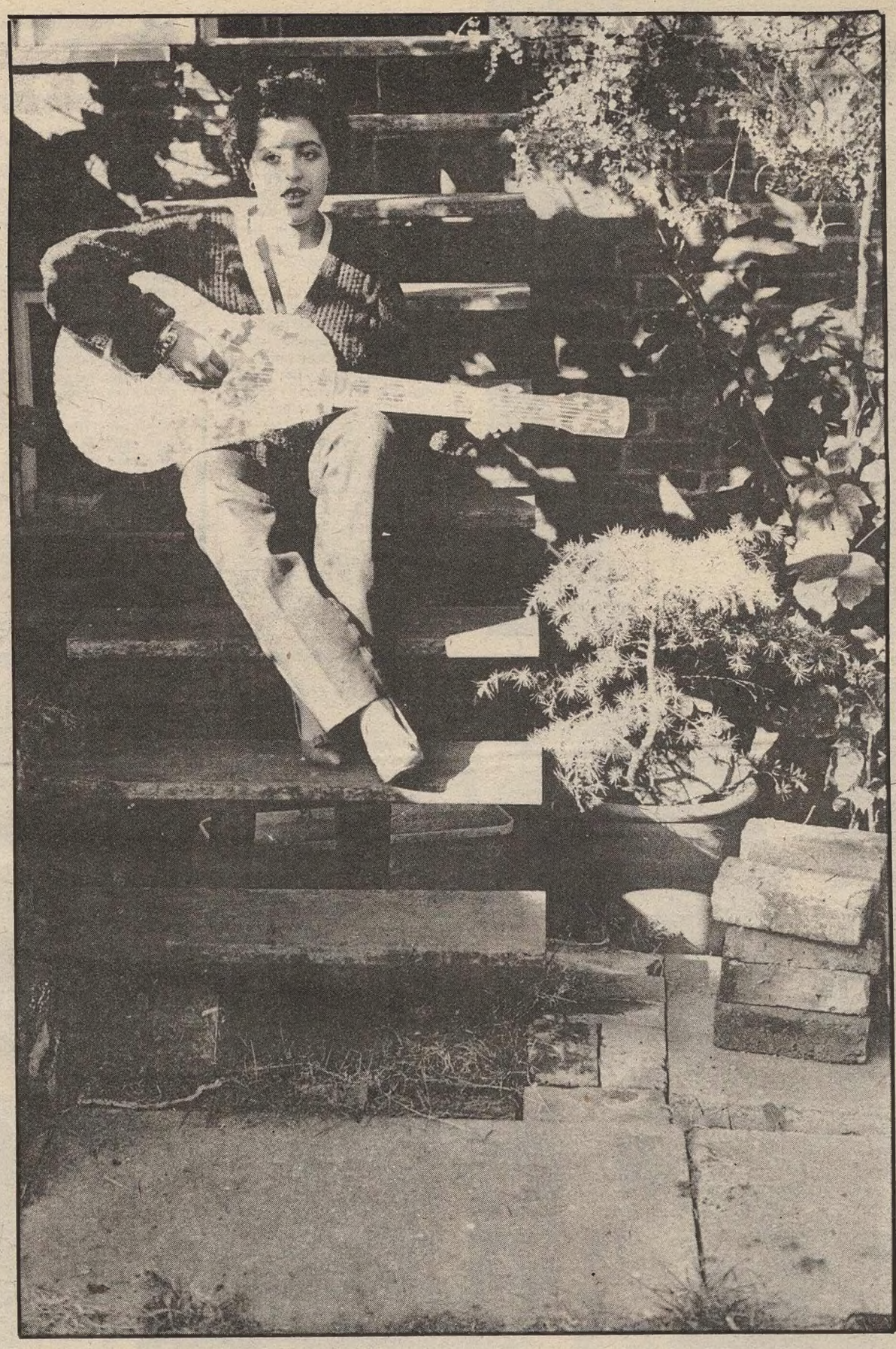

YOU DON'T NEED X-RAY SPEX TO SEE FLYING SAUCERS ...

... but it does help. POLY STYRENE comes down to earth with JULIE BURCHILL (hallucinations) and PENNIE SMITH (pictures).

SUMMER TO autumn 1977. That was the slippery slope when suddenly everything came over all unnecessary. Big-Punk-Hustle time, when really you knew the whole shebang you wanted to protect and be part of was a walking corpse, all bar the carping.

They weren't just punkunit-shifting days like this glorious new day; they were craze-encouraging days on the part of the business. The labels all had their eye on a one-off singles deal with their very own punk band, and they needed every jounalist in the world to defend punk's honour, to put fashion on the rack and stretch it out for every minute and pence y'all could.

I used to promise the Virgin girl I'd rush out and catch this wacky, irritating combo called X-Ray Spex who'd made such noisy creeps of themselves on that damned frustrating Roxy album, and were obviously nothing more than, at best, left-field losers.

Next day, old Tessa Virgin would be on the phone again: "I didn't see *you* pogoing to X-Ray Spex down the Vortex last night, Julie!"

Do me a favour, dear.

Naturally, I never had any intention of seeing the wretched group — until one day a friend happened to wander into the very same Vortex one night ... and came out a convert, ranting and raving about this band X-Ray Spex and this brilliant little brown girl in the thing called Poly Styrene.

A tape came my way — nine tracks, all possessing far more punch than their three subsequent singles put together. A garage-land Roxy Music — I was sold.

Later on, I met this Poly Styrene and she was the first pop singer I felt unashamedly fond of. She was so small and self-contained. I was amazed that such a pleasant, pretty little girl from an essentially conformist mapped-out working-class background could get herself up so. (Jordan Hook and all those hard-core punk girls doing themselves up like belisha beacons one can understand, them being so arrogant and ugly from individualist, confident middle-class roots.)

Vinyl sweater, psychedelic kilt and orange tights, Poly, and your eyebrows were drawn in pink kiddies crayons the exact colour of my trousers over which Miss X-Ray Spex exclaimed, "Oh, it's so nice to wear bright clothes — it really makes people stare."

You were like a rainbow crossed with Betty Boop (my idol) amongst the boring businessmen overlooking the river, the last person I thought would crack.

"I SUPPOSE I *might* get back into it, but I don't feel like dressing up any more. It can get on your nerves, people just staring at you all the time. A lot of people seem to recognise me since the singles started coming out, but I always think why are you doing this, how can you recognise me, because I can never see how anyone can think they know someone they've just seen on telly, do you know what I mean?"

Anxious, stilted Poly like a young mum in manager Falcon Stuart's sun-kissed Fulham living-room, wearing a long brown Starsky cardigan and crisp flared Levis (one assumes). No make-up but still as pretty (I hate girls who can walk around without make-up on), though less brash-voiced and enchanting. We live and learn and lose our charm, Poly, every last lousy one of us.

I'm seeing her a year later, after all she's done: Poly being polytical, singing at abortion benefits (brave) and Anti-Nazi Carnivals (chic); Poly in the national press, her strange pseudonym and "Bondage songs" causing silly-season ripples; Poly being pro on *Top Of The Pops* ("They showed a good film for 'Identity'. We did it around Tower Bridge, by the docks. You can just imagine walking around there and gangsters jumping out at you. It would be a really good place to make a longer film.") in the charts ("I don't know the highest we've been — I think about 24, with 'Identity' "); in our hearts; being whisked off to CBGBs by Hilly Kristal ("They liked our songs, they threw plastic flowers. Next time we're going to Los Angeles!"); having a disgusted finger wagged at her from Fleet Street when some paper picked up on her old song "Genetic Engineering" *("Could create a perfect race / That could us exterminate")* and linked it to the birth of the test-tube baby, accusing Poly of cashing in / making mockery; seeing a flying saucer and taking the veil, a mental retreat with all attendant traumas ...

"IT WAS IN Doncaster after a gig, and I'd been smoking and reading lots of funny things and I hadn't ate or slept for days. Suddenly I started seeing all these terrible things ... I must have been hallucinating but I thought I really saw it because I didn't think just smoking could do that to you ... It was much stronger than an LSD trip or anything!

"You know it couldn't REALLY have happened but it was so real you can't just dismiss it. I just looked out the window into the dark and I swear I saw it. It sounds stupid and you can't tell anyone ... but it was a horrible big pink thing, a space-craft, making a load of noise, and when it left there was smoke and stuff.

"But no one else saw it so it couldn't have been real.

"At the time I was terrified. I was wearing all that bright gear, and to see that big pink thing just come flying at me ... I thought it was my fault for dressing up. And all my songs kept coming back to me as it happened. Day-glow bionic men and stuff. I was petrified, I thought it would get me."

Actually, I reckon the Flying Saucer Episode was forced to act as decoy for a flaw in basic X-Ray Spex solidarity — Poly being her wild, wacky, mad-cap self and seeing things.

More to the point, here was Poly collapsing in the studio, X-Ray Spex cancelling gigs because of Poly getting mental (ly exhausted), and only last week in some Fleet Street paper I swear I saw something about Poly being confined to a funny farm for a fortnight. Plus the tumour-like rumours floating round the music-biz a few weeks back that the band were on the verge of splitting.

OLD POLY RECKONS X-Ray spex are "just going to keep on going". Maybe they've got over that nasty patch a few months ago when their name seemed synonymous with what could subtly screw up a nice young band swept suddenly to fame and EMI by the punky wave, and when every report on Poly found her starring as the proverbial party-going mixed-up kid.

One even started hearing strong stories on the Cafe Society circuit that the X-Ray Men and Falcon Stuart had laid plans to throw Poly out and bring in a beautiful little half-caste actress to sing lead. Apparently, the silly kid saw the error of her ways just in time and bowed out before Poly got to hear about it.

● *Continues next page*

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POLY

● *From previous page*

Poly Styrene and the remainder of X-Ray Spex — drummer Richard Tee, guitarist Jack Stafford and bassist Paul Dean — may be tight chums, but to all intents and purposes (the public, the press, the pressure) they're one of the most segregated bands around.

Another stress point is that Poly Styrene is far too sensitive about modern consumerism. Consumer protection satire was the backbone of her finest songs, but did she really need to take it through into herself? At first the plastic and tat clothing — "to escape from horror, bury yourself in it" and all that — embracing artificiality to stop it from throttling her, and now all denim and suppressed hysteria. Fine, she's the artist, but she'd be much happier girl if she treated consumerism as the irritating, stimulating edge it is on life, instead of a big issue in itself.

DO YOU GO out much these days, Poly?

"No, not now, do you?"

No, there's nothing to go out for.

"I used to go out a lot, but I don't like any of the new bands. I like a few old bands, like the Buzzcocks ... they seem to have got much better. I try to go out and see films since our television was nicked. We had a television and two guitars too, that's the trouble with being in a band, you have too many friends who have friends and they come round and steal your equipment, that was a real shock. But there aren't many good films around these days. *The Buddy Holly Story* is good. I saw a great film about two years ago called *Dog Day Afternoon*. I like the book *Day Of The Triffids*, but the film was no good ... I saw *Strange Encounters!*"

Poly's back living in the basement of Falcon Stuart's house now. At the start of the year she packed up back to her mum's house in Brixton, saying: "I was frightened of becoming a THING, like all the other people up there. I could see what I'd become like, which is why I changed and came back down here."

Now she says that "When you're really out of it, you go to familiar places otherwise you just get more out of it. On the other hand you can't act weird at home, although all I was doing was *smoking* and I don't even do that anymore."

Do you still enjoy being in a band?

"Yes, but after we've been touring for a while you just begin to feel like you're repeating yourself all the time, and you don't notice what you're doing. When you do a load of little gigs it doesn't seem worth it ... but when you haven't done anything for a long time, or have some new songs, then it's great.

"I didn't really enjoy the Carnival because I was so run down ... it's only good doing gigs when you feel great. Otherwise, it's the last thing you want to do. Sometimes when we tour the Midlands I get depressed by all the industry; Bath is a good place, I think that's where all our youngest fans are. Thirteen-year-olds with X-Ray Spex written all over them!"

POLY AGREES that X-Ray Spex are moving at a pace rare in its wisdom among punk bands; none of this "Oh quick, let's get some before it goes and put out three albums a year", just three hot singles and an elpee soon. "Some bands ... well, they just shove out stuff like a factory. I couldn't enjoy that ... besides, it takes me quite a while to write songs."

The album will be called "Germ Free Adolescent", made up of the usual X-Ray Spex set and a few new songs, the title track being the new single: *"I know you're antiseptic / Your deoderant smells nice / I'd like to get to know you (You're deep frozen like the ice ..."*

It's the slowest thing X-Ray Spex have done yet, a lovesick cosmetic requiem performed in Poly's gorgeous stretched wail reminiscent of a '60s protest singer that has only been utilized in the *"Fuck somebody!"* chrus of "I Live Off You."

Poor old Poly, she was born ten years too late. She could have indulged her assumed social conscience without feeling a bit spare, then.

But would you like to do a film, Poly?

"I'm writing something at the moment. It should take quite a long while, but there's no hurry to get it out, it's not like some things that have got to be done now otherwise they're no good. I've never written visual stuff like this before — I don't know if I could write the script as well. I'm just writing the basic outline."

What's it about?

Poly gulps her last massive giggle. "Oooooooo, I can't ... it's about the future, but it's not totally futuristic. I can't tell you or I'll sound stupid."

Poly Styrene should be taking her vacation by now, taking her problem to Mauritius. Why?

"Because it sounded like somewhere a long way away!"

Ah well, like Liam Sternberg said, girls taking over, girls on the stage. Ungrateful bitches, they every which one of them swear they're not "Women's Lib" but who cares, actions speak louder, etcetera. So bless 'em all — the loathsome (Harry, Smith, Sioux, Slits), the indifferent (Bush, Fife, Pauline Murray) and the great (Styrene, Summer, Evelyn King, Jett, Jane Aire, Rachel Sweet), they're up there.

There's never been so many ambitious, mixed-up, shook-up girls in the world. Thank God — and God help us.

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& The Backline
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21 London, Dingwalls
24 London, Nashville
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27 Newcastle Polytechnic
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THRILLS

I DON'T WANT TO GO TO THE CHELSEA. . .

NANCY & SID, Electric Circus 1978. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN.

NANCY AND SID had been staying at the Chelsea Hotel in New York's Lower East Side since the pair left London in August.

The hotel has an infamous rock'n'roll tradition and was once *the* place for rock musicians to hole up in when in town. Sid was staying in room 100 on the first floor, a £15 a night suite. It was registered under the name Mr and Mrs Ritchie.

On the Wednesday evening, Sid and Nancy had been out with Stiv Bators of The Dead Boys and Trixie Plunger, who works at Max's Kansas City.

Neon Leon, a black guitarist who lives in the Chelsea Hotel, reported that he had seen Sid and Nancy hours before Nancy's death. He lived down the corridor from them and they visited frequently so Sid could jam.

"They came over round midnight and Sid showed me this knife Nancy had just bought for him on Times Square. He asked me, 'Do you think anyone will fuck with me now?' and played with the knife.

"He went back to his room and came back with a batch of press pics and clippings. He was depressed and said he didn't think he looked this good any more, pointing to the pics."

Then Sid gave Leon his treasured leather jacket, saying he might ask to wear it now and then. He kept saying he was nobody now, that he had no self-confidence left.

NME NEW YORK was informed about Nancy's death by a phone call from Malcolm McLaren. He had been alerted by Les Hinton, who had filed early copy from New York for *The Sun*.

When *NME* arrived, Nancy's body was still in the hotel room, and was finally removed at 5.20 pm on Thursday, approximately the same time Vicious was charged at 3rd Homicide Division on East 51st Street.

Reporters were unable to get through to Sid. Police described him as "tired" and added that his lawyers had been with him throughout the day. When asked if any wounds were inflicted on Sid's body, police replied "No comment".

Camera crews swarmed round the hotel when Nancy's body was brought down and taken out the front door of the lobby. The body was covered in heavy green canvas, and for the first time many of the hotel's residents learned the outlines of what had happened.

She had been found slumped against the bathroom wall, stabbed in the stomach. The manager of the hotel reported that Sid was in tears and completely broken up when he called to report her death at around 11.15am on Thursday morning.

As *NME* watched the body being carried out, Neon Leon recalled that Nancy had been Sid's only connection to other human beings.

"He said she was the only real woman in the entire world," mused Leon. "She was stronger than him and mouthed off to everyone. When they had fights, which were fights of extremist lovers, they were carried to the point of exhaustion or minor injuries. Then they made up.

"When he was playing he was fine. All he lived for was to write songs, play bass, survive the methadone clinic and be with Nancy.

"She was managing him now, trying to get him to play with people who weren't too crazy. He wanted to go into the studio with some people he had jammed with at Max's, but some old contractual agreements with Warners prevented him from doing so.

"He and Nancy were running out of money and Nancy needed a kidney operation. Her parents had disowned her, or at least Sid and Nancy thought so, and Sid couldn't understand how they could ignore her when she was helping him.

"She may have been jealous and she had actually started to play bass herself, but she was faithful to him and he to her."

It has been suggested, and it can only be speculation, that a double suicide pact had been arranged — a pact that Sid failed to carry out.

Why would he have given away his jacket and clippings — the second most important things in his life — on the same evening as the death?

Neon Leon: "I really think Sid and Nancy were trying to straighten out their lives. Sid was happy to stay in his room watching TV. He had just gotten a kitten he named Socks. He went to the pizza stand occasionally to buy a slice. He said people at the methadone clinic abused him and refused him medication until he 'dressed right'. Of course, he could never dress right for them.

"People who recognised him on the street always wanted to fight him to prove how tough they were.

"He asked me about American prisons — and said that they sounded like the kind of places they would kill him. But he said he'd rather die in prison than from methadone withdrawal.

"He was under constant pressure from all sides and said he just wanted to have a good time. Nancy called over about four in the morning of the day she died and said to bring over some pot if I had it and said they might be asleep. That's the last I heard until the police came."

Vicious may have gotten his wish. He may die in prison.

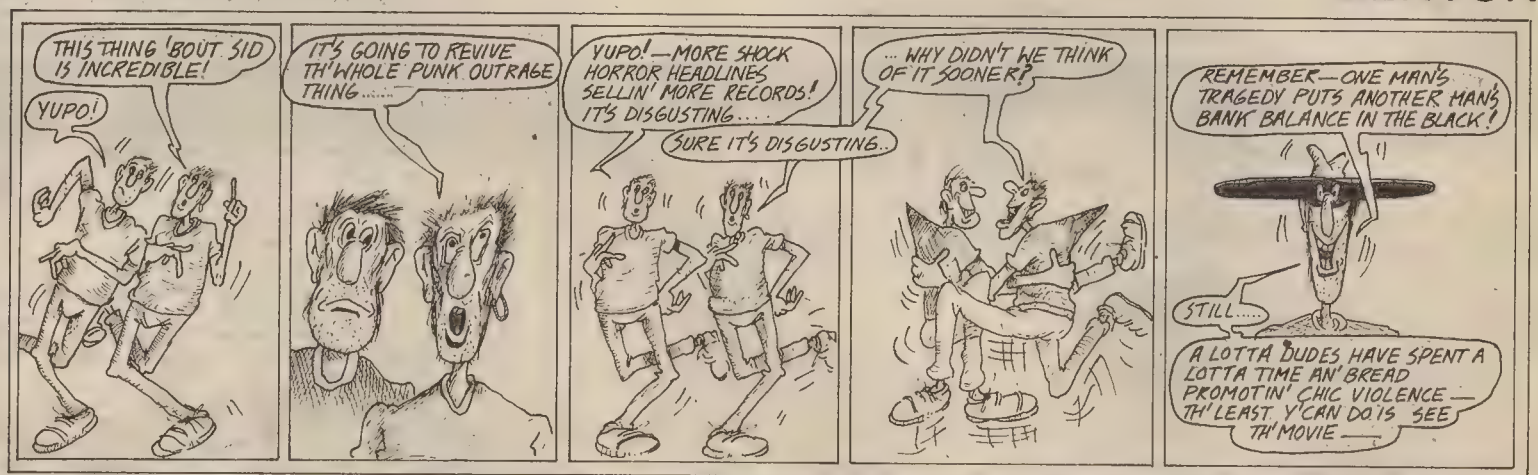
JOE STEVENS
DAN OPPENHEIMER

THRILLS

● The Vicious Affair. Page 3.
● Life In The Vicious Circle. Page 12.

Th' Lone Groover

BENYON


THIS THING 'BOUT SID IS INCREDIBLE!
YUPO!
IT'S GOING TO REVIVE TH'WHOLE PUNK OUTRAGE THING.....
YUPO!—MORE SHOCK HORROR HEADLINES SELLIN' MORE RECORDS! IT'S DISGUSTING....
SURE IT'S DISGUSTING..
... WHY DIDN'T WE THINK OF IT SOONER?
REMEMBER—ONE MAN'S TRAGEDY PUTS ANOTHER MAN'S BANK BALANCE IN THE BLACK!
STILL....
A LOTTA DUDES HAVE SPENT A LOTTA TIME AN' BREAD PROMOTIN' CHIC VIOLENCE— TH' LEAST Y'CAN DO IS SEE TH' MOVIE—

LIFE IN THE VICIOUS CIRCLE

SID VICIOUS (born John Simon Ritchie —though his mother's remarried name is Mrs Ann Beverley) may hold the all-time record for building up an image of himself as a 24-hour-a-day-bull-at-a-red-flag hoodlum in the rock world.

Even before he joined The Sex Pistols in February 1977 he was a punk celebrity — no common safety pin peon, he, having instigated the pogo no less, as well as being John Rotten's bosom buddy.

More to the point, he was well known for his penchant for blood-letting, a habit which earned him the surname "Vicious" from the leering Rotten. (Rotten had also nicknamed him "Sid" when the pair were still school chums, due to his cronie's apparent abhorrence of the moniker.)

Despite what both Steve Jones and Paul Cook state when asked about Vicious' musical abilities (they both claim he was the perfect bassist for the Pistols — no nancy-boy frills, just the unfettered throb that he'd learned simply from studying Dee Dee Ramone's technique), the lad's contribution to the Pistols in musical terms was actually as close to one fat zero as it gets.

Most of their best songs were already written before he arrived anyway, and it's a fact that the three songs bearing his name alongside his three comrades had nothing to do with him. He only played on three of the tracks from the "Bollocks" album anyway.

No, Vicious was there for the image — and in this vicinity he seldom short-changed his boss Malcolm McLaren, the instigator of his replacing the more 'reasonable' Glen Matlock. He swore, he spat, he leered, and constantly threatened all and sundry with "a good kicking".

But beyond all the sensationalist stunts, Vicious himself is an odd character. As a loner, he could be as charmingly naive as he could be repellent in his boisterous moments.

However, when he encountered Nancy Spungen, a 19-year-old New York go-go dancer and groupie who'd flown in to London partly to hang out with Johnny Thunders' Heartbreakers and partly for a change of environment, his personality and life was to change drastically.

Spungen was 20 when she died. The daughter of a wealthy Philadelphian family, she became the proverbial teenage reprobate / tearaway in the earliest years of her teens, remaining mostly in Manhattan though she would often venture over to Los Angeles.

As a groupie she claimed to have had liaisons with such luminaries as Henry "Fonzie" Winkler and Keith Richard, though her favourite group was undoubtedly The New York Dolls. She claimed that she and Dolls' drummer Jerry Nolan were lovers at one time.

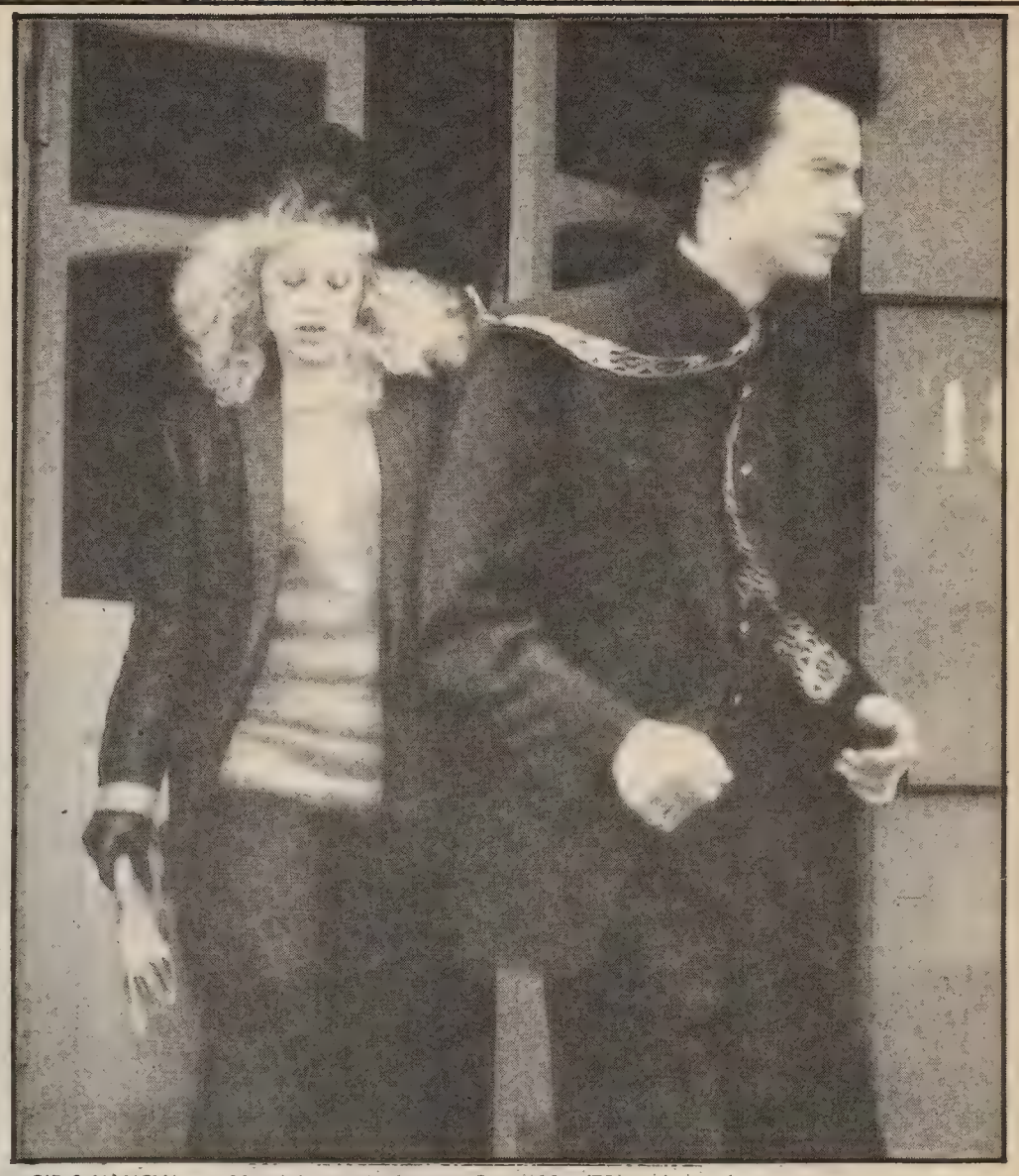
In fact, when the Dolls broke up and Nolan and Johnny Thunders became the Heartbreakers, Spungen penned an ecstatic article about Thunders for the French magazine *I Wanna Be Your Dog*.

More grievous, however, was the fact that her sojourn in New York with the hard-core rock elite had turned her to mainlining heroin, paid for at street prices with a good portion of the 100 dollars a day she'd earn as a go-go dancer in the sleazier bars of the down-town area.

To say that Nancy was disliked in many quarters in New York is something of an understatement. It's a well-known fact that her name was smeared all over the ladies' toilets of Max's and CBGB's with some pretty foul denouncements of the same.

Spungen arrived in London early in 1977, having unsuccessfully tried to break her narcotics habit, replacing it with a torturous methadone habit which forced her to go through fairly excruciating physical pain until an appropriate connection could be found in this city.

It was soon after that that Vicious and Spungen met — and Vicious, who'd previously boasted that he'd only ever fallen in love with "a bottle of beer and a mirror", and that he was asexual (he was in fact a virgin), became smitten.



SID & NANCY leave Marylebone Magistrates Court, May '78, on drugs charge.

The liaison at first seemed to have a pacifying effect on Vicious, but his hedonistic instincts matched with Spungen's desire for heroin quickly drew him into the realms of hard drug abuse (although, in Spungen's defence, Vicious adamantly claims that he was no stranger to using hypodermic syringes and had been mainlining speed long before that first encounter with his loved one).

The pair became an item quickly enough, Nancy's obsession for public attention being granted full rein in her role as Mrs Vicious. (In fact, she once auditioned on bass for The Slits during the time, but flunked the gig miserably.)

However, the affair reached a premature conclusion when Vicious left her, very possibly in an attempt to break with his fast-growing heroin habit, in the summer of '77. Nancy was left in a state of emotional hysteria.

Within three weeks, however, the couple were reunited. They met one night and went off to score again. Just like before.

From that point on they were inseperable, even though almost everyone who knew Vicious loathed Nancy. Ms Spungen was not a likeable person — fickle, vain, and self-centred, she lacked any trace of Vicious' likeable side — his naive charm, his penchant for generosity and for being a simplistic duffer.

Highest on the list of Nancy-haters were Malcolm McLaren's Glitterbest crew, who blamed Spungen for Vicious' heroin addiction. At one point, while the Pistols were touring Europe, they even attempted to coerce her onto a plane back to New York. Their plan failed.

Once the Pistols broke up, Vicious settled into his own dishevelled style of quasi-domesticity with Nancy, the pair registering themselves on methadone — legally obtained opiate which is used to stave off heroin withdrawals while a more 'practical' antedote to the previous narcotic may be found.

Methadone's one main drawback, though, is that it too is addictive — so addictive in fact that, once the bloodstream has gotten used to it, withdrawals from the substance (it comes in pill, ampule and linctus form) are at least four times more devastating than actual heroin withdrawal.

Vicious and Spungen were legally registered on the drug, and received the medication from a private hospital, Bowden House, situated in Harrow-on-the-Hill. Their daily dose, 120 milligrams of the linctus each a day, is one of the highest amounts given out in such cases.

It was with this horrendous habit that the pair set off to New York.

Vicious' main reason for going, it appears, was to try and form a band with Johnny Thunders and Jerry Nolan, and the couple were sent off with a 'farewell' gig at the Electric Ballroom with Sid backed up by Glen Matlock (an ironic inclusion), Stevie New and Rat Scabies.

However, two more grisly incidents were to occur just before their departure.

A mutual friend of mine went round to visit Glen Matlock's girlfriend Celia. There she found a shattered Nancy shuddering and sobbing incoherently about "a dead body in the flat", and how she couldn't bear to return to the house in Pindock Mews. The following day a newspaper story would announce the death of 19-year-old John Shipcott, who'd OD'd at the Vicious' flat.

Almost as ugly but totally unpublicised was another sordid incident which happened in the same week, when Vicious and Spungen paid a visit to John Lydon / Rotten and his Public Image Ltd crew, only to be greeted, they later claimed, by a "maniac" suddenly charging down the stairs and ripping Spungen's face open with a knife. The incident is shrouded in mystery — the assailant was apparently "unknown" — although it's also claimed that Vicious was threatened with a 'hatchet' during the encounter.

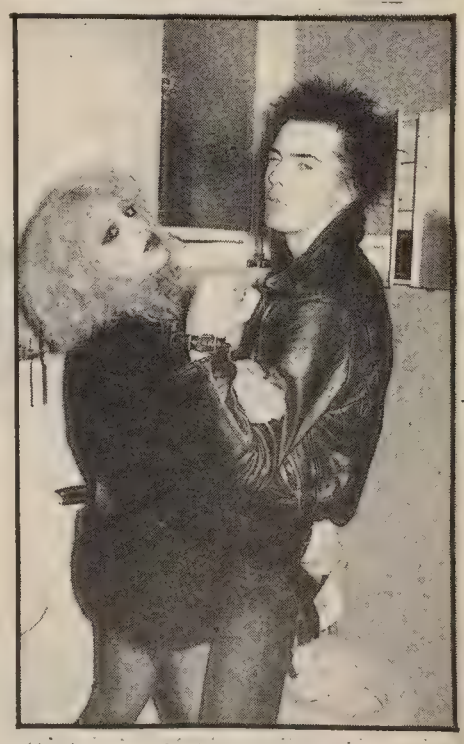
Perhaps the most ironic, if not a little grotesque, side to this whole saga is the fact that most insiders were betting that Vicious himself would be the corpse.

Above all, he epitomised the '70s punk update on the "too fast to live, too young to die" ethos, and one can only wonder how this hideous volte-face is going to affect similar aficionados like the surrogate Dead Boys and their ilk.

The mood on the streets of London this Saturday seemed macabrely indicative, as punks were harangued by passers-by belligerently cracking jokes about "stabbing your girlfriend up".

But across the water in the medical wing of Rikers Island John Ritchie is possibly going to suffer a fate far worse than anyone else. Joe Stevens, the *NME* photographer who has been keeping constant company with Malcolm McLaren and Mrs Ann Beverley since the pair arrived in New York (and who by the way believes Vicious to be completely innocent), stated it in no uncertain terms: "They're out to lynch Sid and it looks like nothing's going to stop them."

NICK KENT THRILLS



Another touching portrait — this time in Phil Lynott's Irish bog in Cricklewood. Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES.

"I want Fleetwood Mac, The Bee Gees, and Meatloaf to sound superb in my car."

Radiomobile
A range for all reasons

PRAG VEC — ANOTHER STRANGE, NEW AND ENTICING POP GROUP . . .

A NEW extended play record to enthuse about. A new band to sell to you. Their name is prag VEC; the four tracks they've recorded are "Existential", "Bits", "Wolf" and "Cigarettes". A record self-financed with help from a close friend in the Honest John's empire.

The members of prag VEC are: Sue Gogan (vocals), John Studholme (guitar), David Boyd (bass), Nick Cash (not the 999 Nick Cash) (drums).

Firstly, why the 'curious' name? prag VEC?

Sue: "It's just just two words shortened. I read it somewhere and just liked the sound of it."

Nick: "There's no instant connotations . . . people can come in with an open mind."

And the songs. "Existential"??

Nick: "That song is about arty Europe and capitalist America, and it's done tongue-in-cheek French detective style. The reason it was done in French though was because of the sound of the music . . . a bass riff.

"Our bass player was listening to Ornette Coleman . . . and I was watching French detective movies — raincoats and beatniks. I'd also stolen a tape from the bookshop where I worked — a tape of a Francoise Sagan book, *A Certain Smile* — the true existentialist love affairs!"

And "Bits"?

Sue: "The first verse is a glamour thing — fantasy — then it goes into a sort of perverse sex fantasy — everybody childlike — and that's where the American thing comes in . . . *'I eat frosted pop-tarts all day . . .'* and ends with the desire for commercial viability."

"And if I was a man, let me think/What would I do if I was a man?/Oh! Let me think now what I'd do to you/I'd probably fuck you/Go down hard/'Cos we're so hard."

Hard words, but a pleasant band. Waiting for work . . .

"A&R at Virgin didn't like us, said we were 'too progressive' . . . they'd just signed Penetration, and said, 'Sorry — you're too like Pauline'."

The management agencies of Albion, Asgard, Cowbell, DJM, and A&M were approached, but all agreed: "You're not commercial enough. Come back in a year (when you are)."

"We don't have a manager. A friend is helping us organise, trying to get gigs around the country, but that's very tentative because he doesn't have any money either . . ."

And finally, prag VEC's origins . . .

Sue and John started in the debatedly Trotskyite R&B band The Derelicts . . . "Which folded in 1976. Coming out of that gave us the impetus to form another band. In The Derelicts we weren't doing our own material, so we ended up trying to write songs together and spent about a year doing that. We went to see a lot of bands in that time, and kept very much in touch with the punk thing all the way through it.

"We've been together since February . . . me and John started the band, met Nick last May and finally persuaded him to join in February."

The problem is . . . "Our rehearsal space was a squat in North Kensington, but we've been evicted from there and rehoused for a flat 15 floors . . . so we can play in the lift."

They're finding it immensely difficult to get gigs, anywhere. And you thought it had all changed for the better?

Anyway, two exceptions to the rule: they supported an atrocious headline band at the Marquee on Tuesday, and headline themselves at the worthy Acklam Hall on Friday.

Go and see them rehearse.

IAN PENMAN

THRILLS

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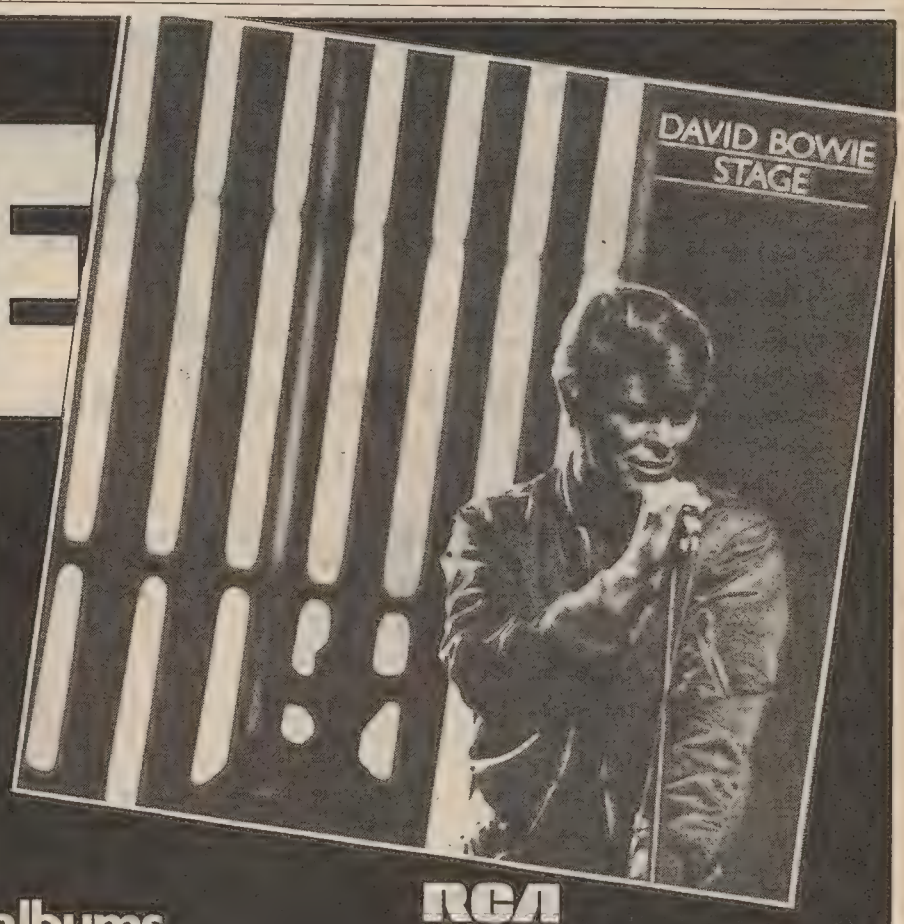

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Offer closes October 28th.

VINYL HEAD SHRINKER TELLS OF LIFE BEFORE DEATH . . .

R. D. LAING — psychologist, psychiatrist, author, lecturer, institutional therapist and now rock star?

Not quite, although if Laing's success as a popular writer of psychiatric case histories, autobiographical confession and conversations with small children has been transferred to "Life Before Death" then his accessibility as an expert with the layman in mind will be further completed.

Unfortunately, bearing in mind the adverse review in last week's *NME*, this may not be the case . . .

As a humanist psychologist Laing has always exhibited the kind of flair which cocks a snook at academic stringency and still manages to maintain a working credibility as director of the Langham Clinic and chairman of the Philadelphia Association.

As a writer his sales have been enormous — mainly in America, where he's regarded as some kind of guru.

Whether you know or respect him and his theories (he's the author of *Knots*, *Do You Love Me?* and *The Facts Of Life*) the fact remains that Laing is a popular figure who refuses to be typecast.

"Life Before Death" combines a sequence of sonnets detailing the most basic human reactions and fears from conception to death with mood settings from Ken Howard and Alan Blaikley (who've written music for The Herd, Presley and Ken Tynan).

It was Laing's love of unknown quantities that prompted the album. After appearing in a Howard and Blaikley film project, *Life Force* he was struck with their idea of unifying poetry and evocative music.

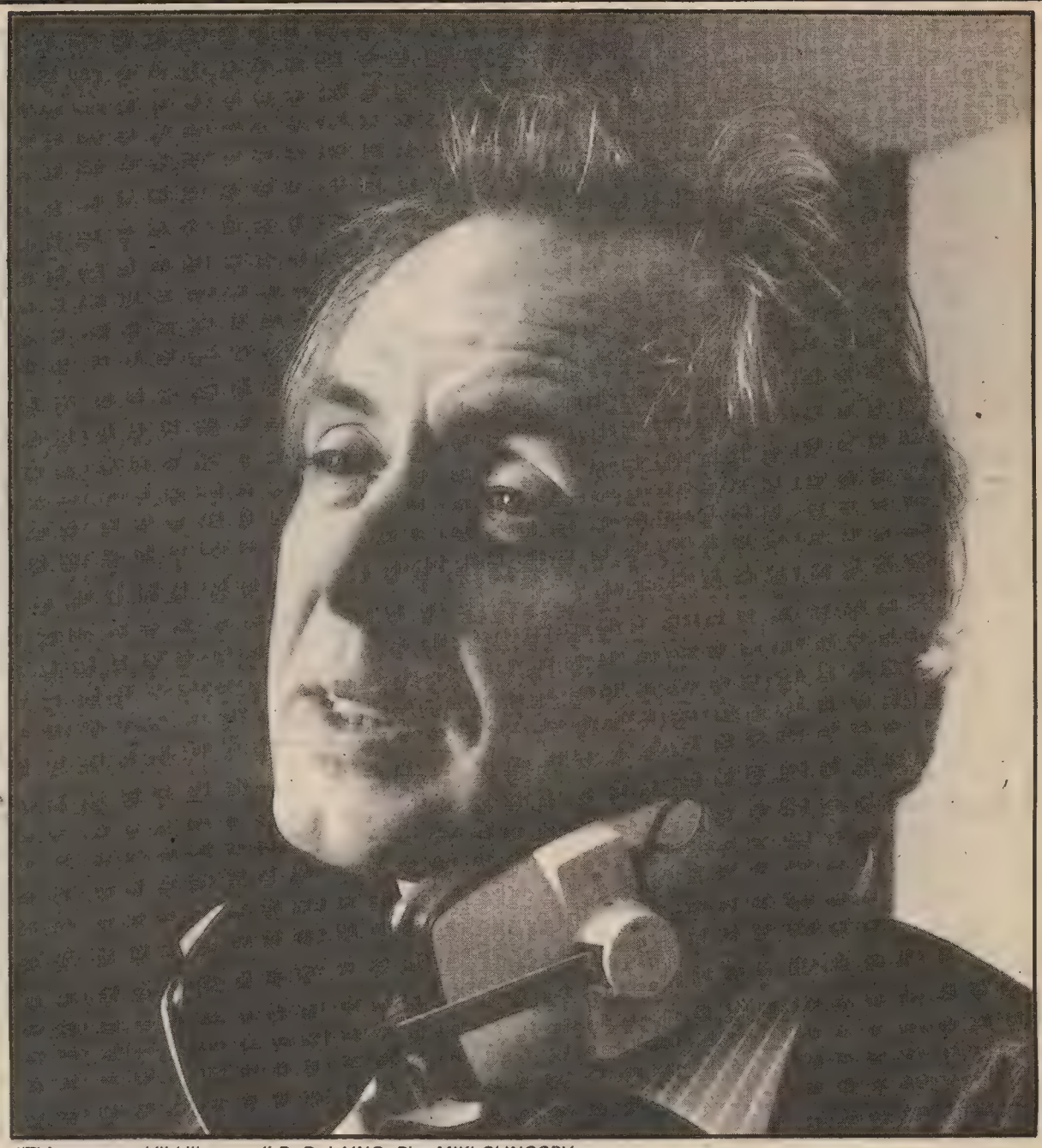
Retreading familiar territory? Perhaps. But Laing's admirers will recognise the style and will also be fascinated by the interpretations the author's rich Glaswegian accent and humour lend to his verse.

In less capable hands the synthesis would fall embarrassingly flat but Laing conveys complex emotions so bluntly that there is no dilution of his message:

"The record is more than a verbal communication. The form is new to me — so that though I'm not saying anything I haven't heard or said before it is a continuum of my sensibility. It was interesting to have my words transferred through different minds. If anything they might have gone further with the music; it's very tactful."

Many of the pieces are mature inform the majority of popular songs, except that Laing's boy-meets-girl is extended through the stages of marriage towards encroaching senility:

"There are very few songs about old age . . . or death. The death of my father and then my daughter, aged 21, put me in that frame of mind but the



"This next track'll kill ya . . ." R. D. LAING. Pic: MIKI SLINGSBY.

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voices are archetypal and fictional."

Dealing with death as Laing has done is his way of expounding the philosophy that the best way to take the anxiety out of death is to make the most of living — a common enough theme in literature:

"Or to put in ordinary terms, 'getting it together', with sex, friends, work . . . any system that suits you can't be morally or ethically wrong if it doesn't harm others. It could even contribute to other people's enjoyment."

Rather than confront spiritual/religious codes of salvation Laing adopts a style alternately witty, savage, cruel and harrowing. He is ultimately a realist though his methods are existentialist:

"My kids say it's funny, like Billy Connolly. It's a myth that young people don't think about death, it's older people who get the idea that they're gonna bite on the bullet. True, you don't feel fulfilled for long periods, but our society gives you the options whereas a Buddhist's best alternative is extreme monasticism; why stay and argue in the torture chamber? That isolation doesn't suit me."

Aside from the shallow but painfully amusing pleasures of the innocent lovers who open "Life Before Death" Laing doesn't hold out easy avenues of hope: "Because life gets lighter when you realise that you're disillusioned with each other and yourself. Accept that and you're no longer weighed down by unattainable ideals."

In his other professional capacity, Laing's methods gained him renown in the '60s when it was still possible to use non-sedative drugs like LSD to treat mental illness.

He also upset the Establishment with his view that extreme introversion and schizophrenia, far from indicating madness were merely different experiences of normality. It was this contention that justified the use of hallucinogens:

"That stopped being feasible because the authorities disapproved."

Laing himself had samples of LSD removed from his house by the police last year, but it transpired that Home Office regulations left a legal loophole which he could justifiably cite.

The LSD was bought in 1969 with a Home Office recognised licence and not used after 1973 — when its medical prescription became unlawful.

He is anxious to point out that he did not run 'acid sessions' as many psychiatrists did, nor did he condone the activities of Timothy Leary, whose Psychedelic Laws made many people fear a possible breakdown of society by drug crazed anarchists.

Says Laing: "I believed in its medical use as an integration of experience. It gave many valuable perspectives which dispelled the fears my patients had." The theories of Laing, Alan Watts and Leary in saner moments seemed to have far-reaching social value — "There was a time in Los Angeles when the police department allowed a sort of Starsky and Hutch team to go out and counsel bad trips; one would intravenously shoot up the same substance as the patient and help him find a balance. By avoiding mental hospitals or jail they saved a lot of potentially disastrous cases."

Laing has not given up trying to make intellectual sense out of these unknown states of mind and will publish on the subject in due course. Yet he is far from advocating hard sell therapy and dislikes the Werner Erhardt EST programme because "I couldn't stand being talked at for hours."

His approach is to present recognisable human traits and by laughing opportunely at them enable people to "penetrate the present".

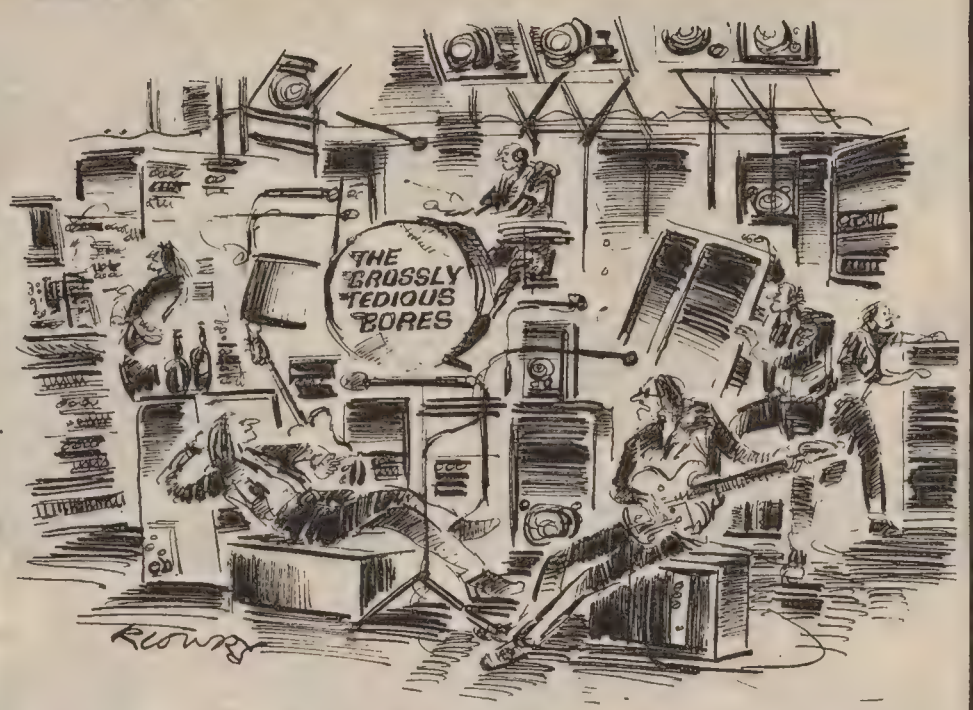
"We're all going to crumble into dust. Accept that and you've found the best way of penetrating the present."

So . . . Will we see Ronnie Laing on *Top Of The Pops*.

"I'm not in the mood for performing at the moment. The album is in the past. But of course if *The Old Grey Whistle Test* asked me . . ."

MAX BELL THRILLS

LOWRY



"I dreamed thet we were playing to 30,000 coked-out American teenagers in the Los Angeles Forum last night. And when I woke up we were."

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RECORDS AND TAPES

June '78 rehearsal. Pic: WALT DAVIDSON

CLASH BEATEN OUT OF ROXY AGAIN

I'D CALLED Mick Jones last Friday night. The parsimonious Bernie Rhodes — who, though a replacement manager has yet to be found (and it is most likely neither Billy Gaff nor Brian Lane), appears to be regarded most firmly as the band's ex — wouldn't give me tickets for last Saturday's Clash Roxy date, said CBS.

Could Mick put me down on his own guest list?

"Sure thing," he replied. "Only I've just got in from playing in Dublin an hour ago and I've just been told there's an advert on Capital Radio saying we're not playing.

"Whatever happens, though, I can tell you we're going to be turning up."

At seven last Saturday night The Clash turned up all right. To talk with and console fans unable to enjoy yet another Clash gig stymied by officialdom. See also Belfast and Birmingham, where the group made personal appearances outside venues to explain their lack of appearance onstage.

"I can't think of any other group that turns up to a gig, spends a couple of hours talking to the fans in front of a fish and chip shop and then goes home," said Mick Jones in an Indian restaurant in Westbourne Grove about half an hour after the band had departed the North-West London industrial wasteland in which the Harlesden Roxy is set.

This was the third time that efforts have been made to bring The Clash and the Roxy together.

Unbeknown to The Clash themselves, Bernie Rhodes had originally booked the band in to play the Roxy last September 9, to celebrate the return of Jones and Joe Strummer from their Stateside studio sojourn.

As the band knew nothing whatsoever about the gig, and as Mick and Joe were still in the States continuing their termperamental studio relationship with producer Sandy Pearlman ("He's spent six months trying to turn us into Fleetwood Mac but he hasn't succeeded," says Jones), the gig was re-scheduled for September 25.

The temperamental/tempestuous studio relationship continued.

September 25 came and went. The gigi was re-re-sheduled for October 14 — last Saturday.

Between September 25 and last Saturday, however, part of the downstairs section of the Roxy was turned into a dance floor. This entailed the removal of 500 seats.

On the eve of the October 14 gig, the Greater London Council, who appear to have been operating something close to psychological warfare with The Clash ever since fans trashed a sizable number of seats at the Rainbow during the spring '77 White Riot Tour, checked out the Roxy and informed Terry Collins, the manager, that due to the new seating facilities only 900 of the 1,600 ticket holders could be allowed in to the theatre.

At a meeting of the Roxy's Board of Directors, late last Friday afternoon, it was decided that chaos was likely to ensue if the first 900 fans who arrived were granted entry to the theatre and the remaining 700 were turned away. It was after this meeting that ads were placed on Capital Radio telling ticket-holders to stay at home.

Even so, however, the band and the theatre management continued to attempt to find a solution that would permit them to play to all 1,600 ticket holders that day.

"Up until three o'clock this afternoon," grunted Joe Strummer through a mouthful of vegetable biryani, "I though we'd manage it. I thought we could play two sets, one for all the kids who turned up early and then another one for the rest.

"But the police objected to that. They said they didn't want *that* type of person wandering about Harlesden all evening.

"I wouldn't mind betting that Sid Vicious business hadn't got something to do with it." An ominous note for the future . . .

The Clash stuck around outside the Roxy until about nine o'clock. There were close to four hundred kids outside; the band figured they spoke to most of them.

Most of them were *very* pissed off.

"Wouldn't you be?" demanded Joe wearily. "There were kids from all over the country: Cardiff, Liverpool, Belfast, Newcastle, Glasgow . . . What *am* I supposed to say when someone says to me that they've spent twenty quid to get to the Roxy and that they're broke now?

"Ah, but listen, you know — I can understand it if they're pissed off with us, but I wish they wouldn't be. Because if they are then they're just buying it. They're not seeing through it all and realizing that they're being just as stitched up by the GLC as we are.

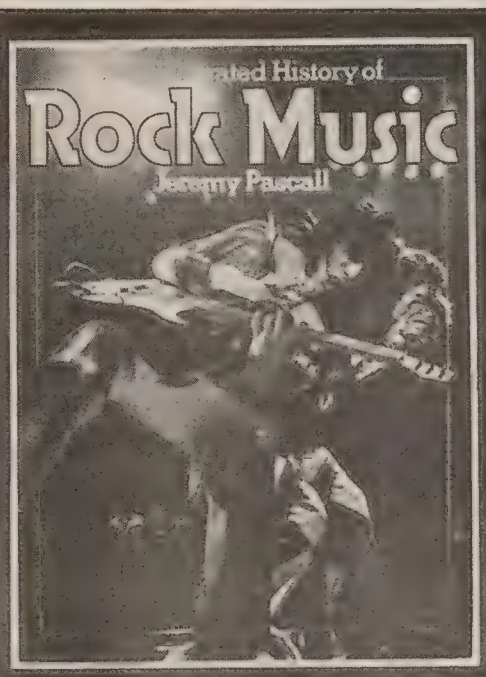
"Still, it's understandable. There was this guy there who's in some remand home in the North-East. I told him we were going to be playing *two* gigs — on October 25 and 26 — so everyone can get in to see us. 'What good's that to me? he said. 'I can only get out at weekends.' "

So The Clash will return to the Roxy on Wednesday, October 25 and Thursday, October 26. Ticket holders 1-900 will be let in on the first day, ticket holders 900 onwards on the 26th.

Jah willing, Harlesden should once again shake to and delight in the sound of the Clash City Rockers in a week's time.

CHRIS SALEWICZ

THRILLS



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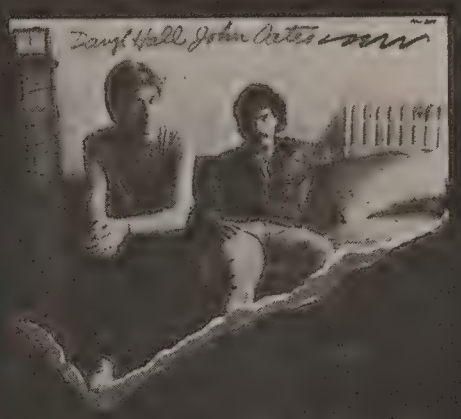

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RCA

IF TELEVISION has turned the world into a global village, then Ian Anderson of Jethro Tull clearly sees himself as the global squire.

As he takes the stage for Tull's TV satellite show at Madison Square Garden, broadcast live last Monday to a potential audience of 400,000,000 worldwide, there's no mistaking his patronising attitude towards the assembled peasantry.

Introducing a song called "One Brown Mouse" before the televised segment of Tull's two-hour set, Anderson dedicates it to the Scottish poet Robbie Burns.

This name-drop prompts a round of applause, as does every other utterance, and it's interesting to note Anderson's response.

"Oh, we've read him, have we?" he sneers. "We *are* cultural, aren't we?"

It's his tone of voice that's offensive, as much as what he says. Despite his Blackpool origins, Anderson these days affects the accent of a haughty British aristocrat.

No doubt that's a major part of his appeal to young Americans, but it's ironic that Tull's concert programme boldly proclaims the location of their management company as the British Virgin Islands, a well-known tax haven. Clearly Anderson's upper-crust posturing does not extend to any very fervent patriotism.

Arguably, his lordly pretensions would be innocent enough, except for evidence that he takes himself very seriously indeed.

Reports are rife before the gig about Anderson's view of his own importance, and a wander backstage tends to support them.

There is, for starters, the business about the dressing rooms. Anderson has his own dressing room and the rest of the band have a separate one.

As it happens, both rooms are on a corridor that leads directly to the stage. Normally, it's the sort of thoroughfare that would bustle with activity. But when it comes to his privacy, Anderson is taking no chances. A burly Tull roadie bars the way. Anyone wanting to reach the stage must do so by a more circuitous route.

So far does this isolation reach that the word is that Anderson rarely talks to his band, never mind the rock press. (Only the most conservative of British rock weeklies has been invited on the trip, with the remainder regally ignored.)

There is also the matter of the thermometers. These are attached to the monitors of the support act, Uriah Heep. (No new wave bash, this one.) The thermometers' purpose is to help with the tuning up. Anderson apparently insists that Tull's instruments are tuned at precisely the same temperature as that onstage, regardless of the fact that they'll have to be carried along a cooler corridor to get there.

Obsessive? You might say so.

Apart from basing himself in a tax haven, Anderson is also said to take extra care with other aspects of the band's finances.

For example, while Tull leave their gigs in limos to impress the crowds, they actually arrive in cabs, which are obviously much cheaper. No wonder Anderson admires the canny Scots. With the current price of sea food, maybe he'll soon be swapping his codpiece for a fish finger.

A CAREFUL deployment of resources is also evident during the gig. Understandably enough, Anderson saves the strongest material for the actual broadcast.

As a result, during the 30 minutes or so before the gig goes live the gruel is very thin indeed. Convoluted, unmemorable melodies, topped off with pretentious, overblown lyrics.

Interestingly enough, the much-maligned Uriah Heep provide a pointed contrast with the early stages of the Tull set. They play 30 minutes' worth of short, sharp rock songs, with a lot of emphasis on heavy guitar riffs and accessible choruses. A dinosaur fighting for survival, instead of simply dozing into oblivion.

Happily, Heep eschew gimmicks, which is more than can be said for Tull.

Ian Anderson is forever prancing around the stage like a geriatric ballerina — all spastic lurching and inelegance.

He also has a very bizarre relationship with his flute. He tends to ram it into his crotch, and waggle it about suggestively, before sticking it into his mouth. Pretty weird, right?

Maybe it's simply a matter of showmanship, doctor?

Ah well, let's not be excessively dismissive of Tull's act. When it comes to the television millions, Anderson pretty well comes up with the goods, at least by his own standards.

What the viewer at home gets is the very best of the Tull catalogue. The likes of "Thick As A Brick", "Songs From The Wood", and "Aqualung" all come up together, as well as the set's strongest tunes, "The Dambusters' March" and "God Rest Ye Merry Gentleman".

To be fair, "Songs From The Wood" does provide a sublime moment, when the band muster a superb four-part harmony, and drummer Barriemore Barlow springs up from behind his kit to provide a few notes of flute accompaniment.

Anderson also turns out to have a nice way with ad libs. His ponderous flute solo is interrupted by a deafening, prolonged scream of feedback, and he comments: "I thought the Russians had shot it (the satellite) down."

Maybe they should have.

ULTIMATELY, you can't help but feel that there's something a little sad about using one of the finest flowerings of technology as a device to plug Jethro Tull.

There is after all something magical about the way a telecommunications satellite can transmit live pictures and sound around the world.

To use it in this particular fashion reminds me of an old Dave Allen joke about an Irishman and a leprechaun.

The leprechaun offers the Irishman three wishes, whatever he likes, and the Irishman says: "Three pints of Guinness."

No doubt this analogy is unfair to Irishmen and Guinness, but you get the idea.

ONE POSITIVE thing does emerge from this episode. The very notion of a global village is quite clearly exposed as absurd.

The fact is that Jethro Tull were once a band who were much admired by their contemporaries in Britain. They're no longer respected in quite the same way at home, and their income depends predominantly on the compliance of American teenagers, many of them half the age of the musicians.

There's something very disturbing about the wild delight with which old songs like "Aqualung" are greeted. When that song was fresh, it was indeed very impressive. Nowadays, it seems to me to be no more than a relatively hallowed relic.

If the world was truly a global village, then American kids would be turning on to the music of young British bands, not mouldy oldies from the '60s.

Evidently America is lagging way behind Britain when it comes to the evolution of rock music. The spoon-fed adolescents there seem unable to think too much for themselves. The remarkable popularity of ageing bands like Tull seems to be a case of "Daddy knows best".

The saddest moment of the entire gig came afterwards.

A kid wandered drunkenly around the stadium, shouting "Clapton is God!"

You'd be hard pressed to find a more damning indictment of the state of American rock theology.

Clapton may have been God once upon a time. But a lot of false idols have been smashed since then.

JAMES CLIVE

THRILLS

DANGEROUS VISIONS 2

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INSIDE DOPE

By DICK TRACY

COPS IN SHOPS WATCH DRUG BUYERS

INFORMATION has come to light recently about new Drug Squad moves aimed at clamping down on the drug problem at source.

In order to manufacture a wide range of illegal drugs it is first necessary to obtain the base chemicals from a pharmaceutical retailers. There are a limited number of these, and the evidence suggests they they have been circularised by the Central Drug Squad to watch certain chemicals.

These substances include BMK, Gallic Acid and Indole — the base chemicals used in the production of amphetamines, mescalin and psylocybin respectively.

It is not an offence to buy any of these chemicals, but in two cases which have yet to come to court and are thus *sub judice*, the Drug Squad have been informed of the purchase by the retailers. The Squad then tend to keep their victims under surveillance until they are satisfied that the purchaser has produced, attempted to produce or conspired to produce a controlled drug — an offence under Section 4(2) of the Misuse of Drugs Act — then move in and bust them.

Two firms who are believed to have cooperated with the police are Cambrian Chemicals of Beddington Street, Croydon, and Bell & Croydon of Wigmore Street, London W1.

The latter have even gone so far as to install a large see-through mirror in their dispensary, which has been used for observation purposes.

One wonders how many innocent purchasers are subject to police surveillance before the Squad are satisfied their activities are legal.

ANOTHER example of the increasing spread of police surveillance methods was revealed when a 50-year-old seaman and five other drinkers at the Grange Hotel, Hartlepool, Cleveland, discovered a hidden TV camera installed by the police — and ripped it out by the roots. The police have not yet decided whether to prefer charges.

In a statement, local Chief Constable Christopher Payne claimed: "The camera in question, which is the property of the police, was installed on the premises by them for the express and sole purpose of detecting illegal trafficking in drugs.

"There were strong grounds to support this action by the police. By reason of the serious harm that can attend drug abuse the police have determined to search out and arrest those engaged in the illegal supply and distribution of such drugs, irrespective of whether they be 'hard' or 'soft'."

But the most telling section of the statement read: "We have been fully supported in our action both by the brewery and the licensee. The use of such equipment is strictly controlled and requires the prior approval of a senior police officer. This had been given after a careful study of the circumstances."

This is just another example of brewers and publicans cooperating with the police on this fashion. Regular readers will remember Tony Parsons' piece on the Drugs Identification Chart produced by the Brewers Association Training Centre *(NME 25.3.78)* to help landlords spot drug users.

It would be interesting to know if *NME* readers have any further experiences to add on this theme.

FURTHER evidence that the legislation of marijuana is close in the United States came recently from the U.S. Ambassador to Colombia, who strongly implied to regulate the importation of foreign marijuana when the U.S. legalise.

His statement marks the first time that a member of the Carter administration has spoken out on the subject of tariffs on foreign weed. The Ambassador, Diego Asencio, is considered a futurologist by the State Department and his remarks are taken very seriously.

This news coincides with reports that high level trade negotiations are currently taking place in Geneva between countries over which foreign products like cocaine and marijuana will be allowed to enter the US market.

THRILLS

Pix: CHRIS EALAND

Bell & Croydon — West End dispensary, customer surveillance a speciality. Below: the one-way mirror.

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PRIMA DONNA POP GROUPS GET COUNCIL'S FUNKY ELBOW

PRIMA DONNA pop groups have cooked their own goose as far as appearances at one top pop centre in the south east is concerned.

For years the Leas Cliff Hall at Folkestone has had a reputation of bringing top national groups to the south east.

But not for much longer — unless the groups come down to earth and abandon their prima donna ways, says Folkestone's entertainments manager, Mr Derrick Blackburn.

He says he is fed up with the unreasonable demands of groups for exotic food and drink items and other facilities.

"No-one minds providing sandwiches and normal refreshments for groups and normal facilities", he says. "But they've gone far beyond that these days. Their demands become more and more outrageous.

"We have been getting contracts specifying that so much beer, so many bottles of spirits, soft drinks, tea, coffee, milk and special foods must be provided for the groups and the people who turn up with them. It's not on."

One group's contract specified: "Dressing room food — French bread and selection of cheese, biscuits, nuts, raisins, cold meat salad. Scotch, (Johnny Walker) three bottles, six bottles Leibfraumilch, tea and coffee."

Another specified: "One case beer, one of soft drinks, milk, cold cups, two bottles of German wine."

"It's just become absolutely ridiculous," says Mr Blackburn. "They come down here and expect to be given this sort of treatment, and often they're little or no better than local groups who would give their eye teeth to appear. On top of this there are other demands.

"One group insisted that an electrician should be on hand from 12 noon to 12 midnight on the day of their appearance. The man was there and was paid time and a half and all he had to do was change a plug."

Another group insisted that they should be allowed to park where they liked in the town and that the council should pay their parking tickets if they were booked.

"If this sort of thing continues then big name groups are going to find they have cut their own throats as far as we are concerned," said Mr Blackburn. "We, and I gather a lot of other people like us, have had just about all we can take of this sort of stupidity. These groups must learn that they're going to finish up losing bookings if they continue in this way."

ROGER PEARSON THRILLS

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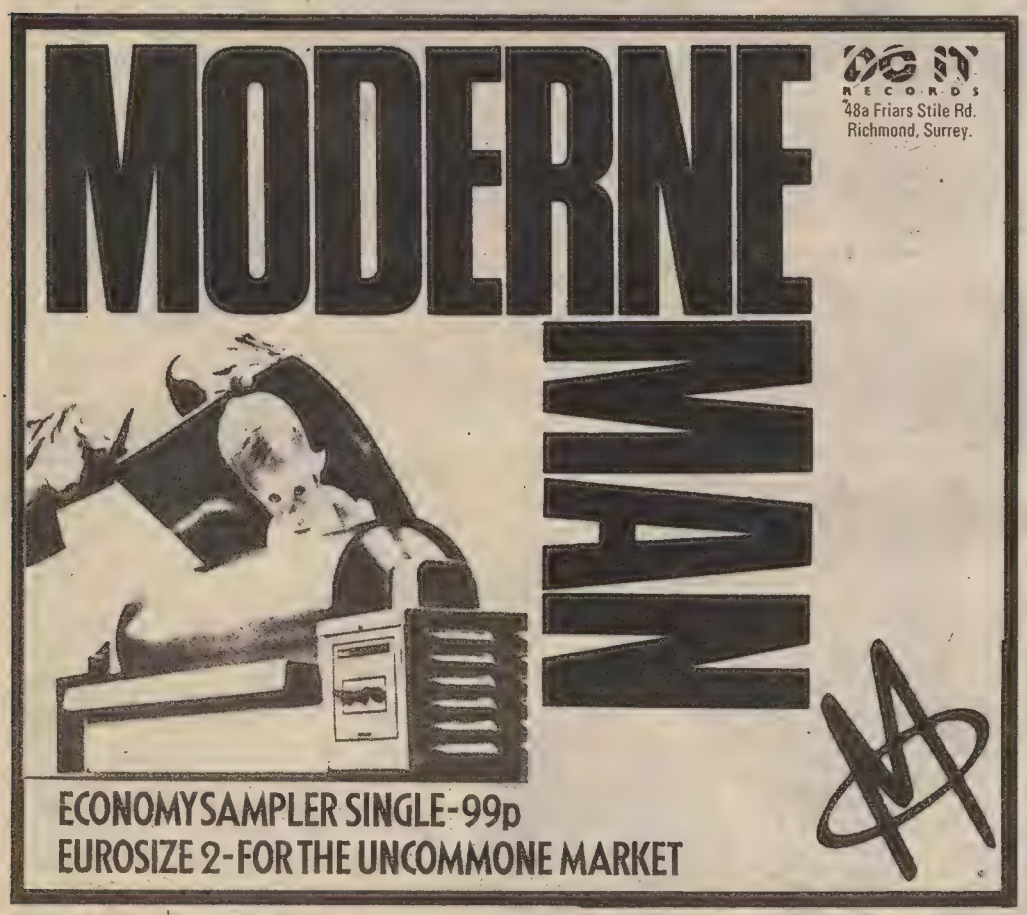

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CHRIS BAILEY — the only survivor

THE LAST SAINT GOES UNDER

"WE WERE destroyed by the insidious corporate slime of EMI." Who's that talking? Pink Floyd? Wings? Cliff Richard? No. Chris Bailey, lead singer with The Saints, Aussie punk band who last week, after months of hassles and aggro, finally split asunder.

It wasn't the kind of split that makes the front page, and the wake was a quiet, unpretentious affair.

Last Tuesday, after a meal in the West End and a bit of disco bopping at Midge Ure's birthday party, the remnants of the band, depressed and without a recording contract, decided to call it quits.

On Thursday drummer Ivor Hay flew back to Brisbane and he will be followed before Christmas by guitarist Ed Keupper.

Kim Bradshaw, the original bass player, left the band nearly a year ago and is now active on the fringes of the new wave.

Lead singer Chris Bailey will retain the name of the group and with the aid of a *Teach Yourself Electronics* manual, is currently working at home with a Teac 4-track, hoping to produce some demos which will in turn interest a record company and allow him to get a revitalised Saints back on the road.

"We made plenty of mistakes in the past," Bailey remarks ruefully, "but for the most part they weren't our own. From the moment we arrived in this country everything went wrong. Almost overnight we were thrown from playing small pubs in Brisbane to supporting The Ramones at the Roundhouse.

"We were chucked in at the deep end. The Roundhouse wasn't an unsuccessful night — it was just that because we didn't look like punks the British press decided we must be terrible."

The situation in Britain wasn't helped by the fact that the band's manager, Chris Gilbey, succumbed to the all-pervading EMI "hit single" syndrome.

Enormous pressure was then exerted on the band to come up with a hit. Ironically when Bailey and Kuepper yielded to these constant requests for "chart recognition" the record company failed to give support.

A year ago The Saints were within an ace of major chart success when "Perfect Day" leapt from 84 to 34 in one week. Unfortunately no one had reckoned with EMI who, just as the single hit 34 and the group appeared on *Top Of The Pops*, managed to run out of stock. For nearly two weeks the single was unavailable. It quickly dropped and disappeared from the charts.

The rest was predictable. Both EMI and Gilbey lost interest. EMI accused Gilbey of "weak management" and Gilbey became disenchanted with EMI's promotion ability.

About two months ago, when neither the "Eternally Yours" album nor the "Know Your Product" single had made any headway in the charts, Gilbey simply upped and went back to Australia clutching his percentages and a lucrative contract with ATV Music.

With a new album and single ("Prehistoric Sounds" and "Security") to promote a record contract up for renewal, the band found themselves 12,000 miles from home without money or management.

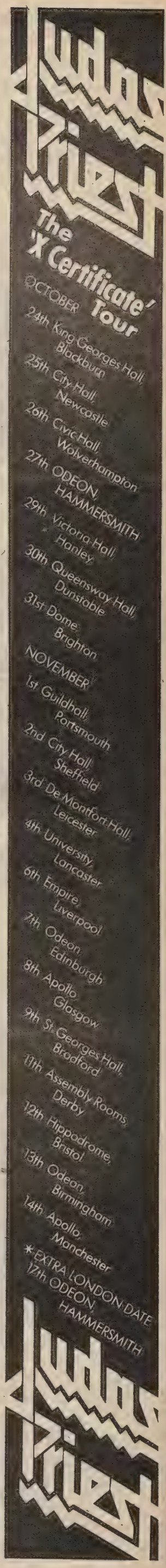
Not surprisingly EMI didn't take up the option on the contract, and the band, through sheer lack of funds and acute disenchantment with the British music industry, split up.

As Chris Bailey cynically observes, "No longer being signed to EMI is the best thing to happen to us in the last year. We're at last free from the bullshit and hype."

Strange echoes of J. Rotten and crew some eighteen months ago.

BRUCE ELDER

THE END



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SOCIO/POLITICAL CONSCIENCE? WAAL, AH'M RILLY INTO CHUTNEY.

ROSE ROYCE REVEAL THE DISCO PHILOSOPHY

Words: DANNY BAKER

Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

SO HOWS about up at number two, we have the one and only Rose Royce with 'Love Don't Live Here Anymore' . . . goodness gracious yes . . ."

Jimmy Savile swoons and dissolves into the hands of Michael Nash deftly prodding the unplugged synthesizer through the bass, stodgy electronics that open the sublime Rose Royce hit.

"You've aband-oned me-hee."

The female lead singer is NOT called Rose Royce, just as Ian Anderson is not Jethro Tull.

"Love don't li-ive here . . . any mo'."

Darlings of my album collection, sacred amongst my singles, Rose Royce just had to be the group to prove it. Come on cats, show all those sneering disbelievers that disco got soul.

Show them that you know love won't save the world, that you're not cosy dozers content with checking royalty statements and the latest cinema trends (Theme from the Exorcism of Star Jaws-Disco Mix!), that you're as aware as the next person but be damned if you're gonna go under in a mass of depressive wailing.

I knew that Crown Heights Affair and Philly were candy floss but Rose Royce just had to be substantial; just couldn't fail . . .

THIS IS a swanky hotel. At the far end a string quartet and potted plants are in competition as to who will be the least noticeable as several shades of tourist get down to business over dinner. Everybody whispers (even the elevators), and the heating is nothing short of equatorial.

Room 535 on the fifth, eh? I knock, I enter.

Inside it is even hotter and made all the more stiffling by the pungent tang of exotic Woodbines that clogs up me nostrils like two fingers off a woollen glove. Everybody's relaxed and 'cool' but I can't help noticing an acute shortage of black folks . . .

"Scuse me, but where's the band?"

"Oh, yeah," begins the group's public relations person Denise Hall (an all-round North of England lass now resident in L.A.). "Gwen and the rest of the boys are out or else sleeping so Duke is the man to see."

Duke — Lequient "Duke" Jobe, the Rose Royce bass player.

Just Duke?

"Oh don't worry, when Duke's through widja you won't want anyone else . . . haha . . ."

For a moment I feel like I've been allocated a rabbit with the coach driver's assistant, but, as it turns out Duke's not such a bad old nut.

I'LL REPEAT that the female lead in Rose Royce is Gwen Dickey and Rose Royce by any other name (and they have been called Total Concept Unlimited and Magic Wand) would sound as sweet.

Bar Gwen, all the group were raised in California and have been together since 1973 when they were two separate units involved in backing various singers who played the high schools and clubs around the scene.

Finding themselves on the same bill one time, and each aware of the others' local reputations, they got together later that same day and decided that the healthiest thing for all concerned would be to amalgamate into Total Concept Unlimited.

At this time they were all broke and living in the pockets of friends and relatives all over the state, but after a few months of rehearsal they secure a gig backing Edwin Starr and some of their first gigs were in the UK.

"We used to, y'know, play a few opening numbers before Edwin Starr took the spot over. We had these things that'd been hung together at rehearsals and they sounded just great. So good in fact that Edwin took exception to the reaction we got."

(It was the reviews of these gigs that Denise Perry wrote for *Black Music* magazine that earned her a job with the group).

Later TCU dropped their unwieldy, dopey handle in favour of Magic Wand. They became The Temptations studio band. And about now they got their bottle together to begin thinking in terms of becoming a band in their own right — Rose Royce — although as yet they had no front vocalist.

While completing a tour backing Undisputed Truth they came across an all-girl trio called The Jewels, one third of which was Gwen Dickey.

"Y'see the Truth needed a female singer and when Gwen was convinced that they were serious about taking her on she came out to California to start rehearsing with us, we still being the Truth's musicians. Well, she done kept turning up with us and . . . well, she never made it into Undisputed Truth anyhow . . ."

This was 1975 and RR began work on what would have been their debut album, "In Full Bloom". At the same time MCA offered Norman Whitfield (with whom the band had long been friendly) the job of scoring an upcoming all black film — *Carwash*. The film was originally intended as a project for The Temptations but Whitfield handed the gift to Rose Royce and, in cahoots, they turned in a title tune that achieved this country's ultimate badge of success — a football chant.

So Rose Royce had taken off — but still remained quite anonymous, with people even regarding the whole Whitfield involvement as a Parliament/Bootsy piece of incest (Tempts, Truth, Royce, Stargard).

ALL RIGHT, that's 1066 and all that done and all's well this far. It's now time I got down to trying to prove if a band make great records they surely must be great, alert, and all round sharp people.

C'mon Duke show 'em!

I break into a long stream of tongue, explaining the general attitude of the rock world to the pop/disco field and dangling a fancy carrot for Duke to set the book straight on how disco music is made by PEOPLE as much as any other.

I mean, it's not just mindless commercialism right?

"I don't unnerstan' what you mean?"

What I mean is that you don't cut these records purely for the money, just to cash in on trends, eh?

"Oh sure we do."

That thump was my heart and arse hitting the carpet. Y'mean those honed arrows of piercing dance rhythms, those beautiful touching love songs are just bucks??

"Uh-huh. Lemme tell ya: if disco sells, fine. We can play pop, rock R'n'B — you name it . . ."

Now in print that may come over as a regular bloke being totally honest and doing no more than playing Nick Lowe's game. But when it's all delivered in a disinterested Californian whisper — and coupled with what was to come — the playing back of the interview cassette was a dejecting affair.

One phrase that kept coming up in Duke Jobe's, how you say, rap, was "Rose Royce are the bottom line, man, the bottom line."

When it's not on a mirror, I ask, what is that?

"The bottom line? Oh right, well, look . . . have you ever had a desire, man, to be somewhere and somebody?"

I selfconsciously lie: yes

"OK, so we in Rose Royce desire to be bigger than The Beatles."

I trust you're getting this down.

"That universal appeal from five to 40 that The Beatles have, let me tell you, is our DESTINY . . . the highest plane . . . bigger than The Beatles y'dig?"

And you'd sell yo'self any way to achieve that mass appeal?

"Well, so long as I can keep my sanity and this band can deliver to the people as one unit, that's what we're about — Deliverance. I mean we're big now, really big, we have three platinum albums, but we're positive, not conceited, POSITIVE."

I say this is gonna look bad in cold print and struggle to nail down what's going on with this soft spoken spritz that was supposed to have been plain, if run of the mill, sailing. OK, Duke, so with all the power you hold back home do you ever feel like using it to SAY SOMETHING!

"I'm sorry?"

Well, I begin, I was in Carolina earlier this year and saw racism on a South African scale going on daily 'mongst 'good God fearin folk'. And while you have your Dick Gregorys and Gil Scott Herons and I appreciate that politics is not what Rose Royce are or want to be about, don't you ever feel that birth signs might seem a shade insignificant when held against some real business.

"Well, we sell a lotta records in the South . . . 'Get Next to You' was a smash down there . . ."

Yeah, but it may be playing in white-only bars. Does it bother you that you may be playing to Klan people.

"Well I unnerstan' what you mean but . . . we do take care of that."

Aha!

"Lemme tell you, we play 18,000 seater places where they say no standing . . . cos that's the law — NO Standing. But we get together with the security and say to the folks, 'You can stand if you be nice . . . Is that OK with you?' and when you hear 18,000 voices saying, 'yeah'. . . well that's it right?"

Now I swear that's the reply I got. Read it back and see if you can make head or tail of it cos one of us is crackers.

I look puzzled.

"We'look. Eighteen thousand people in itself tells you somethin' right?"

Yeah, sure. Whoever's running the pie stall is cleaning up.

There's a laugh like air escaping. "I know what Gil Scott Heron and those guys are about but you must appreciate that a statement made in L.A. don't mean shit in Atlanta, and one made in New York don't mean a damn in Texas and so on. We just like to think of our records as peace rallies in themselves . . ."

It was now I began to realize how daft I'd been in believing that all lands are as small as the UK when it comes to any one fad or unit trying to influence, and Duke himself as not to blame for me wanting some environmentally aware statement from a group who were The Eagles neighbours thousands of miles from where I'd received culture shock.

It was a bit like asking a Chinaman about Northern Ireland. But he obviously felt a little uncomfortable at being confronted with a poser from outside the dance floor and tried to cover with this next rather thin burst.

"I don't know if you is acquainted with a cut on our 'In Full Bloom' called 'Love More Love' but that could be interpreted as political, I guess . . . y'know we're saying that no matter if you're black, white, Jew or Arab, whatever . . . we should all try to see what the other guy is saying . . . y'know? But all over that's not a direction we want to take because in general conversation this band speaks, y'know, love and peace . . ."

I began to feel a bit rotten for dragging the man into a territory Rose Royce have never claimed to lean toward and hopefully (for my singles collection), never will, but then remembered his 'bigger than The Beatles' sprout which'd stunned me into it.

We rambled about other stuff ("I jes' love chutney . . . over here's the first time I come cross that shit!) and covered a few points that would only make sense to fanatics, but never was my thinking-disco bit realized.

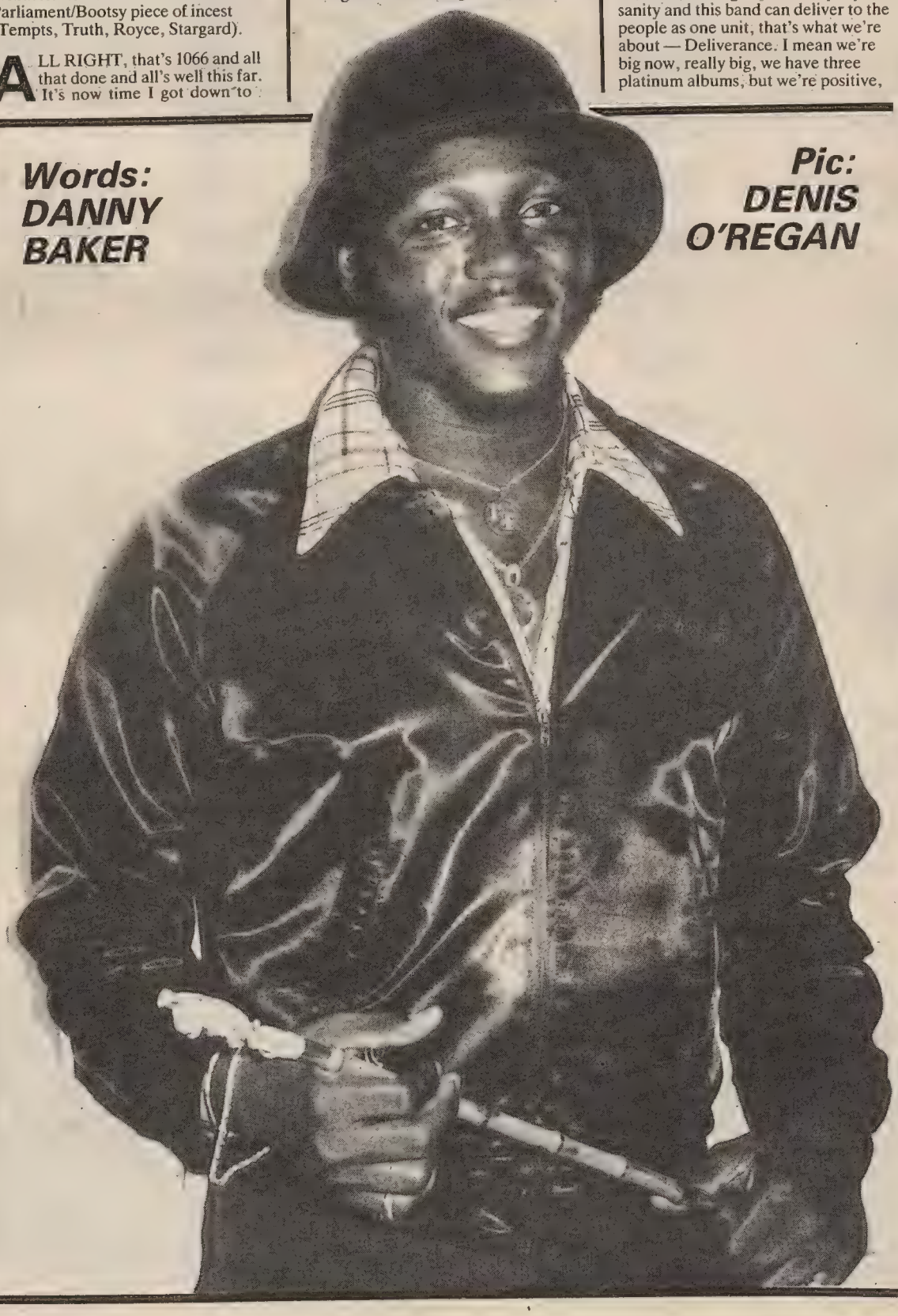
The electronic doo doo's on the single are created by putting a tom tom through a synthesizer and Duke loves our countryside.

I left a little downhearted but in all I suppose Duke was a good enough sort if a little inoffensive, and I told myself that I should have listened to Julie Burchill's warning as I left *NME*.

"Just because they make great records," she said, "don't expect higher intelligence . . ."

Back on *Top Of The Pops* my meeting with 'the group' had done nothing to detract from the excellence of their music. The only thing was I noticed that although the track uses very few band members, all, even the horn section, were on the podium swaying as if about to join in. All on camera.

Cheque please.



ELVIS
COSTELLO

RADIO
RADIO

tiny
STEPS

ADA 24

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SINGLES

ELVIS COSTELLO by ALAN MOORE

Elvis On Wrong Wavelength?

SINGLE OF NEXT WEEK
THOMAS LEER: Private Plane/International (Oblique Records)
Tick-tock, tick-tock . . . according to my Akron Almanac Crouch End is due to be blessed with hepcat muse-biz credibility by about the second week of the New Year. The romantic, bohemian squalor of North London's Greenwich Village has already spawned Sham 79 — the inimitable Menace — who crystallized the Rubber City Rebels' patriotic grit of *"East Coast, West Coast, you can jump in the sea,/I don't need no ocean,/I got industry"* in their very own angry Anglo-hammerblow minimalism of "GLC-SHIT!!" While over at Paul's Spanish Moon vinyl mart that cosmopolitan combo The Tourists bring a taste of tyre and Jane Aire and her Belvèderes to the gargantuan Crouch End Clocktower.

And now the shaded enigma of Ferme Park Road slinks forth to join their ranks. "Private Plane" is blighted by more electronic farts, burps and belches than Brian Eno digesting with difficulty a Chicken Birani take-away, but "International" is a revelation; huge-slabs of utilitarian powdered-chords, a haunting organ motif that appears to be emanating from one of those Rolf Harris toys, that sad siren Nicodrone anti-vocal, and it all climaxes into disconcerting epileptic morse-code before fading out then fading back in again with bewitching, simplistic nursery-rhyme musical-box bells.

Oh . . . no it doesn't — that was just the Mister Whippie van driving by on the street outside my window. Anywhow, Thomas Leer is the Liam Sternberg of N8.

IS THIS CULT A PRAT?

FATHER ABRAHAM AND THE SMURFS: Dippety-Doo (Decca).
SARA BRIGHTMAN AND HOT GOSSIP: I Lost My Heart To A Starship Trooper (Short Version) (Ariola).
ELVIS COSTELLO: Radio, Radio (RADAR)

It's ELP all over again with **The Smurfs** — they're just relying on visuals these days. Saw 'em on *TOTP* the other night and thought they looked really jaded, totally coked-out and just going through the motions. The musical panache that exuded from every pore on their impressive debut single is nowhere to be found in the standard rock 'n' roll raunch of "Dippety-Doo". *"Let's all smurf together, it's smurfing kind of weather!"* indeed!!

Whatever happened to the provocative surrealism, the subliminal reality of, *"Can you crawl through a smokey hole?/Yes, we crawl through a smokey hole!"* redolent of *"Can you cook and can you sew?"* on Dylan's latest waxing.

The sooner Father Abraham gets his Smurfs draughted into the forces so they can serve their time and come out as Hollywood-bound, all-round family entertainers the better. This showing is just pathetic.

Hot Gossip bring to mind that loathsome midget and jingle mogul Kenny Everett, but I quite like them anyway and thought it was real innovatory the way they never used to dance, prefering to just stand there and pose. Their clothes were good, too, showing up Legs & Co as the munch of Miss TV Times 1964 that we all know they are.

Unfortunately they're as suited to making records as Princess Maggot's piece of tweed-trouser leg; all classical Kubrick references, diluted Dee Dee Jackson "Meteor Man" drivel full of carnal cosmic buffoonery with a transatlantic talkover in the middle that is a direct cop from that CIA agent who's investigating the Mad Monk in Boney M's "Rasputin".

Sarah Brightman is one of Hot Gossip — dunno which one though. It says here she's "the baby of the troupe" so I'd hazard a guess that it's the blonde piece that *tout le monde* creams their leotards over.

Backed with "I Lost My Heart To A Starship Trooper (Long Version)" — so at least it's got a happy ending.

All you need to know about "Radio, Radio" is that what The Clash did on "Capital Radio" with an abundance of vitality, originality and invigorating well-aimed venom, **Elvis Costello** does with forced fury, catchy commerciality and his mandatory Angry Little Man whine. Poor old Elvis. When Joe Strummer walked into CBS New York's offices and saw the myopic mug plastered all over the walls, he clutched at his guts and pantomimed retching symtoms.

"I can't stand him," muttered Joe.

Stick with yer gratis Clash EP, kids, to me Costello is in tune with nothing at all.

LOOK THROUGH ANY CLOSET, YEAH, WHAT DO YOU SEE?

DAVIE JONES AND THE KING BEES: Liza Jane (Decca)
PAUL RAVEN: Tower Of Strength (EMI)

Mundane skeletons from David Bowie and Gary Glitter's respective closets. Just after the Prince of Paunch struck paydirt back in '73 with his sequined hot-pants incarnation there was a ceremonial mondo-destructo on all of **Paul Raven's** records, press releases, etcetera, which were loaded into a coffin and dumped over the side of a boat into the murky waters of the Thames. They forgot to put Mister Raven himself into the coffin. Pity.

"Tower Of Strength" has more histrionic ham than Pinky And Perky being carted off to the slaughter-house — all Adam "Vot Do Yew Vont If Yew Don't Vont To Be Put Out Of Yaw Misery?" tremelo — and I for one will be sticking to the Frankie Vaughan version of this Burt Bacharach classic of repressed macho hysteria.

The **Bowie** mouldy-oldie dates back to 1964 — his first recording. It says here that he met the King Bees in a Bromley hairdresser's.

"Liza Jane" is more or less average white trash R&B public-rock, sort of Dr Feelgood for flits, if that's your bag, Moonbeam. Ah, Dave and Gal, it was a shame the way that they carried on. Strictly for blood relatives and fawning fanatics (who'll never play the damn things more than twice, I'll warrant).

MY SWEET LORD'S SO FINE, DOO-LANG, DOO-LANG

QUEEN: Fat Bottomed Girls/Bicycle Race (EMI)
JAPAN: Sometimes I Feel So Low (Ariola)
WHIRLWIND: I Only Wish That I'd Been Told (Chiswick)

I will name that tune in ONE!! Seems to me I've heard these songs before, tra-la. **Japan** have, as they promised, foolishly dropped the blanched Johnny Guitar Watson Disco and glam-nostalgia lyrics that tantalized this garret's earbuds and instead plumped for a lack-lustre retread of "2-4-6-8 Motorway" that has none of pop-style, little-white-lines speeding joy of Two Rows Broken's chart entry.

They still use the whoooooh-oooooh Dolls harmonies in the background so that they'll get compared to Mercer Art Centre's finest in reviews in order to subsequently deny all knowledge of the Rotten Apple scumsurfers in their subsequent interviews. Meanwhile the strumpet on lead vocals still sounds like a maniacally depressed blubbering *hausfrau* for whom God didn't make the little green placebos. A *hit?*

Whirlwind have a great sound, all crashing Jack Nitzsche Armageddon and torch passion, though the song itself is a little too close to "Runaway" for Del Shannon's comfort. Still, it's a shame Whirlwind won't get as many customers coughing up coinage for their worthy effort as the Poncy Persian and his bubble-cut bum-chums will undoubtedly get shelling out for their double-A sided after birth of disaster.

There's nothing sadder than an old **Queen** record that brings to mind recycled Pink Floyd and Move platters. "Bicycle Race" is Syd Barret's *"I've got a bike, you can ride it if you like, it's a good bike"*, except it has no endearingly retarded charm, it's merely twee, just some undesirable alien getting his tutu in a twist because he wants everyone to think of him as some Alternative Culture David Niven.

"Fat Bottomed Girls" is the scarcely concealed plodding riff of The Move's "Brontosaurus" under anal fixation chest-beating, all lyrics appertaining to *"Blue-eyed floozies and camp-fire lights,"* and other Baden Powell-bait fantasia. We've got *your* cards marked, Freddy-boy. Now let's see ya do a *pas de deux* and eat a Granny Smith through a tennis racket at the same time.

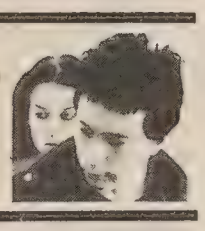
THE FLYING LIZARDS: Summertime Blues (Virgin)

The somewhat laid-back guitarist sounds as if he's been buried alive in Librium three studios down from the Oriental singer who brings to mind a Vietnam refugee who's just crawled starving and exhausted off the gook-fleeing boat and has been forced to recite the Eddie Cochran songbook parrot fashion before being granted her immigration viza.

The stanza, *"I'm gonna take two weeks I'm gonna have a fine vacation/I'm gonna take my problems to the United Nations/Well, I called up my*

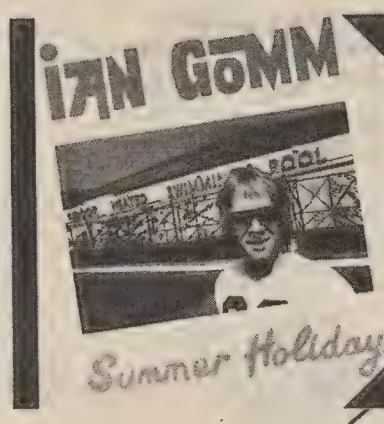
Continues p28

Reviewed by TONY PARSONS



Wish you could hear!

Ian Gomm's "Summer Holiday" album



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SINGLES

■ From p27

Congressman, he said (quote)" is a particular favourite of mine. Good record.

AUTOGRAPHS: While I'm Still Young (Rak) Remember Power-Pop? Used to be into Arrows? Think *Get It Together* is the best music programme currently coming out of the cathode ray tube? Yes, yes, yes? What's it like being in Autographs?

WE MEAN IT, MAAANDINGO

THE KINGS: Black Messiah (Arista)
TOM PAXTON: The Death Of Stephen Biko (Vanguard)
CHINA STREET: Rock Against Racism (RAR) (EMI)

Three records that are approximately as representative of social injustice, racial prejudice, inbred bigotry etcetera as ITV's *Mixed Blessings*. Over soft-ska-shuffle we find Ray Davies dishing out in a pidgin lisp some veritable Lenny Bruce attitude-probing.

"If I told you that God was black, what would you think of that? I bet you wouldn't believe me!"

Rilly? Why, Raymond, that's truly amazing.

Tom Paxton gets leave from his managerial chores with the Rollers to document the shackled saga of Steve Biko in just under four minutes of acoustic whimsy that leaves this listener still uncertain where Paxton stands on the matter — for or against? It's useless hip white liberal gesturing, trivial lip service.

Go to South Africa and sing your song there, Paxton. Then I'll apologise for even *thinking* that you remind me both in body and soul of Clive James.

China Street's "Rock Against Racism (RAR)" ditty begs for comparison with the dedicated showbiz followers of fashionable political causes over at *Sounds* who sneered at *NME* 14 months ago when we were getting our heads busted at New Cross, *("NME, EX-music paper! Keep politics out of music!")* while *these* days wildish horses couldn't keep them away from listening to the music at Anti-Nazi League Carnivals. And that ain't elitism, that's FACT.

The song sounds like The Baron Knights on an off day impersonating Steel Pulse, rah-rah-rah, play up team, what? Glib, self-serving garbage, about as effective as Picking Butterflies Against Leukaemia.

FOREIGNER: Hot Blooded (Atlantic) Heavy Metal Village People. The lead singer makes Napoleon look like he had an inferiority complex. Even the red vinyl has unwanted body hair growing all over it.

PETER TOSH: (You Gotta Walk) Don't Look Back (EMI) In which Mick Jagger attempts to do to Tosh what he did to Carly Simon (or so I've heard) — namely stamp his own identity all over somebody else's product so we'll all know how he don't mind keeping out of the limelight to assist the underdog once in a while. It's a callous travesty of the Smokey Robinson gem, the Rasta and the Rolling Stone (oh, tremble, ye womenfolk!) performing a lethargic buddy-buddy duet at "Soon come, mon" Joe Loss waltz pace like some *Black And White Minstrels'* caricature of the Robert Redford/Paul Newman syndrome.

This odd couple display about as much soul as the Robinson's Golly but they just ain't got the jam (ha, ha).

GANG OF FOUR: Damaged Goods/Love Like Anthrax/Armalite Rifle (Fast)
STIFF LITTLE FINGERS: '78 RPM (Rigid Digits-Rough Trade Records)
THE UNDERTONES: Teenage Kicks (Sire)

The **Gang Of Four** sing about love like Pete Shelley gone badly-damaged cynic and they got such a voluble bass-line pulsation that . . . is that you, Jean-Jaques? But the thing that really grates is that guitar with its predilection for breaking into acid-scrambled free-form Hendrix. Your breath baits in anticipation of the "Star Spangled Banner" that never quite comes off.

It's too bad — because when they handcuff the guitarist and he can only use his instrument in short, sharp staccato bursts they suddenly reveal the ability to come up with the raunchy economical panache that The Mekons deploy with such deceptive grace on "Where Were You?" and there's not much that comes better than *that*.

I liked **Stiff Little Fingers'** "Suspect Device" but "78 RPM" totally lacks the virulent bottle of that record. It's the difference between "Pretty Vacant" and "Holiday In The Sun", the awesome chasm between "Can The Can" and "48 Crash".

These are same old tired riffs that the Hot Rods have been flogging to death for years from just one of the thousand or so combos who sound like they won't know which direction to progress in until they've heard second album from The Clash.

The Undertones are fronted by Steve Marriot's grandson and sound like Ramones who've never heard of heroin. I'm sorry they've left Belfast label Good Vibrations for Sire because I thought they had a good future ahead of 'em.

THIS WEEK'S "HURRY UP HARRY"
THE GOODIES: Rastashanty (EMI)
THE BARRON KNIGHTS: Get Down Shep (Epic)
THE BEATLES: Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band/With A Little Help From My Friends/A Day In The Life (Parlophone)

I usually enjoy chortling along to these comedy records but find that when you've watered your Y-fronts to them once, repitition tends to churn the gourds. These specimens are no exception to the rule.

The Barron Knights do a deft piss-take of brave John Noakes' bestial relationship with Shep, the trusty Blue Peter mutt, while all us *Saturday Banana* freaks will rollick about with ribs well-tickled to this send-up of that time of year, when, Rasta, it's cold outside.

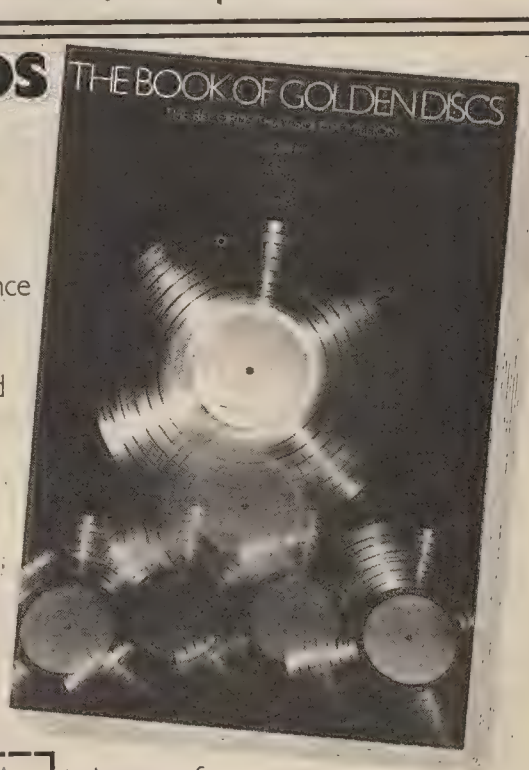
"Natty Penguin! (Me favourite biscuit.) Scrumptious! (If you spit out the feathers.) Uptown Top Ranking! (What the hell that mean?) A load of cobblers! (Dancing on the ice.) Bloody freezing! (Shivering). Freeze up me Dreadlocks! (Dreadlocks.) Frozen like corkscrews! (Useful.) For opening bottles! (Dreadful.) For making holes in me wooly hat!"

The Beatles' parody of self-inflated, spaced-out '60s bards bursts with hamfisted drug references, symphonic orchestras on a bad trip, oblique word-wanking guff that is forever chasing Rimbauds and tab flash-back sound effects. Unfortunately it goes beyond mere satirical imitation and leaves the listener incredulous that it was every really this bad, begging for orange juice.

I mean, *"Now they know how many holes it takes to fill the Albert Hall!!"*

Ah, come on now!!

THE RECORDS THAT SOLD A MILLION. 1903–1977



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HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD (IN TAX EXILE)

. . . in Ireland, natch. But hold on, there's a mystery here. If STATUS QUO (Francis Rossi in this instance) are supposed to be so thick, how come they got so much money? BOB EDMANDS reports.

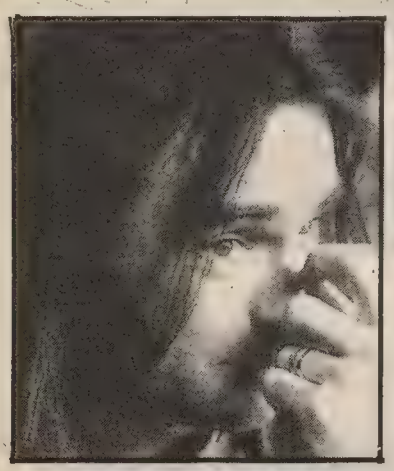
Pic: TOM SHEEHAN

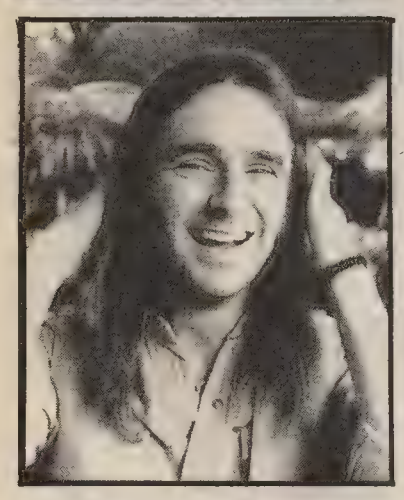
"WHEN I was a kid, my-a parents, they-a want-a me to marry a nice-a Italian girl. She is-a my cousin. I say there is-a no way I'm-a gonna marry-a my-a cousin.

"And I didn't".

This is Francis Rossi of Status Quo doing his Italian accent. Francis is quite a man with funny accents. Having seen *Blazing Saddles* some 16 times, he's quite adept at Gene Wilder. Lisping queers and butch Americans are also part of his repertoire. But Italians he does the best.

"I've got relatives of my age, born in Deptford," he says, "and they-a speak-a like-a dis. Is that possible or what? In fact, they've got two accents. They go in and see their folks, and they-a speak-a like-a dat. Then they come outside, and it's all cor blimey."





Francis Rossi, who's 29, was born in the Forest Hill area of South London. His family are Italian, and Rossi's is a well-known ice-cream firm.

"I used to make lollies when I was a boy, working in the factory. It was taken for granted that I'd go out and make ice cream, because I knew how to do it, I suppose.

"But I no-a want do-a dis. From an early age, I wanted to be an Everly Brother."

So was there a big bust-up when you wanted to do music?

"Well at the time I thought so, but I don't suppose it was, really. They make a lot of noise: 'Hey, Mama, what's he-a think he's-a doing? It probably seemed worse than it was."

Francis seems to have a thing about being Italian.

"No, not really. I've got a younger brother, and he-a looks-a like-a more of a wop than-a I do. People think it worries me when they say wops. I don't like them much anyway. I mean, I know my lot, and they're okay. But I was born in London, and that's good enough for me."

FRANCIS ROSSI lives these days just outside London, in what he says is "a three-bedroomed house" in Surrey. He's married with two kids, two Irish wolfhounds, one great dane, and one pekinese.

Are the kids both boys?

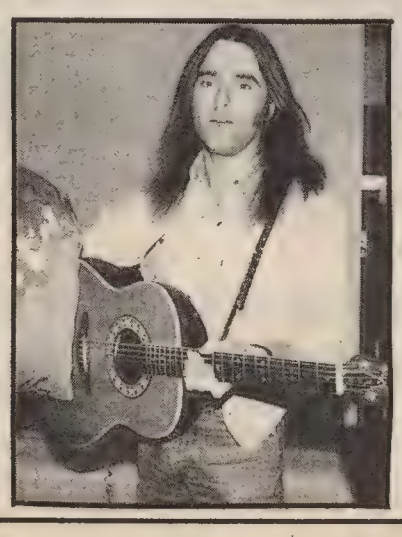
"At the moment they are," he says. "One's 11 and one's six."

For the past few months, Francis has seen less of his family than usual because he's doing a year's tax exile in Ireland. It's the first time he's spent a year away.

"I said I'd never do it, see. And we mustn't talk about it too much. If I'd done it when they said do it, it would be over by now, and things would be a lot easier. It got to the point where I had no choice really. I don't like doing it."

Most of the time Francis is staying in a castle that's been converted into a hotel in County Clare. It stands in 12,000 acres, and Francis tends to stroll around the grounds with a South London mate of his, Bernie Frost, while they write songs. All very idyllic, a nice place to bring over the wife and kids.

Burt Lancaster and Lee Marvin are staying in the same hotel because they're making a film in the area. Bernie Frost got Burt Lancaster's autograph, and will proudly produce it if asked.



TO INTERVIEW Francis Rossi, it is necessary to fly to the Irish Republic. Sad to say, Francis has moved out of his castle, and for the time being, he's in residence in a less splendid hotel in Dublin.

Ace lensman Tom Sheehan and I have a hard time reaching him. For one thing, the British Airways flight from Heathrow is four hours late, and that's goodbye to the afternoon. For another, the Irish cab breaks down on the road from Dublin airport and we have to push it into a garage.

For a third, our bookings at the hotel round the corner from Francis's haven't been properly arranged. It takes two noisy confrontations with the management to get us in.

On the way back, on an Aer Lingus flight, Tom Sheehan's seat collapses. It was one of those trips.

Francis Rossi and Bernie Frost are sitting among a gaggle of blue-rinse matrons in the lobby of their hotel when the intrepid reporting team finally get round there.

Francis looks rather pointedly at his watch, but otherwise makes no complaint. For an important man who's just been kept waiting for five hours, that's one hell of a mild rebuke.

Anyway, Francis takes us off for a drink, exchanging greetings with respectful hotel staff on the way. Tom and I both opt for pints of bitter. Francis and Bernie both go for grapefruit juice, which is better for avoiding the dreaded beer gut.

Amazingly, Francis is dressed in his stage costume. Jeans, shirt and waistcoat. It's a bit like finding the Lone Ranger still wearing his mask off-duty.

Come to think of it, Francis always wears the same clothes on stage. Why's that?

"I wear a shirt these days, and I used to wear a T-shirt. Now sort that out. Initially we started wearing jeans, because we were sick of wearing silly gear. First time we did it we thought it was a big thing. Phaaaaw, we got away with it. You know. Now it feels like work clothes, and the other kind feels wrong.

"The jeans will always be there, won't they? Because they're more comfortable, ain't they?"

STATUS QUO have just played three festival gigs. At Stuttgart and Dortmund, and before that at Reading.

"Reading?" says Francis. "That was a pain that was. Bit of a washout. Rubbish."

I say I'd been hearing about the band's performance.

"Fucking horrible".

So what went wrong?

"I don't know. It was just us I suppose. Or me. Or whatever. It was horrible."

Hadn't you played together for a bit?

"Yeah, we'd just finished the Australian tour."

I ask whether Status Quo sell a lot of records in Australia.

Francis laughs. He says: "Don't wind me up."

Now Rossi's in Dublin to find a demo studio. Richard Parfitt's due to fly over from Germany to work on some new songs for the album after next.

Meanwhile the next album's due out in a few weeks' time, and Francis is well pleased with it.

"It's got more spontaneity than the last one. SPONTANEITY. Know what I mean? The last one, 'Rockin' All Over The World,' was cut in Sweden. We did this one in Holland at Phonogram's studio there.

"It's got much more of a live sound to it."

Word has it that the next Status Quo single will be a slow ballad from the album, released in time to catch the Christmas market.

"Who told you that?" says Francis.

I say I don't remember. I just heard it somewhere.

"Well, you tell me who told you, and I'll tell you whether it's true or not."

Later on, Francis plays us the melody from his ballad, "Someone Show Me Home," using a practice amp set up in his room.

I ask him whether he knows "Go Now" by The Moody Blues.

"You cheeky sod," he says, and gets out a cassette and puts on the song.

"If you can sing 'Go Now' to that song," he says, "you go ahead and do it."

I can't. But then if I was a singer I wouldn't be interviewing him, would I? Know what I mean?

LAST CHRISTMAS I went to a Status Quo gig at the Hammersmith Odeon, and the most alarming thing about it was the audience, who all looked like football hooligans dressed in denims and Doc Martin's. They jumped up and down in time to the music, and the balcony went up and down with them.

Francis is very conscious of his audience. He smokes cheap filter cigarettes, and says: "They're good for the image, ain't they?"

He's also happy to act dumb when the occasion demands it. Tom and I ask him to pose for a photo reading a copy of *The Irish Times* which he's holding upside down.

"I know," he says, "you're just trying to make me look stupid, ain't you? Okay, I'll do it."

Francis knows his audience because he shares their background, despite the family firm.

"I went to a very rough secondary modern. A real rough-house it was, in Peckham. All the birds were getting

■ Continues over page

From previous page

pregnant. Teachers used to get thrown out of windows. I got expelled on me very last day when I was 15."

Did you get expelled for getting a bird pregnant, or throwing a teacher out of the window?

"Neither. It was a bit stupid, really. We were just going round ripping the pockets off each other's jackets.

"Like this," he says, and I step back quickly. Know what you mean, Francis, know what you mean.

"Anyway, I go back to the classroom with me pocket ripped off, and they send me home. Expelled on me last day. Funny school.

"I went back there once, in about 1968, for a magazine, and they interviewed the head about me."

What did he say? One of our most respected old boys?

"Yeah, he gave it some of that. Anyway, they published a report I'd got at home, which said: "This boy lives in a dream of being a pop star." Something like that. It was very embarrassing.

"Actually, I was in the school orchestra. Played the trumpet. Nuff was in it, too. He played the trombone."

STATUS QUO have been in bands together since 1962, when Francis was 13. When they started out they used to hang the microphone from a bird-cage stand.

"This bloke's dad used to bring the bird-cage stand to our gigs. He'd take the bird-cage out at home, we'd hang the mike on the stand, then after the gig, he'd take it back home again and put the cage back in it."

Francis sees a parallel between Quo's early days and the rise of new wave bands.

"A lot of new wave bands — young and inexperienced — have obviously been getting record contracts, front pages in the press, TV. And when you're 16 . . ."

That's a lot to cope with?

"Sure. Dear me. I remember getting a record contract for a start was something. Then to go on TV was ridiculous. Apart from the whole business that goes with it.

"You think you're really somebody, you've really done something in the music business. Then you start to realise how far you've got to go to really achieve something. I think it's nice to have been around for so long. It's a good feeling, actually."

Do you need to be around a long time before you achieve something worthwhile?

"I think there's a case for it," says Francis. "It's interesting that the people who are big today have done it before — The Bee Gees, Frampton, Eric Clapton."

But The Bee Gees and Clapton are people who've changed their styles. Is that something that needs to be done by Quo if they're going to get into that league?

"Who knows? I don't know. Up to now we've kept straight on the line. Maybe we can start opening up. There must come a point when we can. When we *will*. Whether or not people will accept it, I don't know. I should hope so."

Although Quo have been around for 16 years they've not had the level of recognition that has gone to other bands from the same era.

America has not taken to them.

"I don't know why, there could be many reasons," says Francis. "For one thing, we haven't approached the territory like we would any other territory.

"At the time we tried to do it we'd just broken again with the 'Piledriver' album. And we were doing very well. Then we had to go over there and start from square one again in conditions we didn't enjoy working in.

"Gig-wise, it worked. The audience reaction was good. But when it came to selling records, we didn't. And we cannot get airplay there at all.

"So we thought 'fuck this', we don't need it. We lost heart really. I personally am not interested at all."

But wouldn't Quo's British fans think more of them if they cracked the States?

"I don't know if it bothers them or not. It doesn't seem to. We've decided that we'll put out product in the States — if someone will have us — and if it goes, it goes. They said the stuff was too hairy for radio. That the drums were too loud. They didn't like the vocals. Whatever the reason. I'm not going to sweat on it."

A number of reviewers noticed that the "Rockin' All Over The World" album was smoother, more carefully produced than its predecessors. Was this a ploy to get into the States?

"That's what they said at the time. But really we just wanted a better sound, better technical quality. We always had a problem with overspill on our records, because we recorded with so much gear."

But isn't that partly what people liked about Quo's sound?

"To a certain degree. But our early ones were so bad, there was no separation. There was no way you could solo anything and just hear that. There was all sorts spilling in. We gradually improved until we got to 'Blue For You'. Maybe the studio was too dead on 'Rockin'.' This new one is more like it, though".

FRANCIS ROSSI doesn't mix much within the music business.

"No, I'm not too keen, personally. That social world is all a bit too funny to me. I don't want to knock anybody, but it's a bit like a hotel bar at night. Everybody drinking, pretending to have a good time, laughing aloud, all a bit desperate."

Are you a bit of a recluse?

"Yeah, as it happens, I am. That's what I'm nicknamed, 'The Recluse'. They used to take the piss out of me on the road, call me Howard Hughes."

So how come you can be extrovert on stage?

"Oh, I'm all right on stage. I like that. Perhaps I get it all out on there, and don't have to do it any other time."

Maybe you hide behind the band and the band's sound?

"Yeah, I'll accept that. That's what I do."

Have Quo met with snobbery within the business?

"There's been some of that. When we did the Hammersmith gigs last year, our guest list was so big. There were people there who I knew disliked us, but they were still there.

"For a time we thought we'd become almost fashionable for a few weeks, but we know we're not a hundred per cent accepted. I think a lot of people would be frightened to say they like us because of the snobbery.

"And yet, what's it matter? It's the people who buy the records that count. There's no point in worrying about the press. Who reads it outside the music business, anyway? How many copies actually go out to people who buy the records?"

ONE REASON why Status Quo have lasted so long is that they've doggedly worked within the same musical framework. There's never been any attempt at artiness, no half-assed symphonic masterworks.

Ever since the "Piledriver" album it's been possible to count on them for good, unpretentious, fast rock songs.

It was really no big deal that the new wave played fast, because Quo's music has always had that same speed and energy.

Francis Rossi says he doesn't think "heavy metal" describes the band's music, and you can quite hear why. There's never any of the sluggishness usually associated with HM bands.

Francis thinks "boogie" is closer, but it won't do really.

The most engaging thing about the band is that while they're playing all those fast hard rock riffs, 12 to the bar, Francis Rossi still wants to be an Everly Brother and insists on singing like one.

It's the contrast between the aggressive style of the backings and the light high-school vocals that does it.

Few other bands have had the same lasting commitments to simple rock music. Even the likes of Deep Purple and Black Sabbath have tried to get mystical in their day.

"Some people say our music must be easy to write because it's simple", says Francis, "but that's not true. It's not easy to avoid repeating yourself using the same style.

"We've tried putting clever bits in the records. Good solos that we've spent ages working out. They sound great. Then you hear them in the middle of the songs, and they stop them moving. Hopeless. Chuck 'em out. Let's do it properly."

Francis says the band came up with their "Piledriver" style because they were 18 months between albums, and they spent the time gigging.

"It grew out of our live show. You can hear a more laid-back version of our style on the earlier records, but it was the live gigs that did it. The audiences gave us that energy, that extra bit of fire. They still do."

But how long can you personally go on playing fast rock music that 16-year-olds will respond to?

"People used to ask me that five years ago. Well, I'll be 30 next year. I don't feel any different. I still like it the same way. And I can still wiggle my ass, baby."

Surely, though, you must be finding it harder to cope with fast music?

Listen, you're making me think about this, and I'm beginning to worry about it. I know what you mean, I suppose. My tastes in music have got broader in recent year.

"I listen to The Eagles, Fleetwoods, Abba. Most things that everybody else listens to. Lots of stuff that's in the charts. Some of it's good. Some of it's crap.

"That's one good thing about the business today. You can say who you like. There was a time when you had to tell lies about that kind of thing."

FRANCIS ROSSI thinks Status Quo will make it to their 20th anniversary, which will be in 1982. If Quo ever spit, he says he'd stay in the business, maybe making records at home. He doesn't think a split's too likely.

Before Tom Sheehan and I take our leave, Francis plays us a copy of the famous Troggs' tape, which features that West Country band arguing furiously over how to arrange a song. It's a bit like an unintended version of Derek and Clive, all four-letter words and dumb comments.

Francis has clearly played it many times before, because he shouts out a lot of what's said before we get to it.

Less kindly writers might see a certain irony in one of the Quo laughing at the Troggs, but it would be a bad mistake to underestimate Mr Rossi, who's a good deal shrewder than his public image might suggest.

He's also got a nice line in self-deprecating humour.

If you weren't in the Quo, Francis, what would you like to do for a living?

"Porno. I'd like to be in porno movies, wouldn't I? I'd be no good, though. Button mushroom, me."

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OCT. 21st	BOLTON, Institute Technology
OCT. 22nd	LEEDS, Fforde Green Hotel
OCT. 23rd	NEWCASTLE, University
NOV. 3rd	SCARBOROUGH, Penthouse
NOV. 4th	MANCHESTER, Mayflower
NOV. 6th	BIRMINGHAM, The Gig
NOV. 15th	PORTRUSH, Arcadia
NOV. 16th	BELFAST, Whistle Hall
NOV. 17th	CORK, Arcadia
NOV. 18th	DUBLIN, Belfield University
NOV. 19th	GALWAY, University

Chrysalis Records & Tapes

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This is a PAGE in a music newspaper. This page is an ADVERTISEMENT. The writing is the DESIGN of the advertisement. It's designed to GRAB your attention; to make you STOP a moment as you leaf through the pages of this paper. It is trying to DRAW you in, to GET you to READ it. It's attempting to SEDUCE you by telling you clearly that it's going to SEDUCE you whilst SEDUCING you, but if you've read this far perhaps you're SEDUCED. So now we can talk straight. We want you to listen to XTC'S new album Go 2 which will be released shortly. Then we want you to BUY this record, not only because it is [illegible] beca[illegible] the Reid[illegible] will[illegible]d this[illegible] we're[illegible]of tryi[illegible]or astou[illegible]ut ads a[illegible] quickly; next week there is another paper and new ads so we can't afford to be complex or busy or even clever...hmm...which we couldn't anyway because you KNOW this is just an advertisement in a newspaper.

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For if he were not so elusive and unpredictable he would already be recognised as the British rock scene's answer to anyone from Bob Dylan to Lowell George.

A brilliant guitarist since his days with Fairport Convention, and a highly individual songwriter, he has long mixed scorching rock'n'roll with bleak and melodic ballads that use British traditional influences in a way that's both highly individual and strangely timeless.

But now he is back, with an album that is as contemporary as it is surprising.

It's the first studio recording that he and Linda have made for three years, and it shows off his range and technique on what is both a highly accessible and unexpectedly varied set.

It was a master stroke to invite those American super-session men Andy Newmark and Willie Weeks to provide the rhythm section and Neil Larson keyboards, for they give Richard both the solid framework and the impetus that he needs.

RICHARD AND LINDA THOMPSON
'FIRST LIGHT' CHR 1177
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Linda's singing is the perfect match for the new and more commercial Thompson style. Straightforward, pure and sympathetic, her voice is as suited to rock as to gentle ballads like the exquisite Sweet Surrender. First Light is a classic."

Robin Denselow

TOUR DATES

SALFORD:	Frid. 3rd Nov: Maxwell Hall, Salford University.
CAMBRIDGE:	Mon. 6th Nov: Lady Mitchell Hall, Sidgewick Avenue.
WOLVERHAMPTON:	Wed. 8th Nov: Wolverhampton Poly, Stafford Street.
BASILDON:	Frid. 10th Nov: Towngate Theatre
LONDON:	Sun. 12th Nov: Drury Lane Theatre
PLYMOUTH:	Mon. 13th Nov: Woods, Eastlake Street
PENZANCE:	Tues. 14th Nov: The Garden, Promenade.
EXETER:	Wed. 15th Nov: Routes, Okehampton Street.
HUDDERSFIELD:	Frid. 17th Nov: Great Hall, Huddersfield Poly.
LEICESTER:	Sat. 18th Nov: Queens Hall, Leicester University.
SHEFFIELD:	Sun. 19th Nov: Phoenix Hall, Sheffield Poly.

Chrysalis Records & Tapes

SILVER SCREEN

Craig Russell in "Outrageous' — in drag (left) and au naturel.

DRAG THAT'S NOT A DRAG

Outrageous

Written and directed by Richard Benner
Starring Craig Russell and Hollis McLaren
(Miracle)

IGNORE THE dreadful title, with its suggestions of standard fleapits fare — the film's subject-matter may be sleazy, but its intentions are honourable.

Set largely in Toronto, *Outrageous* concerns Robin (Craig Russell), a gay hairdresser, and Lucy (Hollis McLaren), a schizophrenic, newly absconded from an institution. Though there are some echoes of *Of Mice And Men* in their relationship — the origins of which are never explained — the film is more like a contemporary version of Shelagh Delaney's *A Taste Of Honey*. Robin and Lucy are mutually supportive. Her encouragement gives him the necessary balls to embark on his own professional career as a drag queen, while his emotional succour proves more beneficial to her than pills and psychiatrists could ever be.

The world they inhabit is filled with people as alienated as themselves — other members of the local gay set, and a friend of Lucy's, more dangerously deranged than she, who has plans to incarcerate the entire population of China in concentration camps.

Those who society has deemed normal can neither understand nor penetrate their environment, and indeed are regarded with justifiable hostility. For example, Lucy's doting mother provides a frighteningly comic example of misguided maternal affection ("It was the best mental home in the province — what more could we do?").

Even though *Outrageous* was financed by the Film Board of Canada, the director has no compunction in condemning the country's cultural shortcomings. Talented artists in any field have to cross the American border to gain recognition. As a drag queen, Robin is clearly the best there is, but it is only when he moves to New York that his performance has the impact it merits.

Surprisingly enough, the outline of the story, schizoid waif and all, is true. Russell is now the foremost drag artist in the States, and the film makes splendid use of his marvellous act in which, despite his weight, his impersonations of well-known feminine figures from Dietrich to Streisand, from Bette Davis to Midler, transcend mere mimicry. If it's true that at the Virgin Islands film festival Russell received award for both Best Actor and Best Actress then it's not surprising, though it is a little hard on Hollis McLaren, who manages a difficult role with total conviction.

The script crackles intermittently with splendid dialogue and, despite its harrowing moments, it is finally a spiritually buoyant film. It is indifferently photographed, and probably wouldn't lose much on television, but why wait for the BBC to catch up with it?

Bob Woffinden

The Cheap Detective

Directed by Robert Moore
Starring Peter Falk and Ann-Margret
(Columbia-Warner)

MAYBE IT'S just me; everybody else seems to have laughed at Neil Simon's spoof on the Bogart movies. I thought they'd been done to death years ago, like Sabrina jokes, and were now strictly lean pickings for the tardiest buzzards.

The script roots around *The Big Sleep, The Maltese Falcon, To Have And Have Not* and *Casablanca*, occasionally finding something that adverts and TV comics have missed, but more often settling for the easy laugh that triggers on the catch-phrase. Pseudonyms that change by the minute may not be new, but it is a valid extension of the shifty Brigid 'O Shaughnessy in *The Maltese Falcon*, but amplifying Joel Cairo's fragrance of chypre to the reeking Mr Damascus is about as witty as the substitution of the falcon for eggs.

The Big Sleep and *To Have And Have Not* render up only a skit apiece — the invalid General Sternwood and the whistlingly seductive Lauren Bacall — both flat.

Casablanca, magic but mushy where the Hawks and Huston movies were black, cynical and witty, furnishes the funnier scenes. The Ingrid Bergman character (Louise Fletcher) utters patriotic speeches of lunatic hyperbole, and the famous battle of the national anthems even has a Broadway faction. Fernando Lamas as the stuffy Paul Henried saves the renunciation scene: bad hand, perfect poker face.

Peter Falk is adequate as Bogey. The trouble is Bogey was better as Bogey, and still resists parody, maybe because contemporary cinema hasn't earned the right to patronise, and hasn't come up with a significantly better class of dream.

Awful how your cheeks ache from trying to laugh. I came home and read Perelman's *Farewell, My Lovely Appetiser* from the '40s: "A thin galoot with stooping shoulders was being very busy reading a paper outside the Gristede store two blocks away. He hadn't been there an hour ago, but then, of course, neither had I". That did it.

Brian Case

LAUGH! I COULDN'T GET STARTED

PETER FALK as Lou Peckinpaugh (the Cheap Detective) lookin' amused at the script.

IT WOULD have been a partnership made in heaven. **Marlon Brando** was keen to star opposite **Muhammud Ali** in the four-hour TV movie of Howard Fasts's *Freedom Road*. Unfortunately **Kris Kristofferson** got the part. Still Brando will star in the miniseries sequel, *Roots: The Next Generation*, for an agreed $700 a day, will shortly be seen in *Superman* and is considering the lead role in the $12 million *Conspiracy at Helsinki* . . .

DAVID BOWIE has turned down a million-dollar offer to star as the priest in a science fiction movie, *The Black Hole*, claiming that he wants no more to do with the genre after *The Man Who Fell To Earth*. His new movie, *Just A Gigolo*, in which he co-stars with Kim Novak, previews Stateside shortly . . .

SPACE: **Rock Hudson** to star as Captain Wilder in the six-hour TV movie of Ray Bradbury's *The Martian Chronicles*, which at £3 million costs is biggest British TV production ever . . .

STAR WARS special effects wizard **John Dykstra** responsible for *Battlestar Galactica*, shown on US TV recently. It will be released as feature film over here . . .

THE NEW Wave of German filmmakers are now well into their 40's, and younger filmmakers are now complaining they're not getting a look-see into the German film fund. Meanwhile, **Rainer Werner Fassbinder** has two new movies out, *Despair* starring **Dirk Bogarde** and *In A Year With 13 Months*, the story of the last five days in the life of transvestite. Fassbinder now intends to return to his acting career . . .

WOULD-BE filmmakers take note of the story of **Rudy Durand** and his movie *Tilt*, which took 42 days to shoot but *nine years* to finance. It's the tale of a 15-year-old pinball wizard who meets up with a down-at-heel country singer-cum-bookie called the Fat Man. Durand went through seven scripts with seven writers before deciding to do the job himself. **Orson Welles** read it and claimed that it was "the finest screenplay I have ever read . . . because every single character has a redeeming feature." Welles advised Durand to direct himself, and the movie, which features a $500,000 special effects sequence of a 150-second fantasy ride through a pinball machine, now looks set to smash. Box office bonus is added by its star, the delectable **Brooke Shields** (of *Pretty Baby* infamy) who has now been adopted by Durand as his goddaughter . . .

CASTING DESK: **Anthony Quinn,** signed to star as Pablo Picasso; **Henry Winkler** to play Jewish detective in *Love Kills;* **Al Pacino** signed for **Norman Jewison's** newie *And Justice For All;* **Gene Hackman** wants to star as golf champ Tony Lema, who died in plane crash in 1966 at the height of his career; **Madeline Kahn** plays bar girl who flirts with Kermit in *The Muppet Movie* currently lensing.

NOW THAT *Close Encounters* is such a big global smash **Steven Spielberg** wants to re-make the movie, adding a number of special effects sequences which he had to cut out of the original. Could this start a trend.

SEQUELS: *American Graffiti* sequel currently called *Purple Haze* (an acid flick no doubt) while sequel to *The Stud* will be called *The Bitch*.

Dick Tracy

SCREEN DREAM

LIFE ISN'T just one great big bowl of cherries, even in the wonderful world of rock 'n' roll. Some days you eat the bear, others the bear eats you.

Onstage at Cork's Arcadia Ballroom, XTC's ship is not coming in. Only a personality as effervescent as Andy Partridge — guitar, vocals, songs, extrovert and all-purpose wit — could take a remark from the audience like "What's the name of the band, mister?" and still keep smiling.

The Arcadia resembles one of those dismal holes where boy scouts assemble, and it is not warming to XTC.

Earlier in the day drummer Terry Chambers, one of those salt of the earth types often found occupying the stoker's role in a band, had ruefully remarked: "Imagine taking a girl with green hair back there (to XTC's hotel)." He should worry. The Arcadia is not overstuffed with punk 'talent'. Average age is around 14, and you can bet your copy of "Pretty Vacant" that most of the crowd would be happier sitting in front of a screen lapping up the antics of John T. and Olivia N-J.

XTC are back on the road for the first time in several months, promoting their new album "Go 2" — which has been reviewed throughout the rock press in glowing terms. Rave reviews are now habitual for XTC.

When they arrived upon the scene mid-way through '77 with an EP called "3 D", there were more identikit punk offerings around than Margaret Thatcher has crimplene suits. The record stood out like Linda Ronstadt at the Papal Conclave. *(Didn't know she was there — Ed.)*

XTC's influences were post-1973, but they weren't ripping anybody off. Their wit, energy and idiosyncracy were obvious, and they sounded glad to be pumping blood and breathing.

When "White Music" appeared at the turn of '78, it quickly established itself as the only Virgin album to ever form more than a passing acquaintance with any turntable of mine. XTC's synthesis of the unorthodox and the conventional worked a treat. New Pop? This was the definitive article.

UNFORTUNATELY their magic isn't working in Cork. Not that XTC are bending over backwards to make themselves super-accessible.

"All Along The Watchtower", once the cornerstone of their operation and a veritable tour de force with its gargantuan looping bass line and overall sense of controlled menace, has been axed, though there are plans to resurface it for the English leg of the tour as an encore.

Incidentally, the group almost opted for the Stones cut "Citadel" from "Their Satanic Majesties Request" in preference to rearranging the Hendrix / Dylan classic.

But back to the current set. Opening number is an old "3 D" cut, "Science Friction" — but then, sandwiched between this and the closer "Set Myself On Fire", are three-quarters of the new album and less than half of the more instantly likeable first album. We also get "She's So Square" — the only number which elicits any kind of action, pogo-wise, and a version of "Fireball XL5" for an encore.

"Statue Of Liberty", bursting over with pop appeal and the closest XTC have yet come to the all-important hit single, doesn't come out until the encore. And "This Is Pop", another tune which might have meant something to the Cork pop kids, isn't featured at all.

The group's lack of training is obvious. They rarely do justice to the material and generally play much too fast. Colin Moulding's exemplary bass — Partridge admits that the rhythm section accounts for over half the XTC sound — is completely obscured in a dreadful mix, apparently the fault of the PA.

All in all, it's not one for the record books.

AT AROUND midday next morning we leave Cork for Dublin. With nine people crammed into a mini-bus, comfort isn't a word on the tip of anyone's lips.

There are, mind, an intriguing display of tapes to play as the miles crawl past — as well as the band's irrepressible wit. Only Colin Moulding, 23 and already the father of two children, doesn't crack jokes on a regular basis. As drummer Chambers comes nearest to fulfilling any Wild Man of Pop role in XTC, then Moulding, a big Devo fan, is 'the quiet man'. He's also into maps — hence the inclusion of the Swindon map in the "Go 2" packaging.

Tapes-wise, there's standard pop fare from the likes of Talking Heads and Eno (both acts are highly rated by XTC), The Who's "Tommy", The Movies and Devo as well as a selection of pornographic tapes and an hilarious drunken Buddy Greco out-take.

The Troggs Tape, a notorious bootleg recording featuring a candid exchange of views during a recording session between the not over-articulate Troggs in their broad West Country accents, is also given an airing. It's taken off, though, because, in Partridge's words, it's "too close to home".

Eno and Talking Heads are obvious clues to XTC's influences. Eno was in fact approached to produce "Go 2", but although both parties hit it off, Eno felt there wouldn't be any point in working with XTC because they already had a surfeit of ideas of their own.

Apparently The High Browed One's royalty rate was a little excessive too, but XTC still intend to use Eno some time in the future if they stay together long enough. As for Talking Heads, XTC completed a Eurotour with them earlier this year. The two bands carry on "a minimalistic correspondence".

BARRY ANDREWS, keyboards, and at 22 the youngest in the band, is scathing about the way journalists write about XTC. "I think that from a bullshit point of view we're liked for being intelligent. Not for being intelligent, but for having that intelligence come through in the music.

"You can tell there's a thinking mind behind most of what we do. The way journalists look at bands is so black and white. And that by its nature leaves out a lot of things.

"In an ideal world every group should be looked at from every point of view. We're looked upon as being the thinking man's high energy band," he complains. "A bit more fun and euphoric than Talking Heads, but a bit more accessible than the avant garde people like The Residents.

"We're so much more than that."

One thing XTC aren't, at least in their opinion, is musicians. Neither Andrews, Partridge or Moulding is even moderately obsessed with the instruments they play onstage. Guitarists bore Partridge, and it's this view which has moulded his own playing. By and large, his technique consists of "skinny rhythm guitar" (his phrase), often played off the beat, with the occasional economical solo thrown in.

His zany off-the-wall vocals came about because he was fed up with always trying to sing like an American. Instead he decided to sing like himself.

"None of us look upon music as being that important," says Andrews. "Music is just what we happen to be doing at the moment. I don't take myself seriously as a musician."

Andy echoes his thoughts. "I think we're all okay musicians, but the instruments are the particular set of tools we happen to be using at the moment to get the idea over. Next year it could be films."

Even so, Partridge, Moulding and Chambers have played together in bands for a good five years, first as Star Park and later The Helium Kids, whose blatant ripping-off of The New York Dolls, glam-rock threads and all, earnt them a reputation as The Swindon Dolls.

Concurrent with this garish existence, the three of them held down day jobs. Moulding worked as a groundsman, Partridge wrote signs — "Tights 20p" and so on — for a Swindon department store, and Chambers' job as a painter always came in handy when The Helium Kids wanted a poster done on the side.

Andrews, the only member of the group not born in the West Country, comes from Norwood, South London, but was well ensconced on the Swindon scene when he joined the group at the beginning of last year. He's been employed as a trainee manager of a TV hire company and as a dustman; before joining XTC he was on the dole. None of the group come from privileged backgrounds, and thankfully they don't even mention the fact.

SO FAR XTC's success has been limited. The "3 D" single did 30,000 — not enough to put it into the charts — and while "White Music" made the Top Twenty, sales were again limited to 30,000; the record sold quickly over a short period of time.

And then there was the disappointment of "This Is Pop", which when released in a remixed form this summer failed to make any impression on the charts. They were

Oh god, the endless highway, the endless grimy necks. . .

XTC (L–R): Colin Moulding, Barry Andrews, Andy Partridge, Terry Chambers.

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XTC bare t

STEVE CLARKE (in

SMITH (pictures) p

convinced it would be a smash.

The BBC had refused to play their second single "Statue Of Liberty" on the grounds that it contained an 'offensive' line. Which leaves them crossing their fingers that the Martin Rushent produced new single "Are You Receiving Me" will take them onto *Top Of The Pops* for the first time.

All concerned agree that now is a crucial time in XTC's career. Andrews reckons the band's chances of success are 60/40 against, but then on the other hand he isn't losing sleep worrying about whether or not XTC will be accepted on a mass level. The main priority is just to be able to continue making records and playing.

So what of "Go 2" — an album which, save for the obvious standouts like "Beatown", "Battery Brides" and "The Rhythm", has yet to engrave itself upon my consciousness as indelibly as its predecessor.

The band see it as a much less spontaneous affair than "White Music".

"The first one worked, but it was very frantic," thinks Barry. "I thought The Ramones had a lot to answer for. There was a Ramones two-dimensional comic thing to it. Just from a production point of view the second one has got a lot more depth.

"It took a lot longer. Me and Andy, doing overdubs, approached it from the point of view of having a lot of ideas so that at the end you've got 24 tracks full up with ideas. That way you can make it sound like one sort of song by turning a particular track up, or another by turning another one up.

"I think these songs are a lot more tuneful. There's a lot more in them, but I think the surface is as accessible. There's nothing as jarring as 'Cross Wires' or as, I don't know, *arty* as 'Watchtower'. But I still think there's the 'healthy pop consciousness'.

"Like a lot of first albums, 'White Music' was a clearing of decks. I think we're beginning to be what we're about now."

Perhaps the most striking song on the album is Andy Partridge's eerie "Battery Brides", in which he pictures marriage as a "production line". I ask him what prompted the song.

"Nowadays even more young girls want to leave school quicker. Their mums seem to will them into doing this. To get them out of school to get the job to get the money to get the things for the bottom drawer to get the husband to get the house to get the baby."

"It's very Swindon," interjects Barry.

"It's not so much disapproving of it as observing," Andy points out.

Isn't there a similarity between songs like that and "Meccanik Dancing" and what Devo do?

Barry: "I don't think 'Battery Brides' is acquiescent in the way Devo songs are — where we're all mechanical spuds and let's get back to the factory, and we've all got numbers . . . let's get into our boiler suits . . .

"I think there's a spirit of rebellion in things like 'Battery Brides' and 'Meccanik Dancing'. It's basically, 'Hell, we're still human'. Basically they're angry songs."

Andy: "'Meccanik Dancing' is a thing on mass entertainment. The man in a factory has a certain routine which he hates and can't wait to get out of and into the weekend. He's free of his routine so he goes and puts on his suit for the evening and goes to the Mecca — and they all dance around in formation. It's just another routine.

"Devo sound very serious about their comedy, whereas we sound very funny about our serious things."

"We're still pretty naive small-town lads who take life pretty seriously," offers Barry — to which Andy adds: "When we first came to London audiences laughed at us. It was obvious we were giving off something amiable."

WE WERE talking earlier about categorisation. Do you see yourselves as part of 'Modern Music'?

"It's a vague idea," says Barry. "You've got some sort of image in your head of Eno's large forehead in the studio messing about with synthesisers. A sleek, cold music made in Germany — it's just a very vague image.

"I think that's often a blind alley. The more electronic, the more arty you get, the more supposedly *modern* you are, whereas the truly modern things sound quite regressive. It's not worth talking about."

Both he and Andy think the new wave is dead.

"I think a lot of people believed in things that weren't possible," surmises Barry. "That it was possible to achieve some sort of political change through getting up onstage and playing music.

"I think if all the people who got into groups devoted their energies to genuine political channels something *might* have happened. It's a decision you make: whether you actually want to do something or whether you want to be an artist.

"If you're an artist, forget it. Your only duty is to try and do as well as you possibly can and not shit on anyone.

"But if you're actually going to achieve a political aim then you ought to devote yourself to that properly. And I'm afraid the only means by which you're going to get any political action are violent means. Which is why I'm playing my organ.

"I can remember in early '77 there really was a feel — even in Swindon — that the temple of privilege was falling. Those naive aims are gone. Everybody's very cynical. Where are all the young bands?

"Nowhere.

"I don't think anything really interesting is happening at grass roots level now. There are good groups around now — The Banshees, The Clash, us, the Heads — but what worries the people on top, what makes *them* work a bit harder, is when the back pages of the music press are crammed with exciting reviews.

"There are a lot of new bands, but look at what they're doing. It's very old hat. Everything's very safe. The best thing about the new wave is that loads of people who would have never done anything like that were starting up fanzines and playing guitars. There was just all this energy from herberts who had nothing else to do.

"I can remember the tour before 'White Music', where every gig the dressing room would be packed with these people. 'Oh yea, we've got this fanzine, we've got this thing going' . . ."

Did it bother you that you were marketed as a punk act?

"No. It's got beyond that now," says Andy. "A label is an accusation, a little dig, and it's an inbuilt thing to defend that. So we naturally say, 'No, we're not a punk band, we're not a power pop band, we're not a modern music band.' We're all of those things and yet none of those things."

Barry: "We still get the old green hair self-disfigurement people coming along to the gigs. I think they're the more interesting crowd, 'cause they tend to be the ones who're standing up for themselves. To have green hair in Sheffield is a very big deal. I'd sooner attract people like that than a safe audience."

Andy: "Having this outlet has made me a very quiet person. Internally. Having this release has made me very satisfied internally. I used to actually have storms in my head where I'd get out a load of cardboard or wallpaper and I'd paint it and roll my face in it.

"Or I'd go out and get pissed blind drunk. And smash furniture up, and go out on the street with my knob out. It seems hard to believe, but I used to have these monthly brainstorms . . ."

ROCK AND ROLL isn't all a laugh, you know. Neither is it all making money.

Barry Andrews looks well fed up as he loiters alongside the group's minibus outside McGonagles Club.

To keep warm, his hands are dug deep into the pockets of his battered Crombie coat. His receding hairline that will in the near future probably give way to Eno-esque baldness completes the picture of Andrews as disgruntled skinhead.

McGonagles, a haunt of Phil Lynott (but then what Dublin club isn't?) and Dublin's moderately well-heeled late night drinking and dancing set (wine only, and not so much as a Guinness label in sight), has its neon Nite Club sign extinguished.

Though it's late — two in the morning and a Monday morning at that — there's still activity within. Girls in their late teens mix with the fellas and play pool, and couples dance what's left of the night away to Ian Dury, The Rolling Stones and the odd reggae disc, getting their last ride from the pleasure machine before the working week kicks off in six hours' time.

● *Continues page 69*

LIFE
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Unique in their fleld (unless you count the sheep and pass out).

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JOHN COOPER-CLARKE
John Cooper-Clarke (CBS)

FOR MANY, the decision on Cooper-Clarke still rests on the combination of words and music. People who remember the singles and who've copped listens of this album have complained that the music gets in the way of Cooper-Clarke's dazzlingly inimitable wordiness.

This is crap, not just because solo Cooper-Clarke is too dry in repeated and large doses but because the music on this album is FUNNY!

This album could be the first perfect Eno-song album. The eleven poems — two unaccompanied and nine soaked in cool electronic shuffles, soothed by pretty-mechanical patterns — are suffused with an erotic intensity and gossamer fragility that's really convincing. They are laid over short, evocative aural landscapes that include *coitus interruptus* dub effects, voice treatments, echoes, whimsical little melodies, overlapping rhythms, layered guitars, spacey bass and silly sound effects.

The music itself is put together by a number of experienced Mancunian hands. Martin (Zero) Hannett, a brand new whizz kid of the mixing board who has produced two of this decade's classics in "Spiral Scratch" and "Jilted John", produces the album and composes the music with a guy called Hopkins (blowed if I can remember his christian name). I've only got a white lable but John Scott, who arranged "Jilted John" is probably involved too, and guitarists Peter Shelley and Bill Nelson are known to have contributed. The 'compositions' are executed with much humour, insensitivity and craft. The record is produced for Rabid Entertainments, which should give you some idea of the way to approach it. Lopsided. John Cooper-Clarke and friends are making machine music and telling us to go get stoned.

The like of John Cooper-Clarke's verbal virtuosity and dexterity has been unknown since that great eccentric, aristocrat and surrealist Edith Sitwell. He has as exquisite a sense of the trivial as Henry Green's; his words are as energetic and as sick as Evelyn Waugh's. There is both the concentration on evil and seediness of Graham Greene and the continual sense of his own inadequacy that he shares in some ways with Philip Larkin.

Clarke is a poet who reports from the dusty, mediocre, useless and distasteful corners of real life. Thugs, sluts and flabby flesh. Inadequacy, revenge and the grimness of the sexual experiences.

All political, religious, sociological and psychological implications are not incidental. His poetry is brilliant: verse not as poetry (which is produced under the kind of pressure that *cannot* be faked) but as devious and didactic criticism. And his poems tell stories.

Side one starts with a bang. The exuberant northern wit of "I Don't Wanna Be Nice" sounds like Eno producing The Slits. It features the first definitive Peter Shelley solo since "Friends Of Mine" at the Doncaster Outlook mid-77, even if it was played by Bill Nelson. Five minutes of the maniacal "Psycle Sluts 1 & 2" follows: alliteration, spit, protruding imagery, breathlessness, the glorious rhythmic energy of unaccompanied Cooper-Clarke.

The small fun of "(I've Got A Brand New) Tracksuit" combined with the meticulous Eno-cum-Diddley structure adds up to major fun, which in itself proves the worth of the comic musical settings. The fun-highbrow music intensifies the words' hilarity so that, like the best comedy albums, it can be played again and again.

Side one finishes with a run of Cooper-Clarke's better poems. "I Was A Teenage Werewolf" has a marvellous hook, "Readers Wives" is a classic observation, has the lushest Eno parody and so is therefore best cut on the record, and "Post War Glamour Girl" is the single.

Side two opens with "(I Married A) Monster From Outer Space", set inspirationally to gratuitous electronic weirdness, with Cooper-Clarke's quivering voice echoed for more unpredictable atmosphere. The next piece is again a dry unaccompanied burst, a frantically detailed piece of trivia about ballroom dancing no doubt dedicated to Eric Morley my younger brother. The unmistakeable message of "Health Fanatic" has snug Eno-electronic support and a hilarious dub-coughing playout. The tragi-comic "Strange Bedfellows" is tearful and mechanical featuring an ice cold Bill Nelson solo that may well be by Peter Shelley.

And how else to finish but with a flattened soft-soul smooch to back up a gentle lament for the trapped middle-class middle-aged woman in "Valley Of The Lost Women". Just to unsettle you, it drifts into the distance with casual despondency. Side two finishes with a whimper.

Cooper-Clarke resolutely avoids the serious and the sentimental for the grotesque and the irresistible. He is a gifted and zestful perpetrator of sardonic morality. The deadpan choice of music (right at the beginning of 77 the plan was to have the poetry backed by Tom Waits-type cocktailor tinkling) is inspired. It's noise of the times (bland/electronic/ disco) for observation of the times, as suitable in context as Jim Parker's swinging nostalgia arrangements for John Betjeman's slight poems on the poet's Charisma albums, nasal and lazy. The problems of how to handle Cooper-Clarke on record, away from the advantageous atmosphere of a live recital, have been handled triumphantly. Cooper-Clarke leads two seperate lives. If you really are worried about muzakle interference — don't. The music is cute and all integrity is retained.

The 'familiar world' is cruelly, gaily or sadly dislocated. After you've played this record, what do you do? (EJACULATE!!) and start all over again.

Paul Morley

ELTON JOHN
A Single Man (Rocket)

A Man And His Horse

A CHANGE, as the cliche hath it, is as good as a rest, but "A Single Man" is only as good as a snooze.

This album brings Elton John back from the wilderness bereft of old ties (and, presumably, other garments): no more Dudgeon, Taupin and silly-looking spectacles in 1978. Among the new boots and panties we find lyricist Gary Osborne, bassist/ co-producer Clive Franks, a pair of contact lenses and a brand new thatch.

Traditionally, lengthy sabbaticals produce heavy changes: this year we've seen The Who reintroduce themselves as virtually a new band on "Who Are You" (before circumstances intervened), and Bruce Springsteen return to the fray with an album of such power that it blows everything he's ever done before right through the back wall.

After reaching a creative (if not commercial) peak a half-decade or so back with "Honky Chateau" and "Don't Shoot Me, I'm Only The Piano Player" Elton John went onto hit megastardom before churning out a series of ever more desperate albums designed to get him out of his existing record contract: the sort of albums that exploit punters and exasperate critics.

Elton's return was presaged by the excellent "Ego" single, a tougher and more tough-minded piece of work than was expected of him which bombed in a fairly spectacular manner. Whether this failure has aught to do with the almost unrelieved triviality of "A Simple Man" is a matter for the purest conjecture.

One aspect of the album which is definite, however, is that svelte Elt has been singularly ill-served by his new lyricist Gary Osborne. While Bernie Taupin has not exactly given Bob Dylan, Randy Newman, David Bowie, Elvis Costello or Bruce Springsteen any cause for sleepless nights, he certainly only rarely plumbed the depths of banality that appear to be Osborne's natural habitat. The lyrics on this album are compendia of purist cliche, vapid beyond belief, banality writ large. Elton's struggle to infuse meaning and emotion into Osborne's doggerel is as valiant as it is doomed.

Mind you, the settings — all piano arpeggios and rambling melodies — don't help a lot. The almost-raunch of "I Don't Care" — which suggests that there's still a rocker somewhere in Elton trying to get out and bew-geh — provides some almost-relief, and "It Ain't Gonna Be Easy", as well as being the album's best ballad, is distinguished by the album's best vocal and some fairly communicative lead guitar from Tim Renwick.

"A Simple Man"'s biggest earsore is "Big Dipper", the kind of puerile penile punning with oh-so-decadent smirks about sailors and drugs that Lou Reed could just about have gotten away with six years ago on "Transformer", but "Madness" — a dire attempt at social relevance — certainly runs it a close second. The lengthy instrumental "Song For Guy" which closes the album is probably the most interesting piece in the whole shooting match: a little too bland to listen to too closely, a little too nagging to ignore completely.

EJ has a neat way with a melody, a voice that could wreak havoc with a good lyric if it ever got hold of one and an impressive command of his instrument. However, he's always hidden behind the lyrics of others to the detriment of the full development of his own musical personality. I know Elton from personal encounters (and yes, Virginia, Elton John *is* one of the good guys) and from the journalism of others... I don't know him from his music.

Charles Shaar Murray

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NOT SO HOT

WEATHER REPORT
Mr. Gone (CBS)

WEATHER REPORT are suffering an identity crisis which has completely mitigated the potential of "Mr. Gone". Their unwillingness to pursue the avenues of progression opened up by "Sweetnighter", "Mysterious Traveller" and "Tale Spinnin'" has curtailed the cerebral in favour of the repetitive, simpler statements of recent years.

And it isn't merely the old hat fusion argument — because they are *not* a jazz-rock band. At their best, Weather Report are able to define their own territory, the labels fall off and turn dusty.

The hints of electronic impersonality sensed on "Black Market" and "Heavy Weather" are almost welcome laid next to the inert and invisible facade of today. Musically, "Mr. Gone" is infuriating, not wilfully obscure but trivial. It revolves around a concept I've yet to fathom though the gist of it is contrast, the idyll and the jungle, concrete or otherwise. The cover gives you some idea of this light and shade. Too bad the notes can't keep the promise.

The lack of a permanent percussionist is noticeable. Drum chores are split between Steve Gadd, Tony Williams and newcomer Peter Erskine, but three world-class drummers don't disguise the fractured consciousness of the mainmen. The gimmick ridden presence of Jaco Pastorius is one peg to hang the new lightweight model upon; a more important grouse is that Wayne Shorter, having slumbered out the previous two albums, has now gone into a deep sleep.

Josef Zawinul, well, he's good, somewhere near form. A lessening of energy from him would be disastrous. His opener, "The Pursuit Of The Woman With The Feathered Hat", is jokey and pleasant. Intellectual muscles expand and contract to the mixture of keyboards and some exotic percussion, the smartest arrangement on the entire album. Packed with incident and colour this track gets you up for the punch which never comes.

Pastorius' "River People" is the science fiction to Zawinul's avant garde. It isn't too bad, a neat tandem of loop bass and hard funk ARP expanding through a manic Prophet programme. Unfortunately, the hardware smothers Shorter's succinct soprano. You begin to wonder why the band are stating and not resolving.

"Young And Fine" is almost traditional for Zawinul; straight melody and clarity of theme are propelled by a three man rhythm section then picked out by Zawinul's melodica and careful Rhodes doodling. Shorter scats a tenor with the mood. It doesn't amount to much and maybe never tries. His own "The Elders" amounts to even less.

Side two commences with the title track (which Angus MacKinnon drily asserted to be a reference to Shorter: an opinion he's withdrawn after Shorter's powerful and plentiful playing at last week's Hammersmith shows). The saxophonist's upsurge of outside activities, namely the "VSOP" spell with Herbie Hancock, might have awakened a hidden nerve. He certainly doesn't sound happy here.

Pastorius' intriguingly titled "Punk Jazz" has some well engineered transitions. Williams is expert on his cymbal work and Shorter gets overdubbed into a monstrously fine horn section. Shorter's stint with Hancock could account for the inclusion of "Pinnochio", or it could be that Wayne has nothing new to offer Weather Report. Either way the best judgement of its merits will be divined by a brief spin of "Nefertiti". Back then with Miles the reading was still just as far out. The retread is so thin that Shorter has to be joking.

"And Then", the closer, threatens some get down to the disco jazz but Deneice Williams and Maurice White (all in the Columbia family), fail to render Sam Guest's 'lyric' into anything of substance.

As there is no third tribute to a horn player ("Cannon Ball' and Birdland" the precedents), it's safe to assume that "Mr. Gone" is not a reference to Davis's "Porgy And Bess", but a negative stasis. Weather Report have succumbed to the dangers of their own often brilliant impressionism. Still, as pioneers in the second American new wave, jazz, they are not worthy of tetchy dismissal. Their albums are notoriously slow burning, familiarity breeding contentment; it's just that Weather Report don't easily emcompass the ordinary.

The competition isn't frightening them — that's a dilemma — but the ingredients for change are on the slate. Artistic aberrations are acceptable if they don't flirt with the customer's money. Either Weather Report get concrete or they buy a new barometer. It's time for some un-learning.

Max Bell

Pic: JOE STEVENS

WAYNE SHORTER feigns mirth at Mr. Bell's critique.

BLACK SABBATH
Never Say Die (Vertigo)

STYX
Pieces Of Eight (A&M)

THE INFINITE and immortal Black Sabbath prepare for the '80s, and fresh audiences. The children of their original fans come of age (ten) and having been conditioned since the age of six months (rusks and "War Pigs") find it easy to suck much pleasure from this selection of nine soft gutties.

Consider the potential perpetual motion. Each generation holds dear its own particular Sab-period. Each Sab-period is different only in works and packaging. Here the dismal juvenile doom of, say, "Paranoid" has been replaced by the gruesome grown-up defiance of "Never Say Die", a move away from the old 'spiritualism' towards a bright 'materialism', whilst the cover is an intimate and tidy Hipgnosis image guaranteed to Make You Think.

In middle age Black Sabbath are as strong and solid as ever and could quite easily go on for ever. Just like their songs go on for ever. And have you ever heard such a colourless, humourless, self-conscious record? Sabbath's musical development since the first album is nil, which is actually quite an aesthetic achievement. Still slovenly, splattered riffs, flat, feeble vocals and dumpy, dire rhythm. Still miserable not mighty. Helpless and quasi-hypnotic.

In fact, a definitive '70s rock album. Doncha just love them?

As for Sabbath's popular music colleagues Styx, five Canadian masters, they've produced what could well be THE definitive '70s rock album. More complex than "Close To The Edge", more meticulous than "Tubular Bells", more significant than "Dark Side Of The Moon", more hygienic than "Rumours". And obviously they lean closer to Tolkien than any Theatre Of Cruelty. *"All hail to the Lord Of Three Rings / To the magic and mystery they bring / To the music in their story."* ("Lord Of The Rings") Doesn't it make you want to cry?

Like Tolkien turned into an Eric Sykes script, the whole album is as equally chilling and challenging. The group's manager used to look after Ten Years After, Jethro Tull and Procul Harum. He's found true love and job satisfaction with Styx and listening to this, their eighth album, I can see why. The group have an excruciating sense of humour. It is an excruciatingly beautiful album.

The sky is falling and we must tell the King. No, really, it's the CIA sending messages in code to Bulgaria.

Paul Morley

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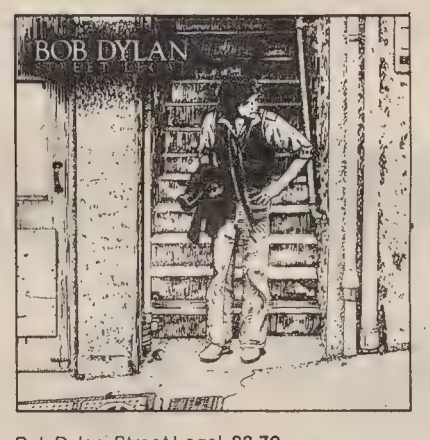

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Pic: STEVENSON

Mr Morrison in talkative mood

Turn Up Your Radio

(And get down to what is really right)

VAN MORRISON
Wavelength (Warner Brothers)

VAN MORRISON albums, like those of Neil Young, are usually looked upon by some people as events, rather than the mandatory, contract fulfilling exercises in artistic inadequacy which characterise the product regularly offered up by the genre's huge quota of singer-songwriters. Artists like these tend to be extremely particular about their settings, both in choice of backing and presentation, the reason being that if you're laying a slice of personal life on the line then the intentions had best be clear.

And, like "Comes A Time", Morrison's "Wavelength" renders up the simplest common denominators. Gone is the hesitation of "Period Of Transition", the confusions and self-indulgences of his metaphysical low ebbs, all seemingly replaced by a very up and satisfied Van. More to the point, the lyrical clarity of "Wavelength" reflects some interesting pointers to this current peace of mind. Remembering that the record was recorded in England at the turn of the year when speculation ran rife that the exiled Irishman was returning, it's significant that Morrison's mind actually wanders continually back to America and the old tales of the trailblazers.

By some often accidental manipulation of imagery most of the writing reflects Morrison's obsession with systems of communication and travel and the best moments come when he transfers his rolling road lines to a meditative, near spiritual quietude.

"Kingdom Hall" is so smooth and attractive an opening proposition that its nostalgic sentiments become renewed. The band, based on Peter Bardens (working with Morrison for the first time since Them), former Beckster and Streetwalker Bobby Tench, Mickey Feat and Peter Van Hooke, these two an exceptionally subtle rhythm section, and Garth Hudson abet Morrison's devotion to some basic emotion.

Musically the man's band do everything they've been called upon to deliver, although occasionally you hunger for the fluid horn sections of past triumphs. Anyhow, Morrison's melodic sense is operating again and suspicions that the package is just too funky clean are expelled when you surrender to the voice.

"Checkin' It Out" is a beautiful little piece of understatement, like "Stoned Love". Here you get the added luxury of Morrison blowing his saxes in that old time way. Without attempting to be profound he manages to say volumes with a voice of crystal sweet reason — impossible to resist.

"Natalia" is another song for swinging suckers, the cool passion of Morrison's vocabulary revved up by his flawless rhythm acoustic and a performance from Tench that makes you forget John Platania. The shadow of Morrison's brilliant Caledonia Soul Orchestra has hung over his neck too long, but this time he got it right.

Side one only falls flat on "Venice USA" which starts off fine, Hudson lending it a Band cajun smokiness that leaves Bardens free to relax on organ (incidentally, Bardens is the one culprit of any note on "Wavelength", his conventional keyboards playing being far superior to the over frequent use of synthesisers — not so much unpleasant as unnecessary). "Venice" degenerates when Morrison allows the chorus to outstay their welcome some two minutes — the only vocal indulgence on "Wavelength". As usual Morrison dumps over the third-rate prolixity of Springsteen and the Phonogram rosta of whining navvies because his successes excuse the odd burst of pretension.

Side one's closing "Lifetimes" is a summation of Morrison's ethos, the artist as artesan. He turns a worksong into a personal spiritual without resorting to hackneyed sincerity. Coming from Morrison it isn't difficult to believe in the music inside him. Side two is pivotal modern soul, easy enough to surrender to the uncomplicated experience. "Wavelength" itself is sensual without stooping to vulgarity and broadly commercial where the majority of disco is merely brain washing.

"Santa Fe/Beautiful Obsession", part written with Jackie De Shannon, revisits the undulating terrain of Morrison's timeless mysteries wherein a series of apparently commonplace statements assume a vivid coherence. He has that marriage of words and music going for him again, building on the groove. The smilarity to "Listen To The Lion" serves to bolster the reference points so, though the sound of "Wavelength" is almost that of a Van Morrison cliche, "Van Morrison's Greatest Cliches", at least he makes a craft out of ripping himself off.

All the strengths of "Wavelength" are found in the casual pacing of "Hungry For Your Love", the apparently throwaway passion and the economy of powerful soul bearing. The man's sense of rhythm is evinced in a flourish at the electric piano leaving the solo punctuation to Feat's feathery bass and Herbie Armstrong's delicious acoustic guitar.

It's tempting to call a halt there. The attempted piece de resistance "Take It Where You Find It" is only an isolated triumph. Bardens' keyboards and use of Roland horns are the most overblown on the album. Morrison spends too much time pontificating rather than writing out of any personal purpose and only the final section, another intriguing gospel rush, lifts the song beyond the pompous treatment.

Taken as a whole these lapses are not fatal, though they flaw an otherwise perfect set. If Van Morrison's new found satisfaction runs to keeping this band on for some live performances then the full renaissance of a genuine talent will be complete.

Max Bell

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A&M RECORDS

Discourse on the survival of dinosaurs

RORY GALLAGHER
Photo-Finish (Chrysalis)
WISHBONE ASH
No Smoke Without Fire (MCA)

THEY MAKE me laugh sometimes, these rockers who worry about their Art.

Take Rory Gallagher. Everybody knows he's a good hard rock guitarist who makes competent but unexceptional albums. But since the last one, two years ago, Rory has been re-thinking his future.

The old band was broken up, a new three-piece formed. An earlier version of this album, recorded in America, was scrapped. The songs were re-done in Germany.

Finally, after all this chopping, changing and indecision, Rory has come up with — you guessed it — a competent album of hard rock guitar.

True, he's a solid guitarist, and he's in lively form on "Photo-Finish". It may even be his best — the music is consistently tough, forceful, well-honed . . . you know the score. But to me that's what undermines the album. It's a clapped-out genre.

Hendrix and Clapton were doing it a dozen years back, and with a touch of arrogant flair that the modest Gallagher never attains. He plays with skill, polish, fire but never originality. He's a craftsman, not a genius, doomed forever to that damning epithet "hard-working".

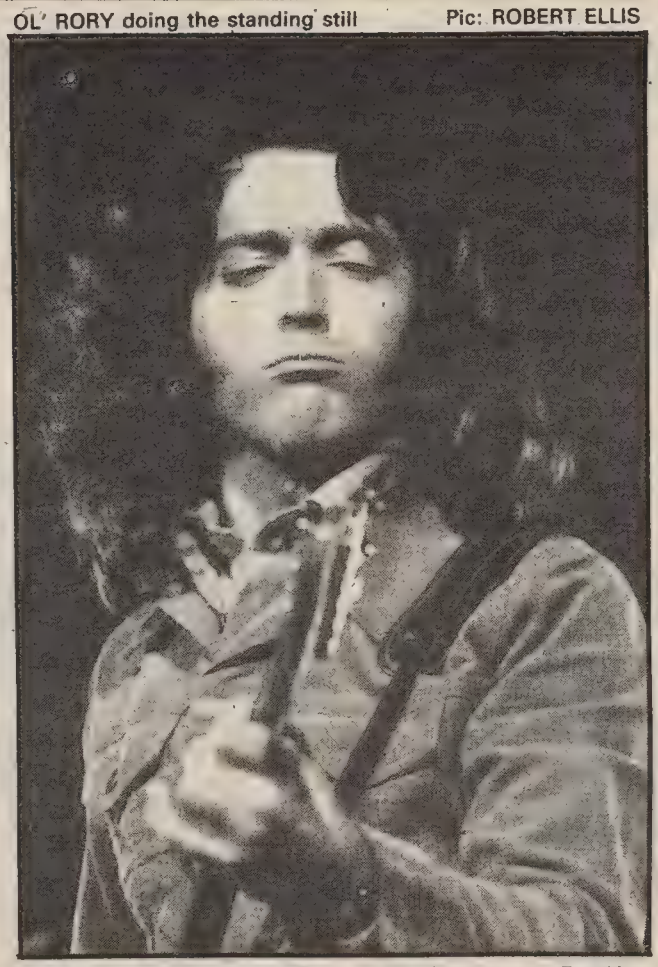
Still, that's more than can be said for Wishbone Ash, who're not even craftsmen, just technocrats. "No Smoke Without Fire" has their standard flaws (weedy vocals, dreadful lyrics) and their standard appeal — slick guitars that glide along in a superficially attractive style which dissipates into mere facility on closer listening.

Their music has no emotion, no power. Their love songs display less insight and passion than you'd expect from a six-year old. "Stand And Deliver" here is real *mindless* violence, because I bet it didn't even occur to them that rape is a disgusting form of oppression, not just something to casually boast about on the latest album, maan.

This record barely exists. No fire, no smoke, no nothing. Ash is the word, cold and dead.

Graham Lock

OL' RORY doing the standing still Pic: ROBERT ELLIS



MICHAEL HENDERSON
In The Night-Time (Buddah)
BOBBY LYLE
New Warrior (Capitol)

BLACK AMERICAN pop-jazz grooves groove like an electric eel into some kind of old New Age. These kind of proud, empty, healthy releases, dominated by smiling men and women with horoscope pendants and lots of friends in the session-musician line, roll on, roll on like an intimate deodorant; personal yet plastic, a perfect condition.

Effortlessly pieced together, rounded, trimmed, packed . . . to smooth through your system like apple pie. Instruments / players are deprived of motivation, and paradoxically engineered into a whole which suggests sublime states of consciousness. Cosmetic or cosmic?

But there's nothing wrong with these processes. On the contrary. Provided there is no hint of slumming (c.f. Herbie Hancock, George Duke, and other, older musicians) then the texture that demands little is good grazing — a 'soul' parallel to Eno's pompous, delicios, background muzak (don't take signposts too seriously) . . . sensuality without seriousness.

Which is why "In The Night-Time" tumbles over "New Warrior"'s torpid eulogies (". . . *that your song may be both a balm to a troubled world, and an inspiration to future warriors who will inherit your legacy*") and Lyle's guilty swipe at respectability (and roots?) through needlessly complicated arrangements ("What Is This Thing Called Love?").

At 'best' when instrumental — Henderson's gorgeous, restrained "Happy" — and no more than wonderful, do you see? Which makes it as, cough, valid and useful as Brian Eno's askew mood set-pieces. Or do I mean Brand X? Or is it Paul Williams?

Ian Penman

IMPORTS

THOUGH ROBERT E Lee gave up the fight way back in 1865, ol' **Charlie Daniels** still soldiers on firm in the belief that if he can muster enough forces around him The South's gonna rise again.

A couple of years back he, together with Dicky Betts, Chuck Leavell, Jimmy Hall and The Marshall Tucker Band, marched on Murfreesboro for a single-album foray on Capricorn that brought fair to middling reaction.

But now he and an even mightier army of Southern Comfort swillers have apparently stormed Nashville with the approval of CBS Records, to provide "Volunteer Jam III And IV", a live double that features the hell-bound for glory playing and singing of Daniels, Sea Level, The Winter Brothers Band, Grinderswitch, Wet Willie, Bonnie Bramlett, Mylon Lefevre, Papa John Creach and Willie Nelson.

Most of the way it's good-time, play for the crowd fare and highly enjoyable — especially if you just happened to be one of the stetson set who frequented the Municipal Auditorium, Nashville, on the nights these gigs took place.

However, the general joie de vivre hides a multitude of musical sins — for Nelson, despite having a full-of-fire little band behind him, was hardly in the best of voice, while some of the guitar solos that abound throughout the set are remarkably lame, being as untogether as the you-can-all-join-in singalongs on "Will The Circle Be Unbroken" and the closing "Tennessee Waltz".

But the odd thing is that while my critical senses kept yelling "take it off", my feet failed me and kept right on tapping. Guess it must be the Rhett Butler in me.

Meanwhile, for the benefit of those who care not a jot about Fort Sumpter. I'll impart the info that **Gonzales'** latest album, "Shipwrecked" (Capitol), is a US only release. Recorded both in LA and at Pye's Marble Arch sound shop, this offering from the London-based brass-bashing sons of Santamaria (Mongo, that is) was produced by Richard and Gloria Jones.

The thought of things latin reminds me of the Info City letters I receive asking "Whatever happened to Malo?". Well, the news is that the band split way back, **Jorge Santana** moving on to play dates with The Fania All-Stars.

But now an album titled "Jorge Santana" (Tomato), provides evidence that he and ex-Malo members as Carlos Roberts (bass) and Richard Bean, the guitarist who wrote "Suavecito", the band's lone Top 20 hit, are back in the old latin-rock routine once more.

Finally, while our office spectroscope reports the presence of **"Sgt Pepper"** is no less than five different colours, and Pacific Records claim to be hauling in Canadian copies of **Styx's** "Equinox" and "Pieces Of Eight" (A&M) in gleaming gold vinyl, I'll close this week's piece by suggesting that **Elvis Presley's** "Record Covers" (RCA) is perhaps the most lavish single-album package you'll ever see in your life.

Inches thick, it's really just a collection of album sleeves, much in the style of Roy Carr's Beatles and Stones books, with an album slotted into a back pocket.

Imported from Germany, "Covers" is likely to cause both much pocket searching by Elvis freaks and space problems for record stockists.

Fred Dellar

Proof that there's Stax after death . . .

STAX BLUES MASTERS
Walking The Back Streets And Crying (Stax)

LONG DISTANCE information can give you Memphis Tenessee, but it can't give you Stax Records any more. Despite generating the best and toughest soul records of the '60s (I'd've taken Otis Redding over Marvin Gaye any day of the damn week) Stax collapsed ignominiously a few years back in a welter of drug and money complications, scattering artists and master tapes all over the shop.

Still, Stax leads a wraithlike life-after-death courtesy of EMI, who regularly issue either previously unavailable recordings or compilations, and "Walking The Back Streets And Crying" focuses on one of the more obscure aspects of the Stax legend: the recording of urban bluesmen in semi-soul contexts.

The best-known exponent of the Stax soul-blues fusion is the inimitable Albert King, with Little Milton as a runner-up (Milton made any fine sides in this same bag during his stay with Chess Records: consult that label's fine "Little Milton's Golden Decade" for further enlightenment).

The motley gang of bluesmen gathered here under the catchall title of The Stax Blues Masters all acquit themselves nobly, though, as do the Stax house bands and the Muscle Shoals gang who back them up.

The twin tensions of soul-blues fusion occur when the bluesmen adapt themselves to the demands of soul or borrow soul riffs and instrumentation to play the blues.

This album is more or less wall-to-wall show blues with horns; the most exciting

ALBERT KING

exception is Little Milton's impassioned delivery of Darrell Banks' "Open The Door To Your Heart": wracked; gospelly and soulful as it gets, as fine a soul ballad as anything Stax ever released.

Milton also gets to groove with "Tin Pan Alley" and the title track, while has some fine guitar but can't match the astonishing version of the same song on Albert King's epoch-making final album before the Stax crash, "I Wanna Get Funky." Albert's own tracks are mainstream A. King Stax stuff: harder then the rest but not up to his best.

Little Sonny plays a mean harp and sings like champ, (a Fender Champ, that is) and Johnnie Taylor lays on a memorable and moving "Part Time Love" and "Hello Sundown", the latter an excellent Booker T. Jones/ William Bell song the acquaintance of which I'm happy to make.

Israel "Popper Stopper" Tolbert actually racked up a real live R&B Top Ten hit with "Big Leg Woman (With A Short Short Miniskirt)" back in '70, which is great considering what a downhome blues piece generally sells these days.

The real relevation, though, comes with Freddie Robinson's sides. Both "At The Drive-In" and "Bluesology" are almost totally unStaxed and Robinson is a lyricist of razor-sharp perception and X-ray insight, not to mention a singer of no small capabilities. "Drive In" is love lost ruefully recounted, while "Bluesology" is a rap-to-music about an evening down at Theresa's club on 48th and Indiana in Chicago — nostalgia for anyone who hung out there in the '50s and a genuine treat for anyone who wishes they could've done. Robinson conjures up the atmosphere better than any of the socio-ethnomusicologists do in all them blues books, and I wish I'd heard of him sooner.

"Walking The Back Streets And Crying" is an indispensable purchase for the blues fan; there are a lot of blues albums coming out these days (thank you, Lord) but they are not of uniform excellence. This one's the real goods, not just for blues freaks but for anyone who dug Stax Records back in the '60s and for soul fans who aren't satisfied by disco.

The cover photo, by the way, explains exactly why young urban blacks don't dig blues any more.

Charles Shaar Murray

RODNEY CROWELL
Ain't Living Long Like This (Warner Brothers)

RODNEY CROWELL will need no introduction to followers of Emmylou Harris and her once peerless Hot Band. Writers of masterpieces like "Till I Gain Control Again" and — more recently —"Leaving Louisiana In The Broad Daylight" and " I Ain't Living Long Like This" (both included here), Crowell was an original Hot Band member.

No musical match for his colleagues guitarist James Burton and pianist Glenn D Hardin, Crowell made his presence strongly felt in the Hot Band. If anyone came near to replacing Gram Parsons in Emmylou's musical scheme, it was Crowell.

Naturally The Hot Band and Emmylou are much in evidence here, with past and present members turning in strong performances. Also present are Ry Cooder, Dr John — here billed as Mac Rebennack — and Amos Garrett, as well as country luminaries like fiddle-player Byron Berline, harpist Micky Raphael and even Willie Nelson. It's a measure of the esteem in which Crowell is held that he has attracted such a cast.

"Ain't Living Long Like This" is not a smooth, easy listening album. As the opening bar-room stagger "Elvira" illustrates, contemporary country music can still be tough. After Dr John has mixed his R&B medicine, James Burton's guitar enters with its customary flair. All this and Cooder's slide whining away somewhere off in the background. Meanwhile, Crowell's grainy vocals dominate the song.

"(Now And Then, There's) A Fool Such As I" takes us straight into the country mainstream in heartbreaking style. It's exquisite, impeccably produced by Brian Ahern — and it's not until side two's "I Thought I Heard You Calling My Name" that the album once more gracefully drops pace to return us to the pure heart of country music.

Side two finally climaxes with "California Earthquake (Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On)", a lengthy country waltz. Here Crowell tells of the earthquakes which have ravaged Southern Carolina *(Well done, God — Ed.)*. Redolent of The Burritos' "Sin City", this song will soon take a place alongside it as a classic.

"Ain't Living Long Like This" is as much a milestone in contemporary country music as Gram Parsons' "Grievous Angel" or Emmylou Harris' "Elite Hotel". Only a fool would ignore it.

Steve Clarke

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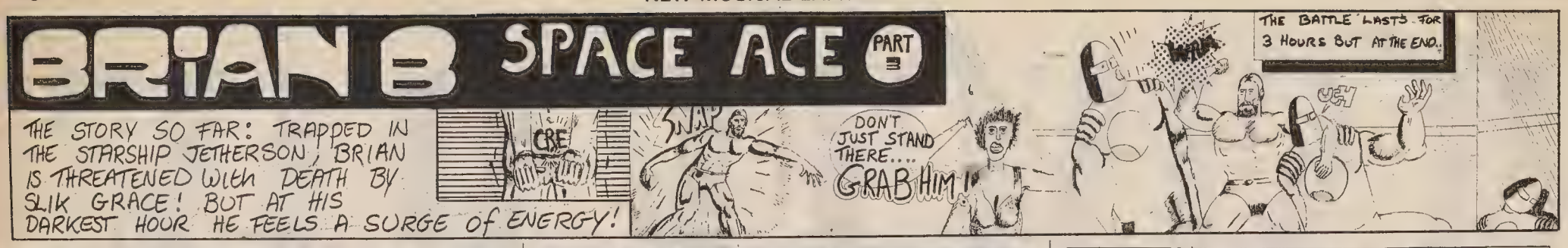
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THE BATTLE LASTS FOR 3 HOURS BUT AT THE END..
WHAM
UGH

marquee

90 Wardour St., W.1 — 01-437 6603

OPEN EVERY NIGHT FROM 7.00 pm to 11.00 pm
REDUCED ADMISSION FOR STUDENTS AND MEMBERS

Thur 19th Oct (Adm 85p)
AUTOMATICS
Plus Support & Ian Fleming

Mon 23rd Oct (Adm 85p)
HI FI
Plus Support & Jerry Floyd

BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE
Plus Asfalto & Ian Fleming

Tue 24th Oct (Adm 85p)
THE BUSINESS
Plus Support & Joe Lung

Wed 25th Oct (Adm £1.25)
CADO BELLE
Plus guests & Joe Lung

Sat 21st & Sun 22nd Oct
THE MARQUEE PRESENTS
THE VIBRATORS
Plus Friends & Ian Fleming
Advance tickets to members £1.40
Non-Members at the door £1.60

Thur 26th Oct (Adm 85p)
THE INTERLEKTUALS
Plus Support & Ian Fleming

HAMBURGERS & OTHER HOT & COLD SNACKS AVAILABLE

THE NASHVILLE ROOM

FULLERS TRADITIONAL ALES

Thursday October 19th — 75p
PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY + Cyanide

Friday October 20th — £1.00
BARRY FORD BAND + Mat Stagger

Saturday October 21st — 85p
PRESSURE SHOCKS + Essential Logic

Sunday October 22nd — £1.00
CADO BELLE + The Monos

Monday October 23rd — 75p
C GAS 5 + JOE JACKSON

Tuesday October 24th — 75p
SANDY & THE BACKLINE + Lifeline

Thursday October 26th — £1.00
SUPERCHARGE + Support

CORNER CROMWELL ROAD/NORTH END ROAD, W14
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THE ELECTRIC BALLROOM

184 Camden High Street.

Saturday October 21st
8.30pm-2am

TOURISTS
+ Physicals
Admission £1.50

THOMAS A BECKET

Old Kent Road, S.E.1

Wednesday October 18th — free
TIGER ASHBY

Thursday October 19th — free
JERRY THE FERRET

Monday October 23rd — free
SOMETHING ELSE

Tuesday October 24th — free
STUNSHOT

Wednesday October 25th — free
DOG WATCH
— "Psychedelia lives" drools Brian B

Thursday October 26th — 50p
IMMIGRANT
(ex Otis Waygood, Tapper Zukie & Gonzalez)

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THE MAYFLOWER CLUB

1/3 BIRCH STREET, OFF HYDE ROAD
MANCHESTER

Thursday Oct. 19th
THE MOVIES
+ Support

Friday Oct 20th
AUTOGRAPHS
+ Support

Saturday Oct 21st
DODGERS
+ Support

Friday Oct 27th
BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE
+ Support

Saturday Oct 28th
LURKERS
+ Skewdriver

Sunday Oct 29th
RADIO STARS
+ Reaction

Friday Nov 3rd
WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
+ Support

Saturday Nov 4th
RACING CARS
+ Straw Dogs

Thursday Nov 9th
IAN GILLAN BAND
+ Support

Saturday Nov 11th
GLORIA MUNDI
+ Support

Friday Nov 17th
BLUE
+ Support

Saturday Nov 18th
JAPAN
+ Support

Tickets available from Virgin Records, tel 061 236 4801, Piccadilly Records, tel 061 236 2555 or from club

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

TUES. & WED.
OCTOBER 24 & 25, 8 p.m.
Peter Bowyer and John Sherry present

WISHBONE ASH

Tickets: £3.50, £3.00, £2.50, £2.00 from Odeon Box Office, Queen Caroline St., W6 (01-748 4081), London Theatre Bookings, Premier Box Office and usual agents.

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CANTERBURY Odeon, 7.30p.m., Monday, October 23rd. (Tickets £1.70, £1.90)
SALISBURY City Hall, 7.30p.m., Tuesday, October 24th.
READING Top Rank, 8p.m., Wednesday, October 25th.
PORTSMOUTH Locarno, 8p.m., Thursday, October 26th.
NOTTINGHAM, Sherwood Rooms, 8p.m., Wednesday, November 8th.
BLACKPOOL Tiffanys, 7.30p.m., Thursday, November 9th.
GLOUCESTER Tiffanys, 7.30p.m., Tuesday, November 14th.
Admission for all concerts (except Canterbury) £1.70 (advance), £1.90 (at door).
Enquiries: Sound Promotions (0793-30670)

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So an Anglia was all you could get for The Motors gig.
Your fault — you should have consulted the NME expert Brian B. He will tell you how to fill the place with people.

In a word — ADVERTISE
Ring Brian B on 01-261 6153 for details

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CRAWLER
+Champion (Featuring Clem Clemson) +Autographs
Sunday 22nd October £2.00 in advance £2.25 on door

Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments by arrangement with Albion Management present
999
+John Cooper Clarke +Razar +Salford Jets
Sunday 5th November £2.00 in advance £2.25 on door

Harvey Goldsmith by arrangement with Stiff present
THE BE STIFF TOUR 1978
FEATURING **WRECKLESS ERIC**
MICKEY JUPP JONA LEWIE
RACHEL SWEET LENE LOVICH
& GUESTS TO BE ANNOUNCED
SUNDAY NOVEMBER 19TH. DOORS OPEN 7.15. TICKETS £2.25 IN ADVANCE. £2.50 ON THE DOOR

Tickets available from the Lyceum Box Office, The Strand, WC2 01-836 3715 and the Harvey Goldsmith Box Office at Chappells, 50 New Bond Street, W1 01-629 3453 (20p booking fee)
Doors Open 7.15pm

THE BRIDGE HOUSE

23 BARKING ROAD, CANNING TOWN, E16

Thursday, Oct. 19th — 30p
ZAINE GRIFF

Monday Oct. 23rd — 30p
YOUNG BUCKS

Friday Oct. 20th & Saturday, Oct. 21st — 40p each night
FILTHY McNASTY
now called
SILVERTONGUE
with Mr Chris Thompson, Stevie Lange, Bill Kristian, Jimmy Johnston, Rob Mackintosh and Derek Austin.

Tuesday Oct. 24th — 30p
NICOL & MARSH

Wednesday Oct. 25th
JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS

Sunday Oct. 22nd — 40p
REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD

Thursday Oct. 26th — 30p
ZAINE GRIFF

We've got "A WEEK AT THE BRIDGE" Live Album, have you?

THE PORTERHOUSE

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Friday October 20th
RACING CARS
Saturday October 21st
DRUID

DINGWALLS

01-267 4967 Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1

THURS 19
MARIANNE FAITHFULL
IN A CLUB SETTING
SAT 21
SANDY & THE BACKLINE
SUN 22
OPENING NIGHT OF DINGWALLS
R&B SESSIONS WITH . . .
BLAST FURNACE AND . . .
THURS 26
RICO
BOOZE IS ½ PRICE BEFORE 10pm
(EXCEPT SUNDAYS)

Aklam Hall
(under Portobello Road Flyover)
Friday 20th October
PRAGVEC
+ RAPED
+ SWELL MAPS
£1 in advance from Honest Jon's Records (Camden Town, Monmouth St. and Golborne Road)
£1.25 on door
8-2 Bar Food

LANDSCAPE:
WHOLEMUSIC
Oct Fri 20 City of London Poly
Fri 27 Seale Hayne, Newton Abbot, Devon
Sat 28 Atlantic College, Llantwit Major
Nov Fri 3 Brillig Arts Centre, Bath
Mon 6 BBC Schools TV 11.30 am
Thu 9 BBC Schools TV 2.30 pm
Tue 14 Nashville Rooms
"Workers Playtime" & "U2XME1X2MUCH" £1.25 (inc p&p) each from Event Horizon Mail Order, 154, Forest Hill Rd., London SE23
Event Horizon 01-703 7677/870 2061

VAN HALEN, the American heavy metal band who created a considerable impact when they toured here earlier in the year with Black Sabbath, return to Britain at the weekend to headline a one-off concert in their own right. It's at the London Rainbow on Sunday.

THE VIBRATORS were to have started a lengthy tour this week, but with Knox's decision to leave them, their future is now in jeopardy. So their gigs at London Marquee (Saturday and Sunday) may be the last chance to see them.

JUDAS PRIEST set out next week on a 20-date tour, tied in with the release this month of their fifth album "Killing Machine" on the CBS label. They open at Blackburn on Tuesday, followed by Newcastle (Wednesday), and they're playing only at major venues.

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

BATLEY Crumpets: RADIO STARS
BELFAST Queen's University: JOHN OTWAY BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: AUTOGRAPHS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: ORPHAN —
BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES / NICO / SPIZZ OIL
BRADFORD Princeville Club: LIMELIGHT
BRADFORD St George's Hall: LEO SAYER
BRISTOL Polytechnic: SANDY & THE BACKLINE
BURNTWOOD Troubadour: THE AMAZING DARK HORSE
CAMBRIDGE The Alma: SPRING OFFENSIVE
CONGLETON Duke of Wellington: THE ACCELERATORS
CORBY Rugby Club: EAZIE
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: WIRE
COVENTRY Wyken Pippin: RENO
DUNDEE Caird Hall: BOOMTOWN RATS
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: JOHNNY MATHIS
EDINBURGH Astoria: GIRLSCHOOL / THE TOOLS
EXETER University: TOM ROBINSON BAND
GLASGOW Amphora: UNDERHAND JONES
GLASGOW Strathclyde University (lunchtime) and **EDINBURGH** Astoria (evening): THE TOOLS
GLASGOW Strathclyde University (evening): WRECKLESS ERIC / LENE LOVICH / JONA LEWIE / RACHEL SWEET / MICKEY JUPP
HALESOWEN Tiffany's: CRYER
HARROW The Rocksborough: SID SIDEBOARD & THE CHAIRS
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: THE EDGE
HULL University: FABULOUS POODLES
LEAMINGTON The Crown: NEON HEARTS
LEEDS Cherry Tree: SPIDER
LEEDS Polytechnic: THE PIRATES
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: OVERLORD
LEEDS Wigs Wine Bar: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE RICH KIDS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON College of Printing: YACHTS / THE SOFT BOYS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: JAB-JAB
LONDON DEPTFORD St. Mark's Centre: MISTY / THE RUTS / DEBBIE BISHOP & ROUGH EDGE
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: NICOL & MARSH
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: NEW VAUDEVILLE BAND
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: INTERVIEW
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY / CYANIDE
LONDON Marquee Club: THE AUTOMATICS
LONDON MILE END Queen Mary College: BETHNAL / JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
LONDON N.W.1 Green Man: U.K. SUBS
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: JERRY THE FERRET
LONDON Royal College of Art: THE DOOMED / THE MEMBERS / THE SOFTIES / THE CRACK
LONDON SHEPHERDS BUSH Trafalgar: THE V.I.P.'s
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: CRAZY CAVAN 'N' THE RHYTHM ROCKERS
LONDON WIMBLEDON Dog & Fox: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: THE BARROW POETS
MALVERN Winter Gardens: THE BUZZCOCKS
MANCHESTER Kelly's: EXODUS
MANCHESTER Mayflower Club: THE MOVIES
MANCHESTER Russell Club: SLAUGHTER / FRANTIC ELEVATORS
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: UNIT 4+2 (for three days)
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE LURKERS
NEW MILLS Bees Knees: THE EDDY
NEWPORT Village Club: LITTLE ACRE
NORWICH Boogie House: TRIBESMAN
NOTTINGHAM Albert Hall: OSCAR PETERSON
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: LAP REGION
NOTTINGHAM Lambley Robin Hood: FOGGY
NOTTINGHAM Malibu Club: WENDY TUNES
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE SMIRKS
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: RACING CARS
PETERBOROUGH Bull & Dolphin: U.K. SUBS / THE DOLE
PLYMOUTH Drake Club: SOUL DIRECTION
PLXMOUTH Metro: PRINCE FAR I
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: DR FEELGOOD
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: SCENE STEALER
POYNTON Folk Centre: EDDIE WALKER
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: ROY HILL BAND
STOKE Inset Club: ZHAIN
STRATFORD-ON-AVON Pandora's Box: DAVE BERRY & THE CRUISERS (for three days)
WELLINGTON Town Hall: REDBRASS
WEST BROMWICH The Bush: CARTOONS
WORTHING Balmoral Bar: NIGHTRIDER

Friday

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: THE BOOMTOWN RATS
ABERDEEN University: GIRLSCHOOL
BARNSTAPLE Tempo Club: SOUL DIRECTION
BATH University: THE EDGE
BATLEY Crumpets: FABULOUS POODLES
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: THE PLEASERS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Centre for the Arts: REDBRASS
BIRMINGHAM Elizabethan Days: BAD EARTH
BIRMINGHAM New Talbot: SPECIAL CLINIC
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM The Sheldon: EAZIE
BLACKPOOL Norbreck Castle: SCREENS
BOGNOR College of Education: PARADOX
BOGNOR Sussex Hotel: STAA MARX
BRADFORD Royal Standard: JOHN HEDLEY HAGGETT BAND
BRAINTREE College: THE ONLY ONES/HI-FI
BRIDLINGTON SPA Hall: LEO SAYER
BRIGHTON Sussex University: THE DOOMED
BRIGHTON Top Rank: TOM ROBINSON BAND
BRISTOL Colton Hall: THE HAWKLORDS
BURTON 76 Club: MARSEILLE
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: THE YETTIES
CANNOCK Troubadour: OCEAN
CANTERBURY Odeon: DR FEELGOOD
CARDIFF University: WISHBONE ASH
CRAWLEY Apple Tree: NIGHTRIDER
DINGWALL Strathpeffer Spa Pavilion: WRECKLESS ERIC/LENE LOVICH/JONA LEWIE/RACHEL SWEET/MICKEY JUPP
DUBLIN Trinity College: JOHN OTWAY BAND
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: AFTER THE FIRE
DUMFRIES Lockerbrigg Social Club: VINTAGE
EDINBURGH Art School: THE TOOLS
EDINBURGH Heriot Watt University: ANDY DESMOND/THE ACTORS
EDINBURGH University: BETHNAL
GLASGOW Pavilion: THE CHIEFTANS
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: 999
HARLINGTON Airport Hotel: THE TROGGS
HARROW Technical College: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
HASTINGS Pier Pavilion: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES/NICO/SPIZZ OIL
HATFIELD Forum Theatre: BARBARA DICKSON
HATFIELD Polytechnic: THE LATE SHOW
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: XTC
HUDDERSFIELD Storthes Hall Club: SPOOKEY
HULL Area Colleges: FAIRPORT CONVENTION
KNOTTINGLEY Wallbottle Hall: SPIDER
LANCASTER University: BUDGIE
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: BLACK CAT YARD
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre: WENDY TUNES
LIVERPOOL Eric's: MATUMBI
LIVERPOOL Huyton Oak Tree: THE EDDY
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic: JENNY DARREN BAND
LONDON BARNET College Hall: EDGAR BROUGHTON BAND/THE JANETS/PRESENCE-/COLD STEEL CURSE
LONDON BATTERSEA Arts Centre: IVOR CUTLER/PHYLLIS APRIL KING
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE CASUAL BAND
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: WHIRLWIND-/SID SIDEBOARD & THE CHAIRS
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: FILTHY McNASTY
LONDON Central Polytechnic: SUPERCHARGE
LONDON CITY Polytechnic: LANDSCAPE
LONDON CITY University: SCENE STEALER
LONDON CLAPHAM Lark Hill: GOODBYE TO OBSCURITY
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: PRESSURE SHOCKS/THE MONOS
LONDON EAST HAM Rusking Arms: DOG WATCH
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: NEW VAUDEVILLE BAND
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Westfield College: WARREN HARRY
LONDON HARROW RD Windsor Castle: TRANS-AM
LONDON KENSINGTON Queen Elizabeth College: YAKETY YAK
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nasville: BARRY FORD BAND
LONDON Marquee Club: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: JOHN SPENCER'S LOUTS with JOHNNY G
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: "COME HOME TO JAMAICA" featuring LOUISE BENNETT
LONDON REGENT'S PARK Bradford College: EXZIBITOR
LONDON School of Economics: ASWAD
LONDON, STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE MONOS
LONDON STRAND King's College: CADO BELLE
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: BASEMENT BAND
LONDON W10 Acklam Hall: PRAGVEC/RAPED/SWELL MAPS
LONDON W.C.1 Collegiate Theatre: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
LONDON W.C.1 New Ambassadors Hotel: MISTY
MANCHESTER Mayflower Club: AUTOGRAPHS
MARGATE Winter Gardens: JASPER CARROTT
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: THE LURKERS
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: SLADE
NEWCASTLE University: THE RICH KIDS
NEWPORT Village Club: LITTLE ACRE
NORWICH East Anglia University: THE PIRATES
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: CYANIDE
OXFORD Polytechnic: THE ENID
PAISLEY College of Technology: ZHAIN
PETERBOROUGH ABC Theatre: SMOKIE
PLYMOUTH Metro: YACHTS
PLYMOUTH Polytechnic: SANDY & THE BACKLINE
PRESTATYN Royal Victoria Hotel: THE EDDY
READING University: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
RETFORD Porterhouse: RACING CARS
SALFORD University: RADIO STARS
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: THE MOVIES
SHEFFIELD Earnshaw Hall: WHITEFIRE
STOCKPORT Davenport Theatre: MARY O'HARA
SUTTON COLDFIELD Martsmith Club: THE UTENSILS
TIPTON Brewer & Baker: ANDY CAVEN
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: THE ADVERTS/THE NIGHT
WATFORD College Union: GARBO'S CELLULOID HEROES
WATFORD Red Lion: THE SKATES
WESTON-SUPER-MARE Webbington Country Club: JOHNNIE RAY
WEYMOUTH Steering Wheel: FRINGE BENEFIT
WINCHESTER Riverside Inn: PRESS-UPPS
WOLVERHAMPTON Rose & Crown: JOE STEAD
YORK The Revolution: THE SQUARES

Saturday

ANGLESEY Amlych Memeorial Hall: SPIDER
AYLESBURY Civic Hall: THE YETTIES
BANBURY Broadway Club: SOUL DIRECTION
BATH Brillig Music Theatre: ADRIAN HENRI / PETE BROWN
BATLEY Crumpets: MEAL TICKET
BLEXLEY Black Prince: FABULOUS POODLES
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Centre for the Arts: REDBRASS
BIRMINGHAM King's Heath Hare & Hounds: BILL CADDICK
BIRMINGHAM Mercat Cross: SPECIAL CLINIC
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: DR. FEELGOOD
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SCHOOL SPORTS
BIRMINGHAM The Sherwood: RENO
BLACKPOOL Norbeck Castle: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
BOLTON Institute of Technology: RACING CARS
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
BRADFORD Royal Standard: JOHN HEDLEY HAGGETT BAND
BRADFORD University: RADIO STARS
BRIDPORT Bull Hotel: THE FANS
BRISTOL Blue Lagoon: ASWAD
BRISTOL Crown Cellar Bar: THE WILD BEASTS
CANNOCK Troubadour: STREETLIFE
CANTERBURY Kent University: TOM ROBINSON BAND
CHIDDINGLY Six Bells: THE EXECUTIVES
COLCHESTER Essex University: CIMARONS / THE EDGE
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: RAYMOND FROGGATT
DUNDEE Technical College: GIRLSCHOOL
DUNFERMLINE Carnegie Hall Annexe: SIMPLE MINDS
DURHAM University: MATUMBI
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: JASPER CARROTT
EASTBOURNE Hampden Park Lottbridge Arms: NIGHTRIDER
EASTBOURNE Kings Country Club: JOHNNIE RAY
EDINBURGH Odeon: THE CHIEFTAINS
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: MIKE HARDING
FIFE St. Andrew's University: ANDY DESMOND / THE ACTORS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: THE BUZZCOCKS
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: BUDGIE
GLASGOW University: BETNAL
HAMILTON Accies Club: UNDERHAND JONES
HANLEY Rose & Crown: ANY TROUBLE
HIGH WYCOMBE Town Hall: DOLL BY DOLL / THE VENTS / THE URGE / THE GOOD GUYS
HUDDERSFIELD Coach House: JUST FRANK
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: THE MOVIES
KNOTTINGLEY Wallbottle Hall: RED EYE
LEEDS Staging Post: GIANTKILLER
LEEDS University: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES / SPIZZ OIL
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: LUIGI & DA BOYS
LEICESTER Polytechnic: PANTIES
LEICESTER University: STAA MARX
LINCOLN Brant Road Club: STRANGE DAYS
LIVERPOOL Eric's: MANICURED NOISE
LONDON Angel Bluecoat Boy: THE V.I.P.'s
LONDON BARNET College Hall: EDGAR BROUGHTON BAND / CANIS MAJOR / NO JIP / BLUE SCREAMING
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: SANDY & THE BACKLINE / THE HOLLYWOOD KILLERS
LONDON CAMDEN Electric Ballroom: THE TOURISTS / THE PHYSICALS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE TROGGS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: FILTHY McNASTY
LONDON CHELSEA The Wheatsheaf: OVERSEAS
LONDON City University: AFTER THE FIRE/HI-FI/THE MONOS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE INMATES
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
LONDON Hyde Park Anti-Apartheid Rally (1 pm): MISTY / CITY TWILIGHT
LONDON Marquee Club: THE VIBRATORS
LONDON N.4 The Stapleton: EARTHBOUND
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: SMOKIE
LONDON Royal Festival Hall: OSCAR PETERSON
LONDON School of Economics: THE MONOS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BIG CHIEF with DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: BASEMENT BAND
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: TRIBESMAN / HERBSMAN
LONDON WOOLWICH Thames Polytechnic: THE ADVERTS
LOUGHBOROUGH University: STEEL PULSE
MANCHESTER Mayflower Club: THE DODGERS
MANCHESTER Middleton Civic Hall: LURKERS
MANCHESTER Polytechnic: THE FALL
MANCHESTER Set End Inn: SPOOKEY
MANCHESTER University: XTC
MANSFIELD Kingsway Hall: EAZIE
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: LEO SAYER
NEWCASTLE University: "GREAT GUITARS" with BARNEY KESSEL / CHARLIE BYRD / HERB ELLIS
NORWICH Boogie House: EXZIBITOR
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: SASSAFRAS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
NOTTINGHAM Peoples College: THE PIRATES
NOTTINGHAM Playhouse: GAFFA
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: THE NEXT BAND / THE VYE
NOTTINGHAM University: SLADE
OXFORD Corn Dolly: SAMSON
PETERBOROUGH Focus Club: THE DOOMED
POOLE Chequers Inn: FRINGE BENEFIT
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic: THE SMIRKS
RETFORD Porterhouse: PRESSURE SHOCKS
SCARBOROUGH Aquarius: THE ACCELERATORS
SHEFFIELD City Hall: WISHBONE ASH
SHEFFIELD University: SORE THROAT
SLOUGH College: MOTORHEAD / LIGHTNING RAIDERS
SOUTHEND Minerva Club: YAKETY YAK
ST. ALBANS City Hall: THE HAWKLORDS
STIRLING University: 999
STOKE Knutton Ex-Servicemen's Club: STRANGE-DAYS
WEST BROMWICH Coach & Horses: VIDEO
WICK Assembly Hall: WRECKLESS ERIC / JONA LEWIE / LENE LOVICH / RACHEL SWEET / MICKEY JUPP
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WHITEHAVEN Haven Club: VINTAGE
WOLVERTON Craufurd Arms: ZEUS
YORK Revolution Club: IMMIGRANT

Sunday

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: THE BUZZCOCKS
BELFAST Queen's University: DAVID BROMBERG BAND
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: QUARTZ

CONTINUES OVER. . .

FOUR MORE TOURS START OUT

ANDY DESMOND, who's built up a reputation as Britain's most sought-after support act, kicks that image when he begins his own headlining tour in Edinburgh on Friday. Other gigs this week: Fife (Saturday), Mansfield (Monday) and Nottingham (Tuesday).

STEVE HACKETT, the former Genesis stalwart who quit that outfit early this year, has now got together his own touring band. And he goes on the road for his first solo tour, kicking off in Cardiff (Monday), Manchester (Tuesday) and Glasgow (Wednesday).

THIRD WORLD were last over here three years ago to support Bob Marley & The Wailers, but now they're back to headline their own tour, thanks largely to the success of their single "Now That We Found Love." They open with a gig in Oxford on Wednesday.

GORDON GILTRAP could almost be described as a cult artist. Certainly he's a musicians' musician, though he has a very loyal public following as well — as you'll see when he opens his tour in Leicester (Sunday), Brighton (Monday) and Oxford (Tuesday).

GIG GUIDE

BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIDEO
BLACKPOOL Opera House: LEO SAYER
BRADFORD Princeville Club: BAD NEWS
BRIDLINGTON SPA Royal Hall: WISHBONE ASH
BRIGHTON Alhambra: THE PIRANHAS
BRISTOL Colston Hall: DR. FEELGOOD
BURNTWOOD Troubadour: EDGE
CARLISLE Market Hall: SLADE
CHELSFORD Chancellor Hall: SORE THROAT / DEAP THROATS
CORBY Nags Head (lunchtime): TIME MACHINE
COVENTRY Theatre: MARY O'HARA
COVENTRY The Climax: HANDS OFF!
CWMBRAN Congress Theatre: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
DUBLIN McGonnagal's: JOHN OTWAY BAND
DUMFRIES Stagecoach: THE MOVIES
DUNDEE Samantha's: 999
DUNSTABLE The Unicorn: SPRING OFFENSIVE
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: THE FOUR TOPS
EDINBURGH Currie Glenburn Hotel: ZHAIN
FIFE St. Andrew's University: JENNY DARREN BAND / GIRLSCHOOL
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall: BARBARA DICKSON
FOLKESTONE The Pullman: THE EXECUTIVES
GLASGOW Doune Castle: THE EXILE / FRICTION
GLASGOW Pavilion: MIKE HARDING
GRAVESEND Woodville Hall: THE YETTIES
HANLEY Victoria Hall: STEEL PULSE
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: THE HAWKLORDS
LEEDS Fforde Green Hotel: RACING CARS
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: RED EYE
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
LIVERPOOL Everyman Theatre: REDBRASS
LIVERPOOL Wookey Hollow: SPOOKEY (for a week)
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: BLAST FURNACE
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
LONDON CHALK FARM Roundhouse: MERGER / DOLL BY DOLL / PRESSURE SHOCKS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: FIRST AID
LONDON EAST HAM Ruskin Arms: DOG WATCH
LONDON FINCHLEY Torrington: MICKEY JONES BAND
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: SIMON TOWNSHEND BAND
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: SCREAMING LORD SUTCH
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: CADO BELLE / THE MONOS
LONDON Marquee Club: THE VIBRATORS
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: SUCKER
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: VAN HALEN / BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE BUSINESS
LONDON STRAND Lyceum Ballroom: CRAWLER / CHAMPION / AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON TRAFALGAR SQ. St. Martin's-in-the-Fields Crypt: HOT VULTURES
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW The Chestnuts: BRENDA WOOTTON
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: SWIFT
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: HARVEY ANDREWS
LUTON Cesar's: PATTI BOULAYE (for a week)
MANCHESTER Royal Exchange Theatre: BERT JANSCH
NEWCASTLE City Hall: BUDGIE
NEWCASTLE University: DEXTER GORDON FOUR
NORTHWICK Rudheath Social Club: TOUCH OF CLASS
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: KYRO
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
OXFORD New Theatre: SMOKIE
POOLE Arts Centre: MOTORHEAD / LIGHTNING RAIDERS
PORTSMOUTH Portsea Rotary Club: NIGHTRIDER
POYNTON Folk Centre: ALEX ATTERSON / EARL OKIN
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: BETHNAL
REDHILL Lakers Hotel: THE CURE
SALTBURN Philmore Disco: RADIO STARS
SOUTHEND Cliffs Pavilion: OSCAR PETERSON
SOUTHEND Westcliff Queen's: JOHNNIE RAY (for a week)
STOKE Badderley Green Club: VINTAGE
UPMINSTER New Windmill Hall: ZAINE GRIFF
WALSALL Dirty Duck (lunchtime): THE AMAZING DARK HORSE
WEST BROMWICH Coach & Horses: FAZIE

Monday

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: MIKE HARDING
ABERDEEN Ruffles: WRECKLESS ERIC / JONA LEWIE / LENE LOVICH / RACHEL SWEET / MICKEY JUPP
AMPTHILL Folk Club: MILES WOOTTON
BIRKENHEAD Hamilton Club: CHEAP FLIGHTS / CUDDLY TOYS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WILD BOYS
BIRMINGHAM Crown & Cushion: 2nd CITY SLICKERS
BIRMINGHAM Mayfair Suite: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES / SPIZZ OIL
BIRMINGHAM Mercat Cross: ORPHAN
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: FEY RAY
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: RAMRODS
BRIGHTON Dome: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
BRISTOL Colston Hall: BARBARA DICKSON
BRISTOL Crockers: WORKING CLASS HEROES (for three days)
CANTERBURY Odeon: XTC
CARDIFF University: STEVE HACKETT BAND
CARLISLE Market Hall: RADIO STARS
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: REDBRASS
DONCASTER Outlook Club: 999
EDINBURGH Odeon: THE BUZZCOCKS
EDINBURGH Tiffaany's: IGNATZ / THE TOOLS
FALKIRK Magpie: ZHAIN
GLASGOW Doune Castle: SIMPLE MINDS
GLASGOW Burns Howff: UNDERHAND JONES
HALESOWEN Tiffany's: CARTOONS
HULL University: STEEL PULSE
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: THE FOUR TOPS
LEEDS University: RICHARD DIGANCE
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: SKINNY CAT
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: THE HAWKLORDS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: THE V.I.P.'s / THE MONOS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: NICOL & MARSH/EXZIBITOR
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Blitz: MIDNITE FOLLIES ORCHESTRA (for three days)
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE NIGHT/PICKPOCKET
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: THE PIRHANAS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: 90° INCLUSIVE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: ERIC BELL BAND
LONDON Marquee Club: HI-FI
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: CLIFF AUNGIER
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON Queen Elizabeth Hall: "THE GREAT GUITARS" with BARNEY KESSEL/CHARLIE BYRD/HERB ELLIS
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Club: ELVIN JONES JAZZ MACHINE (for two weeks)
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: N.W.10
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: THE INMATES/WINDER
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: ROCKIN' RICKY & THE VELVET COLLARS
MANSFIELD Civic Centre: ANDY DESMOND/THE ACTORS
MARGATE Bowlers Arms: STAA MARX
MILFORD HAVEN Torch Theatre: GEORGE MEELY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
MILTON KEYNES Crawford Club: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE
NEWCASTLE University: RACING CARS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PARTY
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: WIRE
NUNEATON Cherry Tree: INCREDIBLE KIDDA BAND
PLYMOUTH The Breakwater: THE FANS
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: THE PIRATES
PRESTON Guildhall: SMOKIE
RAYLEIGH Crocks Club: MATCHBOX
SHEFFIELD Polytehnic: SLADE
SHEFFIELD University: THE V.I.P.'s/ART OBJECTS
ST. ALBANS Horn of Plenty: JOKER
SUNDERLAND Empire Theatre: THE BOOMTOWN RATS
SWANSEA Circles Club: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
WAKEFIELD Theatre Club: JACK JONES
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: BUDGIE
WOLVERHAMPTON Queens Hotel: SAMSON
WORKINGTON Rendezvous Club: THE DOOLEYS (for a week).

Tuesday

BELFAST The Pound: BETHNAL (for three days)
BINGLEY College of Education: SOUL DIRECTION
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: MEAL TICKET
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RENO
BIRMINGHAM College of Food: SPECIAL CLINIC
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Mayfair Suite: THE DOOMED
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: TOU PLANX / TEENBEATS / TRAVLA
BLACKBURN King George's Hall: JUDAS PRIEST
BRADFORD Alhambra Theatre: SMOKIE
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: NICK PICKETT & THE BODKIN BAND
BRIGHTON Alhambra: THE EXECUTIVES
BRIGHTON Richmond Hotel: STAA MARX
BRISTOL Locarno: MATUMBI
CARDIFF Top Rank: DR. FEELGOOD
COLERAINE New Ulster University: GIRLSCHOOL
COVENTRY Tiffany's: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES / SPIZZ OIL

STIFF-FIVE PACKAGE QUEUE FOR AN AWAY-DAY

This conglomeration of oddly-assorted (but nevertheless good-looking) people represents the entire complement of the current "Be Stiff" package tour that's chugging around Britain, courtesy of British Rail. This week they're letting the train take the strain as they journey around Scotland, visiting Glasgow (Thursday), Dingwall (Friday), Wick (Saturday), Aberdeen (Monday), Dundee (Tuesday) and Edinburgh (Wednesday).

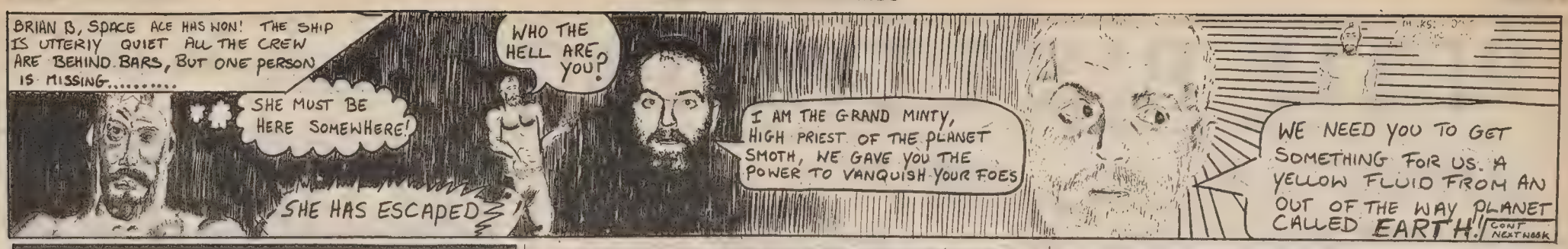
Our picture, taken on Platform 7 at Euston Station, shows WRECKLESS ERIC, RACHEL SWEET, LENE LOVICH, JONA LEWIE, MICKEY JUPP and their various backing bands — including Will Birch's outfit THE RECORDS, who also have their own spot in the show. Probably a roadie or two, as well. Now you can have great fun trying to work out exactly who's who — because we're blowed if we can!

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

CROYDON Fairfield Hall: BUDDY RICH BAND
DEWSBURY Turks Head: SAMSON
DUFFIELD Pattern Makers Arms: ARMPIT JUG BAND
DUNDEE University: WRECKLESS ERIC / RACHEL SWEET / JONA LEWIE / LENE LOVICH / MICKEY JUPP
GLASGOW King's Theatre: OSCAR PETERSON
GLENROTHES Rothes Arms Hotel: ZHAIN
HALIFAX Civic Theatre: THE BOOMTOWN RATS
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: MUSCLES
INVERNESS Eden Court Theatre: MIKE HARDING
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: MIAMI DOLPHINS
LEICESTER University: WIRE
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: IGGY QUAIL TRIO
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: THE INTERLEKTUALS / ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: NICOL & MARSH
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: AGONY COLUMN / NICKY SHY
LONDON FULHAM Greyhound: MADELINE BELL (for five days)
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: WISHBONE ASH
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: SANDY & THE BACKLINE
LONDON MILE END Queen Mary College: EXZIBITOR
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: THE YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON Palladium: JOHNNY MATHIS
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: TANNAHILL WEAVERS
LONDON Rainbow Theatre: STEEL PULSE / CHINA STREET
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: TENNIS SHOES
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: EATER / COLD STEEL CURSE
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: JOKER
MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre: STEVE HACKETT BAND
MANCHESTER Band on the Wall: THE NOT SENSIBLES
MANCHESTER Polytechnic: 999
NEWCASTLE City Hall: THE BUZZCOCKS
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: ANDY DESMOND / THE ACTORS
NUNEATON 77 Club: THE LURKERS
OXFORD New Theatre: GORDON GILTRAP BAND
PAIGNTON Festival Hall: BARBARA DICKSON
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: THE YETTIES
PRESTON Guildhall: JACK JONES
SALISBURY City Hall: XTC
SHEFFIELD City Hall: THE HAWKLORDS
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: THE CRABS / THE V.I.P.s
SMETHWICK Blue Gates: CRYER
SOUTHEND Cliffs Pavilion: MARY O'HARA
WALSALL Dirty Duck: THE AMAZING DARK HORSE
WALSALL Town Hall: THE PLEASERS
WEST BROMWICH The Bush: VIDEO
WISHAW Heathery Bar: UNDERHAND JONES
WOLVERHAMPTON Lord Raglan: NEON HEARTS
WOKINGHAM King of Clubs: HAZZARD
WORCESTER The Retreat: THE WASTERS

Wednesday

ABERDEEN Ruffles: JENNY DARREN BAND
BARSNLEY Cudworth Village Club: STRANGE DAYS
BASILDON Towngate Theatre: MIKE GIBBS BAND
BATLEY Crumpets: THE LURKERS
BELFAST Queen's University: GIRLSCHOOL
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Bogart's: QUARTZ
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: KILLING TIME
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM The Sherwood: CARTOONS
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bulls Head: ROSES
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: THE PLEASERS
BRADFORD Alhambra Theatre: SMOKIE
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: THE HAWKLORDS
BRADFORD University: WIRE
BRIDLINGTON SPA Royal Hall: JACK JONES
BRIGHTON Top Rank: MOTORHEAD
BUDE Stratton Tree Inn: HOT VULTURES
CAERPHILLY Double Diamond: THE DRIFTERS (for four days)
CANTERBURY College of Art: JOHN OTWAY BAND
CARDIFF Top Rank: MATUMBI
CARDIFF University: BUDGIE
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: ROADSTERS
DERBY Bell Hotel: SAMSON
DONCASTER Gaumont Theatre: JASPER CARROTT
DUMFRIES Stagecoach: THE VIBRATORS
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: WRECKLESS ERIC/LENE LOVICH/JONA LEWIE/RACHEL SWEET/MICKEY JUPP
EXETER Routes: THE PIRATES
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: STEVE HACKETT BAND
GLASGOW King's Theatre: OSCAR PETERSON
HANLEY Victoria Hall: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES/SPIZZ OIL
IPSWICH GAUMONT Theatre: LEO SAYER
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: AFTERMATH
LEICESTER University: FABULOUS POODLES
LIVERPOOL University: STEEL PULSE
LONDON ACTON White Hart: MENACE/ROTTIN' KLITZ/CONDEMNED
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: O.K.
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: ASWAD
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: JOHNNY CURIOUS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: WISHBONE ASH
LONDON HARLESDON Roxy Theatre: THE CLASH
LONDON HARROW RD. Windsor Castle: THE YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: HI—FI
LONDON Marquee Club: CADO BELLE
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: DOG WATCH
LONDON Palladium: JOHNNY MATHIS
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: DANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES SHOWCASE
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: DAVID BLOSSE BAND
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: METABOLIST/CRASS
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: MUSIC BUSINESS
MANCHESTER University: SANDY & THE BACKLINE
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: THE FOUR TOPS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: JUDAS PRIEST
NEWCASTLE Madison Club: PRESSURE SHOCKS (for four days)
NEWCASTLE University: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: 999
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: GWAIHIR
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SOME CHICKEN
OXFORD Polytehnic: THIRD WORLD
PORTSMOUTH Guidhall: BARBARA DICKSON
READING Top Rank: XTC
RUGBY Emmaline's: SCRATCH
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: IMMIGRANT
SHEFFIELD Top Rank: RADIO STARS-/MATCHBOX
SHEFFIELD University: THE V.I.P.'s
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
STIRLING Albert Hall: MIKE HARDING
STOKE The Place: LITTLE ACRE
SWANSEA Top Rank: DR. FEELGOOD
WESTON SUPER MARE Webbington Club: SLADE
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: THE BOOMTOWN RATS
WREXHAM Aston College: SOUL DIRECTION


BRIAN B, SPACE ACE HAS WON! THE SHIP IS UTTERLY QUIET ALL THE CREW ARE BEHIND BARS, BUT ONE PERSON IS MISSING.....
SHE MUST BE HERE SOMEWHERE!
SHE HAS ESCAPED!
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?
I AM THE GRAND MINTY, HIGH PRIEST OF THE PLANET SMOTH, WE GAVE YOU THE POWER TO VANQUISH YOUR FOES
WE NEED YOU TO GET SOMETHING FOR US. A YELLOW FLUID FROM AN OUT OF THE WAY PLANET CALLED EARTH!
CONT NEXT WEEK

EALING COLLEGE OF FURTHER EDUCATION

HARRY SENT US

THURSDAY 19th OCTOBER

CENTRAL LONDON POLY ENTS PRESENT

SUPERCHARGE

+ 29th & DEARBORN

Friday October 20th at 8 pm
at 115 New Cavendish Street, W.1
Tickets £1.00 in advance, £1.30 on door

SCANDAL

SHOULDN'T BE ALLOWED

JAB-JAB

Booking enquiries
01-586 1444

LAST BASTION! THE WHITE HART PUB
246 HIGH ST. ACTON

Wednesday October 25th

MENACE

+ Rotting Klitz
+ Condemned

D.J. JERRY FLOYD
Please come early!

TELEPHONE 01-387-0428/9

MUSIC MACHINE

Playing times 10.30 pm and midnight
CAMDEN HIGH ST. OPP. MORNINGTON CRESCENT TUBE · N.W.1

Wednesday October 18th £1.00
AUTOGRAPHS
+ Slow Motion
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30 pm.

Thursday October 19th £2.00
RICH KIDS
+ Support

Friday October 20th £2.00
WHIRLWIND
+ Sid. Sideboard & The Chairs

Saturday October 21st £2.00
THE TROGGS
+ Joker

Monday October 23rd £1.00
NICOL & MARSH
(Ex Easy Street)
+ Exzibitor
Free admission for one with this advert before 10.30pm

Tuesday October 24th £1.00
ZAINE GRIFF
+ Luxond Deluxe

Wednesday October 25th £1.50
ASWAD
+ King Sound

Thursday October 26th — Pay at door £1.50
Last ever concert by the
DOCTORS OF MADNESS
+ Cabaret Voltaire

Monday October 30th
SLADE
+ Nick Van Eede
Advance tickets £2.50 from Box Office

LICENSED BARS - LIVE MUSIC - DANCING
8PM - 2 AM MONDAY TO SATURDAY

A.J.'s CLUB
High Street, Lincoln
Thurs. Oct. 19th
THE VIE
Sat. Oct. 21st
MIAMI DOLPHINS
Tuesday Oct 24th
THE REDUCERS

RAPED RUDI
+ A.U.M BAND
Saturday October 21st
Centro Iberico
421A Harrow Road, W9
(Westbourne Park Tube)
BENEFIT FOR PERSONS UNKNOWN

Every Thursday
THE TRAFALGAR, SHEPHERDS BUSH SHOPPING PRECINCT

Monday, October 23rd, at 11 pm
DINGWALLS, NW1

Tuesday, October 24th
SHEFFIELD LIMIT CLUB

Wednesday, October 25th
SHEFFIELD UNIVERSITY

SUSSEX UNIVERSITY S.U.
S.A.C. PRESENTS

Friday October 20th, 8pm to late

OO THE DAMNED

+ THE MOLESTERS

Disco Bar Lights Food Stalls

THE MANDALLA HALL,
(OLD REFEC) SUSSEX UNIVERSITY,
FALMER, BRIGHTON, SUSSEX

Tickets £1.00 in advance from Virgin Records, £1.20 on door
S.U. only

THAMES POLYTECHNIC
Calderwood Street, Woolwich, S.E.18
Saturday October 21st

THE ADVERTS

+ IMPRINTS

Licensed Bar. Non Students welcome

NEW WINDSOR CASTLE
309 HARROW ROAD W9. TEL 286 8403

FRI 20th — TRANS-AM & THE TIGERS £1
SAT 21st — MEMBERS + LOCAL OPERATOR £1
SUN 22nd — FAME FREE
MON 23rd — SCRATCH! + PIRRANAS 50p
TUES 24th — JOHNNY MOPED + EYE BAND £1
WED 25th — YOUNG BUCKS + THE CURE 50p

OPEN TILL LATE WESTBOURNE PARK TUBE

WORDS (BARRY CLARKE) WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORD WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORD WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS

CITY HALL, ST ALBANS

Saturday, October 21st, at 8 pm
The Spirit of the Age
HAWKLORDS
+ Roger Ruskin Spears
Giant Kinetic Wardrobe

Friday, November 3rd, 8.30 pm — 1 am
Late Late Rock Show IX
BUDGIE
+ special guests STRIFE
+ Force
Bar until 12.30 am

MARY JANE DISCO *BAR* *FOOD*
Advance tickets from Box Office, Chequer Street, St Albans, Tel. 64511 or on door
Sat. Dec 2nd IAN GILLAN BAND

QUEENSWAY (CIVIC) HALL, DUNSTABLE

Monday, October 30th, at 7.30 pm
Sin After Sin
JUDAS PRIEST
+ ★ Lee Hart ★

Sunday, November 5th at 7.30 pm
Sultans of swing
DIRE STRAITS
+ Lee Fardon's Legionaires

BAR *FOOD*
Advance tickets from Box Office, Tel. 603326, F.L. Moore Records, Hemel Hempstead, Record Room, St. Albans, or available on door

WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORD WORDS

gentry

EATER

+ COLD STEEL CURSE
at
MOONLIGHT CLUB
(Railway Hotel)
West Hampstead
TUESDAY 24th OCT.
Near West Hampstead Stn.
Enquiries: 01-445 4056

Warwick University Students Union presents
a special appearance of

JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS

(Westwood Site)
on October 21st, 1978
New single — I'm Sorry

TO ADVERTISE

ring 01-261 6153
Brian B

In Aid of LEGALISE CANNABIS CAMPAIGN

LSE Ents & LCC Present
LEGALISE CANNABIS CAMPAIGN
Benefit Bop!
FRIDAY 20 OCTOBER
Doors open 7.30pm

ASWAD & FRIENDS
SILVER CAMEL SOUND SYSTEM, JUGGLERS, ACROBATS, BAR

tickets £1.50 from
LSE Union Shop &
Daddy Kool Records,
44 Hanway Street, W1

London School of Economics,
Main Building,
Houghton Street, WC2

ASWAD'S NEW SINGLE: "IT'S NOT OUR WISH (THAT WE SHOULD FIGHT) Grove Records GMDM9A
SUNDAY 29 OCTOBER LCC BENEFIT NIGHT AT DINGWALLS, CAMDEN TOWN
Nearest tubes to the LSE are Holborn and Temple

LEGALISE CANNABIS CAMPAIGN
29 Old Bond Street | London W1X 3AB | 01-289 3881

BRIAN B'S LIVE PAGE

For details of advertising ring him on 01-261 6153

CAPITAL RADIO 194
by arrangement with M.A.M. present

SUZI QUATRO
SHOOTER

on Thursday 2nd November 1978
at 7.30 p.m.
ODEON, HAMMERSMITH.

Tickets: £3.50, £3.00, £2.50, £2.00 available from Box Office Tel: 01-748 4081 and usual agents.

BRUNEL UNIVERSITY S.U.
Kingston Lane, Uxbridge, Middlesex. Tel. 39125
Friday Oct 20th in the Kingdom Room

THE ADVERTS
+ SUPPORT

TICKETS £1.10 in advance
£1.30 on the night

NEXT FRIDAY: WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS

Tickets available from Social Secretary and City Electronics
Nearest tube: Uxbridge Buses 204, 207, 223, 224

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR ALL LONDON CONCERTS

Oct 21 SMOKIE
Oct 21 OSCAR PETERSON
Oct 22 CRAWLER
Oct 22 VAN HALEN
Oct 24 STEEL PULSE
Oct 24/25 WISHBONE ASH
Oct 24/25 JOHNNY MATHIS
Oct 27/Nov 4 SAMMY DAVIS JNR
Oct 27 JUDAS PRIEST
Oct 28/29 DR FEELGOOD
Oct 29 MATUMBI
Oct 29 PENETRATION
Oct 30 SLADE
Oct 30 STEVE HACKETT
Oct 30/Nov 1 SANTANA
Nov 2 SUZI QUATRO
Nov 3 FOUR TOPS
Nov 4 BUZZCOCKS
Nov 5 RADIO STARS
Nov 5 999
Nov 5 MOTORHEAD
Nov 8 NANCY WILSON
Nov 9 CHIEFTAINS
Nov 9 SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
Nov 10 ISAAC HAYES
Nov 13 ALBERT KING BLUES BAND
Nov 14 BILLY COBHAM
Nov 15 AC/DC
Nov 17 SHOWADDYWADDY
Nov 18 BARBARA DICKSON
Nov 19 JERRY LEE LEWIS
Nov 19 WRECKLESS ERIC & MICKEY JUPP
Nov 19 GENE PITNEY
Nov 20 DOLLY PARTON
Nov 20/25 CLEO LAINE
Nov 23 THE CARS
Nov 23 WHITE SNAKE
Nov 24 JAMES BROWN
Nov 26 GORDON GILTRAP
Nov 28/29 OLIVIA NEWTON JOHN
Nov 28/Dec 3 DEMIS ROUSSOUS
Nov 30/Dec 1 BONEY M
Dec 1 PERE UBU
Dec 2/3 DEVO
Dec 2 MIKE HARDING
Dec 4/8 LIZA MINELLI
Dec 7 BUDGIE
Dec 10 ULTRAVOX!
Dec 11/13 PARLIAMENT
Dec 15/16 AL STEWART
Dec 16 TAPPA ZUKIE
Dec 18/23 ELVIS COSTELLO

For further info send s.a.e.

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
96 SHAFTESBURY AVE., LONDON W.1.
General enquiries: 01-439 3371

VILLAGE
BOURNEMOUTH
GLEN FERN ROAD
Tel: 0202 26636

Thursday October 26th
THE PIRATES

Friday October 27th
"GREASE" DANCING COMPETITION
(£100 first prize)

Saturday October 28th
Capital Radio's
ADRIAN LOVE

Advance tickets — book now

Music bars food
8 pm 1 am

BOGNOR ROCK ON BBC GARDENERS' QUESTION TIME!

MRS AARDVARK ASKS:
"Can you dig it, baby?" ★

STAA MARX
Bognor (024 33) 4899

FRI. 20th Oct.
BOGNOR: Sussex
SAT. 21st Oct.
LEICESTER: University (RAR)
MON. 23rd Oct.
MARGATE: BowlersArms
TUES. 24th Oct.
BRIGHTON: Richmond

★ *If you think this is bad, you ought to see the state of her garden, which is a real joke.*

SOUTHBANK POLY S.U.
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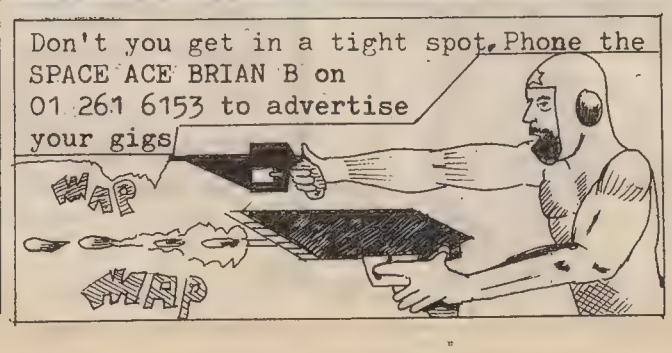

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ON THE TOWN

The Pop Group
Nico
Linton Kwesi Johnson
Cabaret Voltaire

ELECTRIC BALLROOM, LONDON

THE POP GROUP played out their Big London Gig in aid of Amnesty, and invited three of their favourite entertainers to join them. Hence the good looking bill. But don't be deceived . . . don't jump too quickly. The whole evening didn't have as much variety as a good ATV performance . . .

It was still attractive. Cabaret Voltaire slid in first — a trio (using guitars, bass, vocals, electronics, drum machines, clarinet etc) producing seducing 'pop' electronic noises. Another vague example of young musicians using rock to close the schism between the avant garde and the public?

They're a ripple on the parameters of late '60s German ideas, which in turn were fragments of experiments by mid-20th Century classical composers. Voltaire's additions to this line are minimal and awkward. But it is in rock!

A good excuse, hey? Cabaret Voltaire are probably very accessible. There is nothing particularly outrageous in their music's texture and shape, nothing disconcerting in the way they present it, but it will sound peculiar to lazy listeners.

It's very easy to sharply put them down as being 'too clever', which is absurd. Only the group's harsh vocal stylisation, contrived aural disorientation and stiffly antagonistic words detract from a certain quaintness.

I find them unremittingly endearing, their decomposed muzak a cheering warped antithesis to Abba's composed bac-zak.

A colleague, however, dissents sternly, professing dislike for — among other things — their apparently crude teutonic-terrorist tension. Chic or what?

How Cabaret Voltaire develop depends on their ability to relax, to bust out of their own already considerable myth and to reject what is for them the obvious.

Voltaire still won for me on the night, but it wasn't a battle.

Linton Johnson's words just disappeared into the atmoshphere. A need for concentration essentially unrequired by Voltaire disrupted his set for me and many others, but in the spirit of the event his indignation was well received. Y'know?

Nico emerged third. Nico was Nico, empty and serene, singing her songs of defeat and still life. Just the harmonium and her, not so much stark as withered. The 'divine discontent' is long since blurred. But many were caught on her elusive web; she got an encore. Shock! Nico as a next year's thing?!?

A large turnout acclaimed The Pop Group, who are definitely a next year's thing, if not THE next year's thing. The ironies inherent in the choice of their name are already dwindling.

Their on stage presence was large, and it wasn't just the smart new carressing light show that gave them added dimension. Their set seemed firm and precise . . . the word is solid.

And safe? Already!

Maybe it was just over-excitement.

The basis of the irregularities in their distorted, contorted rock music is the relationship between the two guitars. Those who are familiar with Beefheartian logic will not notice anything odd in the arrangement. Spontaneity sparks from the guitar combat, a wildness that drives straight for the throat, but there is little idiosyncracy elswhere.

Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

The rhythm is staggered and sustained, the vocals confident, the songs insistent and propulsive. A good, full rock machine. (Nothing wrong with that.) Brutal, vital and a little bit quirky. How far can they take it?

They are worthy of support; this goes without saying. The theory stands firm, experience grows. But even now their lyrics begin to come into dispute . . . . . .

Paul Morley

Johnny Thunders' Allstars

LYCEUM, LONDON

Johnny Thunders blunders

PEOPLE JUST don't learn. Especially our American cousins, who still love 'supersessions' and seem to reckon that a few heavy friends can bolster the credibility/sales of artists without panache to crack it on their own.

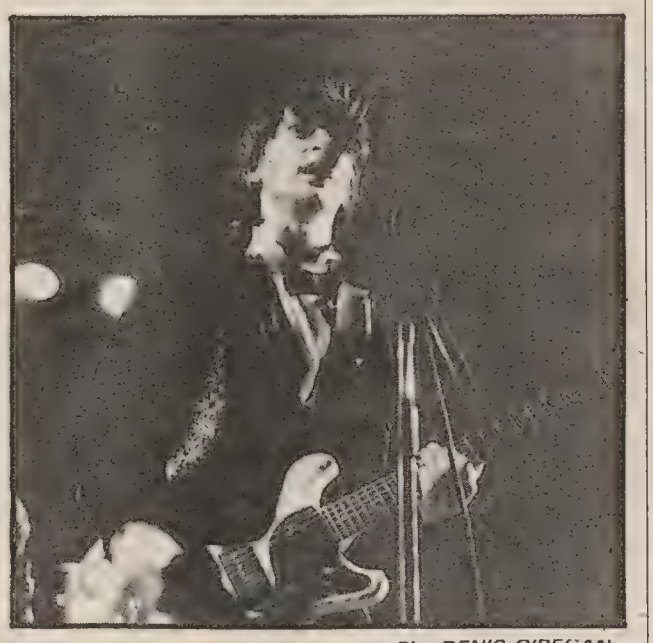
Johnny Thunders has proved before that he can do the necessary, but the Allstars billing smacked of a record company ruse to ensure that their investment held the limelight and shifted a few more units.

As in the heady Heartbreaker days, the taped intro was of the failed Austrian artist, Adolf H., who lived at Nuremberg. And as the crowd hysteria was successfully pulled up a few notches the band crashed into "Pipeline".

Immediately the dominant factor of the evening was revealed — the gear seemed to be of junkyard standard. When a band are trying to gell they don't need malfunctions at seemingly every electric connection.

The sloppy but sassy style of the "So Alone" album was dissipated as under-rehearsed musicians fought with gremlins.

On paper the Allstars were a promising aggregation, even though ex-Pistols Cook and Jones were absent — doubtless disappointing much of the crowd.



Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

Mike Kellie and Peter Perrett of The Only Ones were on drums and rhythm guitar, Paul Gray of the Rods on bass and Jimmy Scott on keyboards, with occasional assistance from John 'Irish' Earle on sax and Pat 'Snatch' Palladin on vocals.

All this talent, however, consistently failed to play together. Thunders struggled with his ailing stack and continually swapped guitars while the band struggled to keep each number in order.

Material was drawn from the Dolls and Heartbreakers repertoires as well as the new album, but nothing could get over the chaotic sound, and songs like "Can't Put Your Arms Around Memory" were shadows of the vinyl originals.

"Daddy Rollin' Stone", a real cracker on "So Alone", was hurried through when Thunders became pissed off at the sound and the crowd's insistent crowing for the Heartbreaker's two faves, "Born To Lose" and "Chinese Rocks".

Even Nancy Sinatra's "These Boots Are made For Walkin' ", an excellent song for a cover version, was sung with little conviction.

"Born To Lose" and "Chinese Rocks" ended the set as Thunders grudgingly gave the crowd what they came for — but he was not a happy man. He introduced the latter as "Japanese Socks", a hint at his disenchantment.

The encore of "Be-Bop-A-Lula" with Jimmy Baine (ex-Rainbow) on bass and Brian Robertson of Thin Lizzy on guitar, finally worked. But it was a disheartened, angry Thunders who wrenched out the vocal and lead lines.

It must be time for Thunders to find a good tight band so he can channel his obvious talents in a positive direction and forget his mythic past. He doesn't need to relive and wallow in what is dead and gone.

Michael J. Pritchard

The Clash

BELFAST

THE LAST time The Clash tried to play The Ulster Hall a combination of big business insurance moguls and local bureaucratic bullshit caused the gig to be cancelled at the 11th hour. And the punters' vigorous protest resulted in brutal law enforcement which left the crowd and the band sad, confused and helpless.

The bitter taste of that night was mostly eradicated by a hastily arranged Christmas gig at the city's university where despite turning in a below par performance, The Clash were the most potent rock 'n roll fireball ever to blaze across a Belfast stage.

But tonight we get a TOTAL victory. After the tired sicko-subterranean toilette punque fetishes of the admittedly well-received Outcasts, the band launch into a set that harnesses their essential roots energy — the fireball still burns — with an uplifting musical call to arms.

The full potential of "Rockers", "Control" et al is realised with a greater emphasis on melody, courtesy of Jonesy's fluid lead guitar breaks, some coolly paced drum figures from Headon, and the development of the band's corporate ability to seduce your emotional and physical core into a sensurround pot pourri.

Visually it's Jones who's the most immediately striking as the rock 'n roll outlaw in cowboy leathers and newly shorn locks that shake off the "Poodle" tag. The rest of the band come over with forceful cohesion while exuding warmth and good feeling that no other band attains.

"Tommy Gun" is the obvious choice for the new single with its sharp shooting, rifle repeating rhythms — Jones and Simonon stand astride the drum platform while Nicky batters out the military riff from the rear, and upfront Strummer rages.

As it's hard to discern the titles, the new songs (possibly "If You've Got The Fire", "Press Gang" and "On The Roof") are just sounds to these ears. But those sounds sure are hot.

Perhaps the most memorable was a sublime "I Fought The Law", with the call and response vocals of Jones and Strummer working to awesome effect.

The chestnuts from the early days have the dam busting attack of a controlled musical armageddon. You can listen to them play "Garage Land" without cringing because their performance still encompasses the brazen spirit of a "garage" band". "Capital Radio's" culminating instrumental cavalcade is matched by the blue in the face fury and disgust of the now guitarless Strummer — it's little short of amazing.

The set is jam packed with golden moments bristling with imaginative ideas, best exemplified by the superbly sly and skilful merging of "Police And Thieves" into "Blitzkreig Bop" where they merge the guitar lick and pacing of the former with the rhythm of the latter to produce some idea of where the Bowery Boys might be if they ever discovered maturity.

Further highpoints were the ineffable "White Man" a spontaneous "Complete Control" and the dynamic catapulting of "White Riot"; an encore fit to send you home reeling with the ecstatic realisation that you've just seen the best band in the world.

Gavin Martin

WHO, EXACTLY, IS GOBBING ON WHOM?

Buzzcocks
SHEFFIELD

CIRCUMSTANCES HAD always combined to prevent my seeing Buzzcocks until now, and to be quite honest, I wish the occasion had been postponed a little longer.

I like The Buzzcocks, see. I like their low key manner and laudable intentions, and I love a lot of their music. How many other bands would produce a stream of such obvious hit singles as "What Do I Get", "I Don't Mind", "Love You More" and "Ever Fallen In Love" and resist the temptation to thrust themselves into the hearts of the nation's youth by the usual whole-hog crass marketing schtick?

Their integrity, combined with what Paul Rambali neatly described as "their humility", sticks out like a fit thumb in the othewise festering fist of the rock biz.

I was, you'll realise, expecting quite a lot. Their oft-noted warmth and their avowed ability to achieve a certain intimacy in the most foreboding of gothic hangers augured well, I felt.

And what did I get at Sheffield's Top Rank?

I got the most disappointing time I've had since I heard "Street-Legal"; the kind of disappointment that comes of seeing the team you're rooting for continually put the ball in their own net.

BUZZCOCKS (from left) Shelley, Diggle, Garvey. Pic: STEVENSON.

The first sign that things weren't exactly hunky dory came after the band had run through business-like but unexceptional readings of "Real World" and "I Don't Mind", when Shelley, obviously in high dudgeon, disabused certain punters, at length, of the notion that he might like to be covered in phlegm.

Fair enough; consider your hands slapped, that boy with the heavy cold!

Unfortunately, Shelley obviously never settled down after that. Whither the warmth, the friendly repartee I'd read so much about? Pointedly absent tonight, mate. Their set degenerated into the coldest, most impersonal of performances, and although I got a transient chuckle out of hearing all those songs of love sung so dispassionately, I began to get thoroughly, *thoroughly* pissed off.

So someone spat at them. Is that fair reason to take umbrage so whole heartedly, to treat a complete audience with a coldness bordering on contempt, yes, to act like primadonnas?

The buck, remember, does *not* stop with the audience, and I for one do not like being made to feel like the wrong end of a marketing excercise.

As a musical experience it was not unlike listening to the records in uncomfortable surroundings. The fact that a large proportion of punters went ape-shit over it shows merely the extent to which the rock business promotes the idea of parrotdom as an aesthetic principal. People only want to hear, it seems, what they're already heard.

Buzzcocks played a long, sour and tedious set. That's the trouble with rock'n'roll: unlike chess, when it's stale, mate, it doesn't end forthwith.

It goes on, andonandon, andonandon. . .

Andy Gill

Dozy Beaky Mick & Tich
DINGWALLS, LONDON

HIPSTER PANTS held up with two-inch-wide white belts, op-art shirts with bloody great monstrous collars that hang down to armpit level and then button down with not-one-but-two-count 'em-two buttons, floral kipper ties on day-glo satin that hurt your eyes, floral brocade regency jackets . . . no-one epitomised 1966 Carnaby Street tack better than Dave Dee Dozy Beaky Mick & Tich.

Their music, their clothes, their image, their — ahem — public pronouncements. . . DDDBMT (as the cool guys on the streetcorner always referred to them) were so awful they were compulsive. The bass player's hair looked like he had a hedgehog sitting on his head, the drummer built an entire career out of stick-twirling and for each single they ripped off a different ethnogenre.

Anyway, Dave Dee knocked it on the head and went to work for Atlantic Records, and that left four. They disappeared into the scampi circuit never to be heard of again until one inexplicable Friday down Dingwalls when they reappeared in moth-eaten Kaftans and fluorescent capes to run through the kind of set that makes me think that Mephisto has a special corner of purgatory reserved for old rock and rollers who blow it: they face an eternity of playing "Mathew And Son", Beatles medleys and Old Hits to faceless audiences composed mainly of tourists, pissed blockheads and local strangers there by accident.

It begins in darkness and then the old ultra-violet light scam gets hauled out one more time as the front line stand there in their dumb capes against some awful mock-flamenco arpeggio-barf until the lights come up and they're revealed in all their true squalor as they bound into one of their hits.

The stage clothes appear to be left over from 1969, all velvet V-necks with floppy sleeves. They'd've done better to drag out all the old lumpenmod threads, which would've been vaguely chic and at least good for the proverbial larf, but sadly the licks were all '69 as well (bad year, gentlefolk) and the concept was pure scampi.

Dozy Beaky Mick & Tich have neither the sleazy dignity of The Troggs nor the epic grandeur of The Pirates. They exemplify the worst fate that could possibly overtake any rock and roller, and if they had the slightest smidgeon of self-respect (or even a fair working definition of what self-respect *means)* they'd either overhaul their act to make it either reasonably modern or at least good nostalgifun or else simply hang it up.

Where these guys are is the definitive end of line. They're stranded and the last bus home left years ago.

Charles Shaar Murray

Straight 8
PEGASUS, LONDON

STRAIGHT 8 play neat, fast, attractive rock. An engaging singer (Rick Cassman), a nifty guitarist (Boot Kingsman), a tight rhythm duo (Rod Johnstone on drums, Steve Cherry on bass), plus a fistful of sharp, catchy tunes . . . they're hot out of Acton, have been together five months and already have a one-off deal with Eel Pie.

The chosen single, "Modern Times", is a tough, thoughtful song but it lacks a hook and isn't their strongest number. That award, on the basis of their energetic performance at the Pegasus, I'd share between the stylish, soulful "You Mystify Me", the rocking "Heartbreaker" and a lively blues, "Down On My Luck".

They're not breaking any boundaries and a few of the faster songs are just ordinary but Straight 8 provide an evening of surprisingly consistent pleasure. They deserve the chance to develop and grow.

Graham Lock

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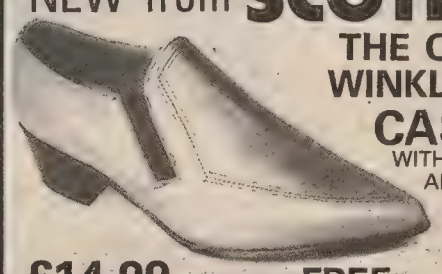

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FEELGOODS: (from left) John Mayo, Lee Brilleaux. Pic: GUS STEWART.

THE BAD . . .

Dr. Feelgood

SHEFFIELD CITY HALL

SEVERAL SAD parallels can be drawn between the J. Geils Band (or "Geils", as I believe they call themselves now) and their British analogue, the Feelgoods.

Both, remember; started out playing earthy R'n'B in a manner more revitalising than revivalist, and both produced a patchy but passable first couple of albums. Both reached their apex with a live third album, and both tried thereafter to transfer their energy to a studio setting.

There, paths diverge — the Geils Band slipping steadily into the Great FM Snooze, the Feelgoods sticking closer to roots but never producing a "Bloodshot" by way of justification.

Hamstrung by principles in the quest for the crossover, the last couple of years have seen them, if not exactly floundering, then certainly in a kind of creative limbo.

And how that limbo's worked on fans and band. At the time of "Stupidity" (part recorded here, remember), there was nary a spare seat nor dry armpit in the house. Tonight . . . well, tonight's downright *sober* by comparison.

I doubt if the place's threequarters full, and the Feelgoods definitely aren't firing on all cylinders. Even an old fave like "Back In The Night" seems lifeless and half-hearted, and the encore of "Riot In Cell Block No. 9" comes across more like a parody of their former glories. That a sizeable proportion of the punters go through the motions of going nuts suggests more, I feel, that they're accepting their status in the parody than that they reckon the band's playing well.

A parody of an audience for a parody of a performance.

That's not meant maliciously, mind; it's just that if rock concerts are a symbiotic celebration of band and fans, this one had little to celebrate — which places all action and reaction on a rather self-conscious level.

Which, as I need hardly tell you, is not what the Feelgoods are for.

Even Brilleaux's shouted introductions come across more like an agitated Tommy Cooper than authentic no-nonsense anglo-machismo.

Absurd.

There were, to be sure, some nice moments, albeit precious few: "Ninety-Nine And A Half Won't Do" fairly stormed along, and the new single, Mickey Jupp's "Down At The Doctor's", suggested that maybe the light at the end of the tunnel's getting brighter; certainly, it's proof a-plenty that Gypie Mayo's making his presence felt, without deviating overtly from the Feelgoods' R'n'B credo.

Who knows, maybe next year there'll be good cause for celebration . . .

Squeeze provided a most appropriate support set, sloppy in every respect and simply *oozing* apathy. The one bright moment came during a song about muscle-men, when the bassist attempted a somersault and lost his guitar strap in the process.

So who do they think they are, anyway — Earth Wind & Fire?

Andy Gill

THE GOOD . . .

Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders

LYCEUM, LONDON

MY FAVOURITE little band of the moment, Fischer-Z, played a lively support set despite the intermittent heckling and initially cool reception. Although not as effectively subtle as they can be they succeeded in winning some new converts.

The Senders entered to a roar of welcome and densely-packed dance floor, Wilko plugging in and getting down to it without a moment's delay. Red/black guitar, red/black shirt, black suit, white face — "he looked about as inconspicuous as a tarantula on a slice of angel food".

The band were nondescript by comparison, a term which could not, however, be applied to the playing.

First surprise was the bulldozer beat of Alan Platt who laid down a foundation as solid as The Big Figure's way back when . . . solid enough for the combined high-rise construction of Wilko's guitar and John Denton's piano anyway. And what a pianist Denton is. Hair flying, fingers stabbing he played with the fire of Jerry Lee and provided a perfect foil and respite from Wilko's stage antics.

Wilko himself was playing and singing better than I've ever seen him, although the manic footwork came a little too early to be entirely convincing. By the time he got to the stuttering riff of "Highway 61", however, he was doing it right, red lead stretched right across the stage like an umbilical cord, transfusing his guitar with a thick, muscular sound.

There were some great songs and some duffies, but the set was so well paced you hardly noticed the latter.

"Walking on the Edge", "Dr Drupee" and "Highway 61" were particular highlights, while you might as well queue for beer during "Neighbour Neighbour", "Some Other Guy" or "Burnin Down", which Wilko tried unsuccessfully to resuscitate with an overdose of hard-nosed guitar.

All this is minor nitpicking, really, as the concert was a rock steady success. There wasn't a stationary vehicle in the house by the end — everybody was moving something.

And Wilko Johnson . . . what can one say? Even when he's bad he's great, one of Britain's true rock originals.

Neil Norman

AND THE PERFUNCTORY

Potters Clay

DINGWALLS, LONDON

THE SOLID Senders' album is one of the best arguments for group democracy in a long time, with John Potter the perfect foil for the new, versatile Wilko. But, once on his own, wouldn't Potter be just another boogie pianist? 'Fraid so.

Potters Clay are a bunch of Southenders slung together before people forget the leader's name. There's a rentapunk singer for teen appeal, but JP cuts him to ribbons on the familiar territory of Jerry Lee Lewis and Senders numbers.

The band are perfunctory at best, but then the guitarist and drummer were leaving after the gig, apparently disenchanted with Potter's opportunism.

The most he can currently hope for is to be the Geraint Watkins of Southend. No slur on the Welsh wizard intended, but that's a pretty rapid contraction of horizons.

Harry George

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Gruppo Sportivo

MARQUEE, LONDON

THERE'S A 'House Full" sign outside The Marquee, with its resultant huddle of disgruntled punters. Sullenly they watch the guest-listed as they swish past all smug and with gruntles intact.

And once inside the luckier ones look on as one by one the Gruppo Sportivo team take up position. Centre forward and somewhere behind his shades stands the tall and balding, Hawaiian-shirted figure of one Hans Vanderburg: songwriter and supplier of vocals, guitar and lovely-round-cornered Dutch pronunciations.

Flanking Hans are the doo-wopping duette of Josee and Meike who smile a lot and sing as well as bounce up and down in time to the music.

There's organ and bass mid-field, for which thank Peter and Eric respectively, while further back you'll find Max Mollinger in between the sticks.

And a very slick Gruppo they are too — likeable, lively, funny and all that kind of thing — their set being based around the "10 Mistakes" elpee and interspersed with a few of the numbers from their impending follow-up.

Indeed the newer songs share all the hallmarks of their predecessors: cleverly-crafted pisstakes, daft and inconsequential ditties, affectionate pop parodies.

It's The Business, of course, with all its tricks and idiocy which provides their favourite targets. That and good old-fashioned Teen Trash, stamped "U.S. Import".

So now we have "The Pogo Never Stops" (not their only Zappa touch) as well as "I Shot My Manager" ("cos he used to keep my royalties"), the latter song being a re-hash of the old Can-blue-men-sing- the-whites

Pic: GEORGE BODNAR

Can Dutchmen pop 'n' roll?

debate.

Which begs the question, can Dutchmen rock and roll?

Gruppo Sportivo evade any such judgements by sticking to weedy rip-offs in the cause of comic effect. As musicians they're fine but unambitious. They're eminently hummable-alongable-to but rarely impressive. Somewhere between Deaf School and The Dooleys, they want to produce keen, competitive British pop at a time when the British, ironically, are looking to modern Europe for inspiration.

They're an amalgam of '60s innocence with '70s cynicism and the results are often smirking and inconclusive.

Still, a song like "Booby-Trap Boogie" shows them at their best, catchy and amusing, while "Beep Beep Love" elicits maximum response from a never less than dedicated audience. It's pleasant, if inessential, and you sense that behind those shades Hans' eyes are twinkling.

Over the contents of one new song, "Blah-blah Magazines" we need not dwell, save to note that it contains some irreverent references to our own dear *NME*. Got no respect, these people.

Paul Du Noyer

Got those Las Vegas blues . . .

B. B. King

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

IF ONLY B. B. King had let his fingers, and not his likeable but oversized ego, do the talking then I would have enjoyed his return to Britain a lot more.

Aided by an utterly automatic permanent band whose on-cue professionalism only underlined the thin line between showbiz and true spontaneity, King delivered all the expected goods without ever having to work his partnership with Lucille and the audience into an honest sweat.

The overriding impression was one of listless frustration and Las Vegas hokum for too long: a feeling increased by the Pavlovian embarrassment of the promoter M.C. fluffing his introduction and milking all the expected adulation which should arise naturally from the performance rather than the presentation (as the matter of fact King and his conductor, alto sax player Koto Walker, imagined to be the case).

Naturally, it was all accomplished with an affable slickness and expertise. The horns swung on the quality of the material, not the emotion, the rhythm section delivered the funk but bleached the blues clean away.

B.B. chose his numbers wisely, the greatest hits — "Sweet Sixteen", "Sweet Little Angel", "How Blue Can You Get" and "The Thrill Is Gone" — all gaining their response, all nestling comfortably next to the newer, jazz inflected inclusions from the "Midnight Believer" set.

Only occasionally, however, did they achieve the fresh exhilaration that should have been the norm.

But when King forgot about the raps and the convenient medleys and sat on the style which has made him famous, the atmosphere escaped a stifling tedium.

He gave a sterling work-out on "Never Make A Move Too Soon" and for once his much-vaunted pianist, bass player Joe Turner and the three-man horn section were impressive.

For the rest, everyone took their perfunctory solo like it was all in a day's work.

Guitarist Milton Hopkins played a fine back-up when the main-man was singing — eight years in B.B.'s large shadow seemed to win him a sympathy for devotion to the cause.

The few occasions when some real improvisation threatened to emerge from the predominating sweetness were curtailed by B.B.'s love affair with himself.

"Hold On (I Feel Our Love Is Changing)" was very convincing, but the finale "I Just Can't Leave Your Love Alone" became a predictable vehicle for exit — applause and house lights up.

It was kind of hard to endure the "this is where it all began" routine, the introducing-the-band set pieces, and the DJ gushing "What can you say after a show like that, let's hear it nine more times blah blah" as the audience went to collect their Albert King tickets in preparation for the next episode in the greatest bluesman on the planet stakes.

Maybe it was the lack of atmosphere, maybe B. B. King has become too much of an institution to be a surprise. The techniques and the artistry were all there but the feeling of the blues came only in patches.

Max Bell

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The Red Crayola

HOPE & ANCHOR, LONDON

AN EARLY psychedelic legend came to roost unexpectedly last weekend in the none-too-appropriate environs of the Hope and Anchor.

Most onlookers seemed present in a spirit of curiosity. Would there be oil wheels and kaftans? Would this show Tanz Der Youth where they went wrong and The Edge where they're going?

In the event, no. And neither was it much of an event, despite displaying all the obvious trappings of one — the freebie rigmarole designed to beckon your attention to the fact Radar have sigen Mayo Thompson, former leader of The Red Crayola, now touting a re-vamped Red Crayola for public scrutiny.

Mayo Thompson's travellings between the last decade and this remain a deep mystery (one longshot guess has it that he joined The Residents) as does the connection between the previous hard core psychedelic noise and the current determinedly new music.

There are now only two of them: Thompson, looking for all the world like a green belt executive, and drummer Jesse Chamberlain, looking like Carl Palmer. They play to a backdrop of camouflage netting.

The line-up, the music, the setting — all very incongruous. Lots of good shapes, but somehow shapeless.

Thompson can play a guitar that would make Winged Eel Fingerling blush. Chamberlain's no slouch either. So the problem would seem to be one of content. The inevitably primitive assault of drums and guitar manoeuvres easily across a terrain of awkward chords and tempo, but only really finds a way clear of this self-imposed obstacle course on three songs — in order of appearance: "Yik Yak", "Hurricane Fighter Plane" and "Wives In Orbit".

Significantly, many people were nodding their heads, some in appreciation, but most of them to different beats, simultaneously.

I meanwhile nodded off, wishing I'd thrown my lot in with the Gang Of Four, who proceeded to salvage my weekend the following night in no mean a manner.

It's a thoroughly unwarranted comparison, but better to get to them before this hype gets to you.

Paul Rambali

The Movies

MIDDLESEX POLYTECHNIC, LONDON

THE MERE fact that over the last two years the British music scene has conspired to make it virtually impossible for those not pioneering an easily compartmentalised "new sound" to rise above a mass of fast-changing fads, has kept The Movies very much out of the limelight.

The Press were as keen to disregard their work with Joan Armatrading as they were content to just single out specific comparisons with a seemingly endless list of big name American bands, the most common of which, and the one, incidentally, that they least resemble musically, being one that doesn't even exist outside the studio — Steely Dan.

What has been largely ignored is that The Movies not only *do* exist as a live band but also produce excellent albums and have fused a number of these supposed influences into a clearly definable style of their own.

Perhaps if they'd had that added mystique of actually being an American band, occasionally bombshelling The UK with a few press-fired and prestigious gigs, our then-reassured public might have welcomed them with open arms.

What they've gained from their lengthy slog around the country's lesser-known venues is the development of a totally engaging stage presence around some very complex music.

With a six-piece line-up that's large enough to reproduce their studio sound, they don't need more than their frontman Jon Cole as a means of getting across to an audience. His anguished vocal style, and tense theatrical movements, carry every number through its changing moods with complete control.

He's also capable of some unusually striking lyrics, which are most memorable — especially in "Merci And Bye Bye" and "The Last Train" — when tied in with clear-cut riffs and strong chorus lines.

The band are all more than competent musicians, working keyboards, slide and lead guitar up into frenzied instrumentals, and can hardly put a foot wrong with a rhythm section as versatile as Jamie Lane and Julian Diggle on drums and percussion.

Although much of the set is hard-driving rock and funk, they step back into the slower film backing-track sound of "Berlin", and the smooth Latin swing number "Yo-Yo", without losing a fraction of their energy or their grip on the audience.

My only reservation is that you can't count some of their ideas as being brand new, especially the lyrics of "Rock With Your Radio". But even when they aren't original, they're sure as hell good and they deserve to make it big. I only hope they do.

Mark Ellen

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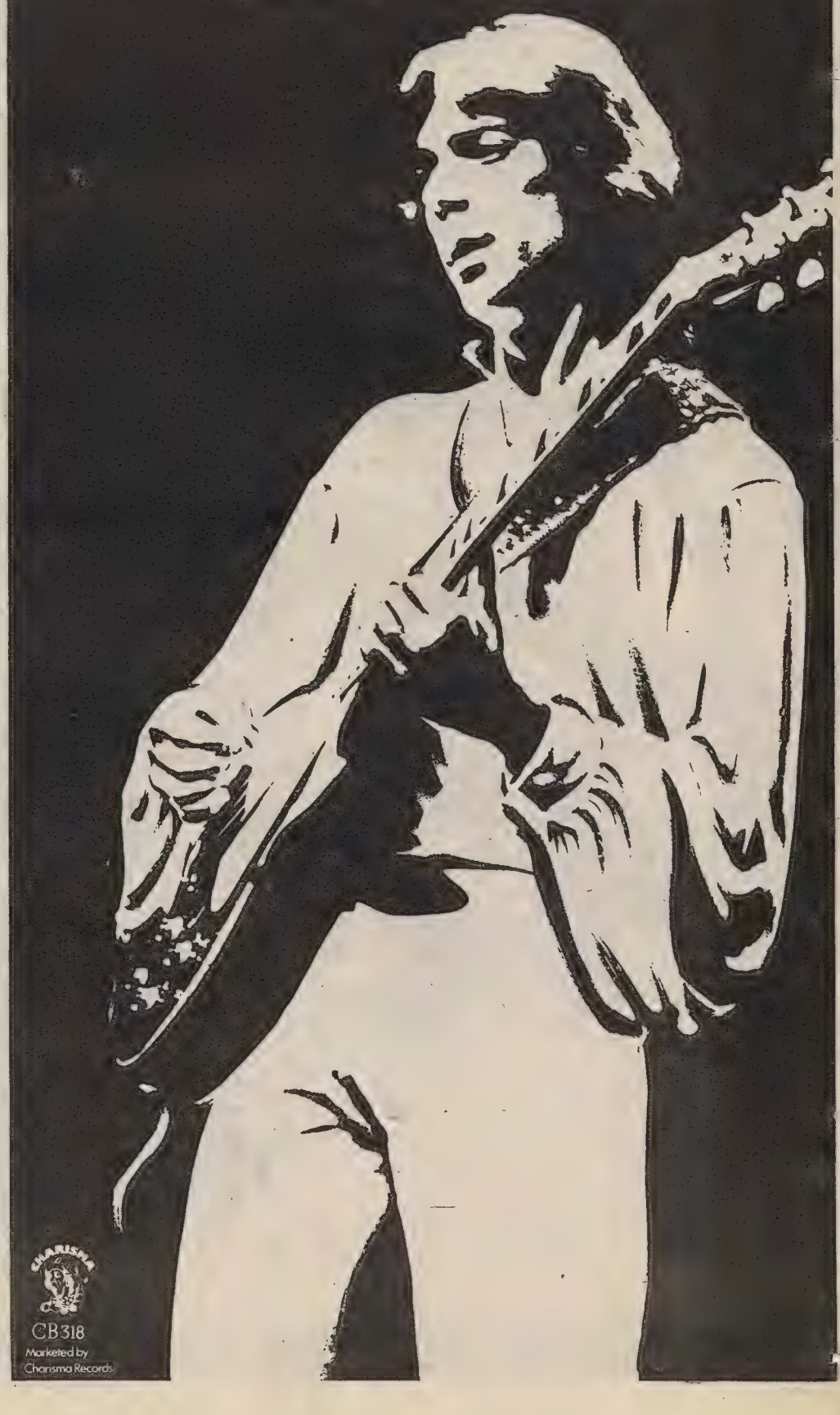

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Four moddy Scotsmen in a jam

The Jolt

HOPE AND ANCHOR, LONDON

A CHILLY autumn night and the Hope And Anchor is resembling an Upper Street morgue as The Jolt endeavour to jerk a few grams of Glasweigian adrenalin rush into a sombre crowd of languid boozers.

Holy two-tone mohairs!!! I thought these club gigs were supposed to be uninhibited communal rock 'n' roll celebrations.

Well, Boy Wonder, there's something missing at this one.

The Jolt recorded their Polydor debut album as a three-piece, a line-up that has been agreeably bolstered since by the addition of a second guitarist. And the four moddy Scots who now make up the band certainly play with plenty of the traditional blood, fire and spunk.

But the sparks of caustic rock 'n' roll that flew on the stage visibly failed to excite or ignite the dismal basement punters.

And I'd venture that the failure can be traced back largely to the band's own, sometimes pretty obvious, shortcomings.

With the new guitarist — whose role seems to be that of a second rhythm player — the band are snappier and tighter than the last time I saw them. But the proficiency they do possess is no substitute for what they lack — genuine flair, originality and above all character.

All icing and no cake, they still have a long way to go.

Superficially, they've invited comparisons with those other moddy rockers, their labelmates The Jam. I just can't see that. And unless singer Robbert Collins starts writing songs with the depth and maturity of R. Weller's most vivid moments, consider the old Jolt-Jam analogy redundant.

And, again unlike The Jam, The Jolt have yet to learn the art of pacing their set: a repertoire of speedy, but lyrically feeble-minded rockers do not a great band make. Just a good dance band.

At the moment they sadly lack the material to lift themselves above clubland status — something they have in common with a good many of the bands currently North of the border (The Skids, Zones and Valves to name but three).

Cowardly encoring with two non-originals, "Route 66" (groan) and an impish "Whatcha Gonna Do About It" only rubbed it in.

Adrian Thrills

JAZZ DIARY

THIS YEAR'S Camden Jazz Week will be held at The Round House in Chalk Farm, and runs from 30th October to 4th November. Opening night has the Humphrey Lyttelton Band, Wild Bill Davison and the London Jazz Big Band led by Stan Greig.

On 31st there's the Mike Gibbs Orchestra, followed on 1st November by the National Youth Jazz Orchestra and a celebration of Bill Le Sage's 30 years in jazz by the BeBop Preservation Society. The 2nd November sees Art Ensemble trumpeter Lester Bowie in a duo setting with an unknown partner, hopefully Phillip Wilson, and the Howard Riley Trio.

The Joe Henderson Quartet weighs in on 3rd with Joanne Brackeen on piano, and sharing the bill is Johnny Dyani's Witchdoctor's Son which includes Butch Morris and Khan Jamal. Ian Carr's Nucleus, Barbara Thompson's Jubiaba and Jeff Clyne's Turning Point are featured on the closing night.

Ogun Records are presenting a special concert at 100 Club on 20th October, with Louis Moholo's Spirits Rejoice! and ED1, the Elton Dean Quartet. On the same night John Stevens is playing solo percussion, and Nigel Coombes and Steve Beresford are playing a duet at the London Musicians Collective. On 27th October at the LMC Dave Stephens will be giving a monologue.

The Pizza Express has the Eddie Thompson Quartet on 21st, the Robin Jones Quartet on 24th, the Neville Dickie Trio on 25th and the Brian Leake Quintet on 26th October.

An odd release from Polydor features Bert Kaempfert and his Orchestra playing a programme of jazz classics with the altoist Herb Geller on the strength. Pablo De Luxe have issued "Sunshine Rock" by Louie Bellson & The Explosion Orchestra.

Keep the mince pies rolling for a recently deleted album by Teddy Edwards, "Feelin's" on Muse, with Conte Candoli sharing the front line, Dolo Coker on piano, and the great Frank Butler on drums.

Brian Case

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Folk Festival

CITY OF LONDON UNIVERSITY

AN ABUNDANCE of good things were on hand at London University on Saturday. As a benefit for the Jean Oglesby Agency, the cream of the contemporary folk scene donated their considerable talents and played real good for free.

If nothing else the one day event demonstrated that folk is by no means dying, it's not even resting, but flourishing with an energy and vitality which should transcend the vagaries of rock'n'roll.

Of the many highlights during the 10-hour session, the extraordinary **Three Men In A Boat** deserve a mention (partly because there's only two of 'em!) with their deadpan renditions of such emotive old chestnuts as "A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square" and "Buddy Can You Spare A Dime".

In the past I've found **Martin Carthy** too stylised for comfort, but on Saturday he was in stunning form, the complete professional, drawing on his encyclopedic knowledge of folk song and dazzling with his guitar.

The eclectic **Martin Simpson** drew on Hank Williams' songs and a pleasantly introverted guitar style which drew much applause for its admirable restraint.

Trenchant **Dick Gaughan** — in his first gig since he split from Five Hand Reel and since his daughter's unfortunate accident — proved what an individual talent he is. He's the possessor of a strong voice and is a distinctive guitarist.

Pat Kilbride and the enigmatic **Jagger** (no relation) entertained and enchanted with a series of Irish jigs and reels. The rumbustuous **Flowers And Frolics** were on good form, particularly with their version of Tom Robinson's "Martin", and **Shirley and Dolly Collins** were a sheer delight, choosing with care from their extensive repertoire.

Among other acts appearing were the inimitable **Bill Caddick,** the versatile **Robin and Barry Dransfield** and the infectious **John Kirkpatrick** and **Sue Harris.**

It was a credit to the artists involved that they overcame the antiseptic atmosphere of the university's hall and refectory and managed to create an intimate ambience throughout the whole day.

The night belonged to **Vin Garbutt,** irrepressible as ever, rounding up the festival as only he can, even if seeing him did mean missing **The Watersons.** (One disadvantage throughout the proceedings was that a number of fine acts clashed with each other, inevitable I suppose with such a full line-up, but unfortunate).

Vin's latest album, "Tossin' A Wobbler" — bound to be some obscure or obscene Northern custom — is a good introduction to the man's work, but fails to capture his unique stage act. With his whistles, songs and shaggy dog stories, he was the ideal act to finish, particularly with "They Don't Write 'Em Like That Anymore" which sent everyone home happy.

As Bob Dylan (who wasn't there) said in 1966, "There's nobody that's going to kill traditional music. All those songs about roses growing out of people's brains and lovers who are really geese and swans that turn into angels — they're not going to die!"

And he's right. Folk, in all its facets, has been around for hundreds of years, and judging by the form displayed on Saturday all the signs are that it's going to be with us for just as long, expanding and integrating.

Saturday's festival was an impressive showcase of the folk world's luminaries, punctually run and entertaining, even worth missing *Dr Who* for!

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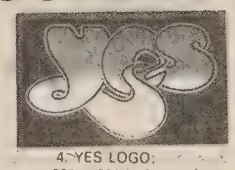
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6 "PILL": 24 · 28 70p

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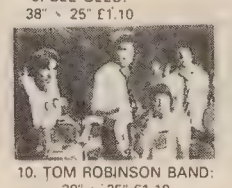
10. TOM ROBINSON BAND: 38" × 25" £1.10

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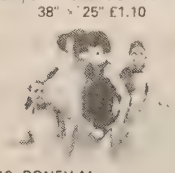
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26. THE STRANGLERS
27. GENESIS
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32. DONNA SUMMER
33. QUEEN
34. ANDY GIBB
35. BOWIE
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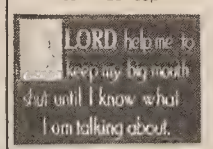
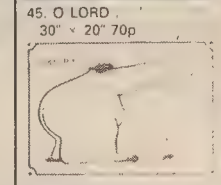
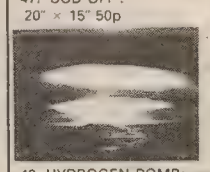
40. SHOWADDYWADDY
41. THE WHO
42. BLONDE ON BLONDE

43. FLYING DUTCHMAN 33" · 23" 85p



45. O LORD 30" × 20" 70p

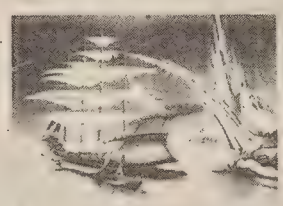

47. 'SOD OFF': 20" × 15" 50p


48. HYDROGEN BOMB: 38" × 26" £1.65

44. BARDOT: 20" × 30" 80p

46. 'TOO MUCH SEX' 18" · 24" 45p

49. USCHI: 29" × 39" 95p


50. THE ICE SCHOONER (by Rodney Matthews): 40" × 27" £1.50

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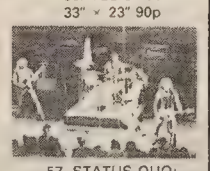
57. STATUS QUO: 33" × 23" 90p

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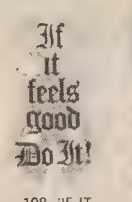
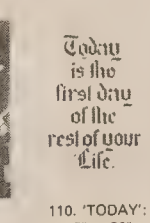


108. 'IF IT FEELS GOOD' 15" × 20" 50p

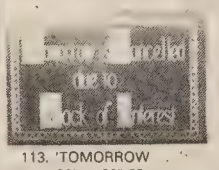
109. LED ZEPPELIN: 20" × 30" 70p

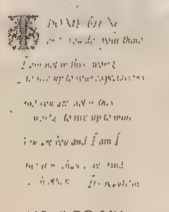


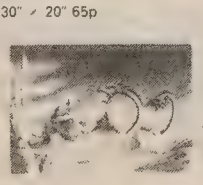
110. 'TODAY': 15" × 20" 50p

112. OPTIC: 23" × 33" 85p

111. IN SEARCH OF FOREVER (by R. Matthews): 40" × 20" £1.50


113. 'TOMORROW 30" × 20" 65p


115. 'I DO MY THING': 15" × 20" 55p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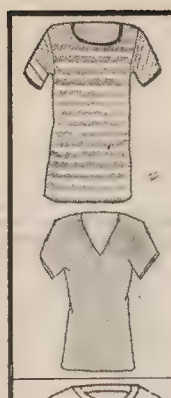

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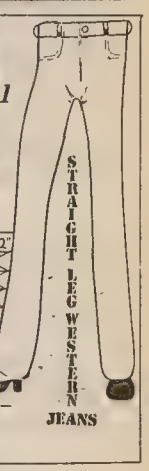

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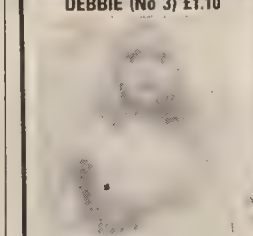
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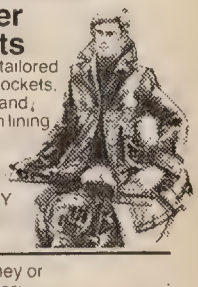

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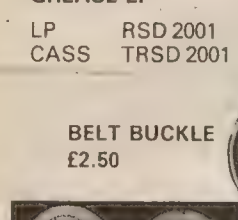

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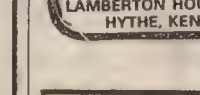

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REST OF THE NEWS

Parker, Alex Harvey and Rundgren: London stints

GRAHAM PARKER, the new Alex Harvey Band and Todd Rundgren's Utopia are all set for appearances at London's latest music centre, The Venue in Victoria — situated opposite the main-line station and formerly the Metropole Cinema.

Parker & The Rumour are the opening attraction on November 1, 2 and 3 (two performances nightly at 8.30 pm and 12.30 am), and Alex Harvey appears with his new and as-yet un-named line-up for three nights from November 6 (also twice nightly).

Subsequent bookings include Dean Friedman (November 9), Marshall Hain (12), Wire (16), The Albion Band (19), Magazine (23 and 24), Fairport Convention (December 7), John Otway Band (9) and Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders (10). All are twice-nightly except Friedman, Marshall Hain and Wilko. Other acts being negotiated include Maddy Prior and The Rubinoos.

Todd Rundgren's Utopia appear for a seven-day season from December 15 to 21 inclusive, also giving two shows each night.

Tickets are available from the box-office and from Virgin's four main London stores. For Parker and Harvey they go on sale next Monday (23), priced £3.50.

● Further new dates for Wilko Johnson's band are at Southampton University (October 25), Uxbridge Brunel University (27), Northampton County Ground (28), Guildford Civic Hall (29), Manchester Mayflower Club (November 3), Glasgow Strathclyde University (4), Aberdeen Fusion (5), Fife St. Andrew's University (6), Jordanstown Polytechnic (21), Coleraine Ulster University (22) and Belfast Queen's University (23). More dates are still to be added, and a full U.K. tour is being set up for December.

TODD RUNGREN

Ronnie Hawkins coming

RONNIE HAWKINS, the near legendary rock pioneer, returns to Britain for the first time in more than ten years to headline an all-day rock'n'roll festival at London's Roxy Theatre in Harlesden on Saturday, November 11. Together with his six-piece backing band The Hawks, he tops a bill which includes Crazy Cavan 'n' The Rhythm Rockers, Gina & The Rockin' Rebels, The Flying Saucers, Freddie "Fingers" Lee, The Riot Rockers and Wee Willie Harris. The show runs from noon until 11pm, and there are plans for Hawkins' act to be recorded for release as a live album. His visit is strictly on a one-off basis, and he won't be playing any other dates here.

Smokey in tour mystery

THERE WAS some confusion at press-time about a proposed visit by Motown stalwart Smokey Robinson. It's understood there were plans for him to tour here from this weekend until November 10, and the London Palladium has already put tickets on sale (£5, £4.50, £3.50 and £2.50) for two concerts by him on Monday and Tuesday, November 6 and 7. But on Monday, a Motown spokesman told NME: "Smokey's visit is in the melting-pot, though he may now be coming in just to play four or five concerts, including the Palladium — but nothing is confirmed at the moment". However, at the Palladium they were still insisting that — as far as they were concerned — the Robinson shows were definitely on.

AND THIS WEEK'S ROUND-UP ...

THE RICH KIDS are playing another string of dates during the remainder of this month, visiting London Camden Music Machine (tonight, Thursday), Newcastle University (Friday), Northampton County Ground (Saturday), Swansea Circles Club (October 23), Newport Stowaway (24), Birmingham Polytechnic (25), Leeds Polytechnic (26), Liverpool Polytechnic (27) and Manchester UMIST (28). Another one or two may be added.

WHITE HORSES are a new band featuring Jimmy Bain and Brian Robertson, late of Thin Lizzy — plus Dixie Lee (drums) and Neil Carter (second lead guitar). A major record deal is being negotiated for them, but meanwhile they have debut gigs at Colchester Woods Centre (November 9), Lincoln Technical College (10), Batley Crumpets (11), Leeds Fforde Green (12), Birkenhead Hamilton Club (13), Swansea Nutz (16), Salford University (17), Farnborough Technical College (18), Hertford Castle Hall (20), Scunthorpe Tiffany's (21), Aberdeen University (24), Glasgow Strathclyde University (25), Newcastle Polytechnic (29), Sheffield Limit (30), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (December 1), Nottingham Boat Club (2) and Manchester Mayflower (3).

BLAST FURNACE AND ... (that's their current billing) have been joined by ex-Stukas drummer John Mackie, who replaces Tim Pani. Another ex-Stuka, bassist Kevin Allan, is already in the five-piece line-up. The band have their new single "South Of The River" scheduled for release by Nighthawk next month, when they'll also be playing a string of dates as support to The Pirates. Dates in their own right include London Camden Dingwalls (this Sunday), London University (October 28) and Dudley J.B.'s (November 10).

BARBARA DICKSON has added another three dates to her current tour — at Derry Rialto Cinema (November 11), Carlisle Assembly Hall (14) and Southport New Theatre (16). As already reported, the tour climaxes at London Rainbow on November 18, and this is now going to be a special benefit concert in aid of the "Save The Whale" Fund. Her new album "Sweet Oasis" is being issued by CBS early next month.

MISTY are taking part in two special events this week. Tonight (Thursday) they're supported by The Ruts and Debbie Bishop & Rough Edge at London Deptford St. Mark's Centre, in a benefit for the Albany Empire Fire Fund. And this Saturday, they play in a big Anit-Apartheid rally that's being staged in London's Hyde Park — they are due to be performing soon after 1 pm.

EDGAR BROUGHTON BAND play two nights at London Barnet College Hall this Friday and Saturday (20-21). Broughton is now fronting a new six-piece outfit, including the original members of his band, who are playing together for the first time in two years.

PETER TOSH has cancelled plans for a seven-concert British tour next month. As already reported, he suffered extensive injuries while detained in police custody in Jamaica, allegedly for smoking pot — and it now transpires that he was hurt more seriously than orignally believed. It's now hoped to re-arrange his visit for early in the New Year.

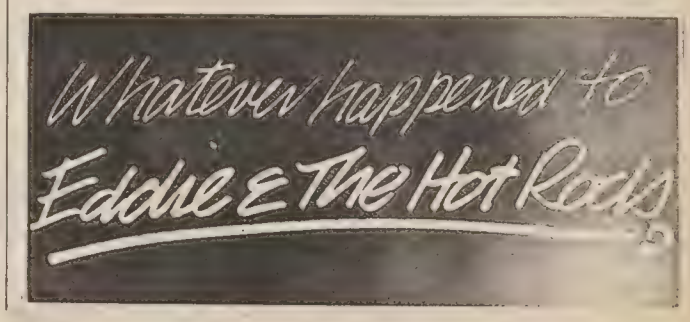
NICK LOWE flew to America at the weekend with Dave Edmunds' Rockpile, who are supporting Van Morrison in an eight-week U.S. tour. Before leaving, Lowe finished producing and mixing the new Elvis Costello album, produced Chrissie Hynd's first single for Real Records, and completed work on his own solo album "Bullcable" — it's the follow-up to "Jesus Of Cool" and is due out before Christmas.

IAN MATTHEWS and his band will be headlining a British tour in December, and dates are currently being finalised for announcement shortly. Currently gigging in the States with Al Stewart, Pablo Cruise and Kenny Loggins, they begin a European tour in Belgium on November 18 — then play dates in Germany, Holland and France before starting their U.K. schedule.

JOHN OTWAY BAND have added a couple of dates to their current tour itinerary — at Oxford College of Further Education (October 29) and Hull College (November 3). And there's a switch of venue on October 31, when they now visit Hanley Caulton College instead of Cambridge University.

Dolly out front!

DOLLY PARTON, due in Britain next month for a short tour, was last week named Entertainer Of The Year at the 12th annual Country Music Association Awards in Nashville. Other winners were Don Williams (Male Singer), Crystal Gayle (Female Singer), Oak Ridge Boys (Vocal Group), Oak Ridge Boys Band (Top Band) and Roy Clark (Instrumentalist).



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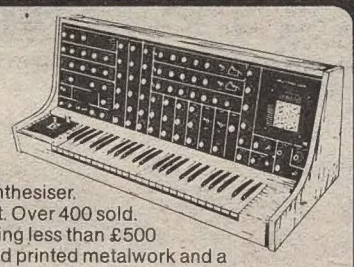

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XTC

● *From page 37*

Exiting from the club, two revellers recognise Andrews and take time out to give their candid opinion of tonight's show. They weren't impressed.

"Andy's voice needs a rest," protests Barry.

"Arrest the vocalist, more like," one of the revellers guffaws, and with that they're off. "That's just the kind of criticism you need," says Barry drily.

Inside, the rest of XTC prepare to leave their sordid dressing room. Despite a chant of "We're Gonna Have A Riot" (they didn't) from a boisterous few in the front row, the band didn't even think it was worth playing an encore tonight. At Cork they'd at least played an encore . . .

Soundwise, the gig had the edge on last night's effort, but the overall effect was still of a group yet to find their form.

Only one girl bothers to come backstage to say hello.

Terry Chambers' solution to the second less-than-satisfactory gig in two nights is to resort to letting out a succession of expletives, Reg Presley style, between gulps of whatever beer the management has laid on.

Ruined vocals and all, though, Andy's still up. Nothing appears to get him down. He and Barry finally adjourn to the Edwardian splendour of the Sherbourne Hotel, where the press corps is put up for the night.

Johnny Rotten's name comes up in the conversation. No, they're not very impressed with Rotten, not least because he and the rest of the Public Image have been giving XTC's producer John Leckie a hard time. Virgin had paired Leckie and Rotten's mob for a trial session in the studio, but Leckie, a gentle soul, refused to work with Public Image after just one day.

"They were gobbing at him and messing about with the controls. What's all that about? They just bullied him 'cause they knew they could. They walked all over him because he's so nice. He'd spend three hours getting a drum sound and then they'd fuck it up. They'd nick his bank card and they'd nick reels of master tapes. They'd leave instruments feeding back so it would be impossible for him to work."

AS WE talk, it becomes increasingly obvious that Barry for one isn't over-enamoured with the lifestyle and status of a rock musician.

There are already murmurs that XTC will be splitting up soon. One of the problems is that old faithful, 'ego clashes'. There's too much material around to keep everybody satisfied; "Go 2" was originally going to be a double album, but the idea was scotched because of financial considerations.

But the other reasons for the dissatisfaction in the ranks stems from the group's attitudes towards XTC.

"I don't see it lasting a hell of a lot longer," says Barry. "I think it'll explode pretty soon. Maybe one more album. I think we're soon going to exhaust the rock band format."

With the emergence of Barry as a songwriter on "Go 2" (he contributed two songs), one possible outcome of any XTC break-up is, as Andy suggests, three solo albums a year, each one featuring Terry on drums.

But if Barry acts upon his feelings, there might be only two solo albums a year. He seems pretty disillusioned by the whole idea of being a musician, and insists it isn't anything to do with tonight's gig. I hope he's not going to be this year's Peter Green . . .

"At the moment I feel that there are a lot of things that are wrong, and that maybe getting up onstage and poking a few keyboards and bellowing a few words is a bit irresponsible.

"Maybe it's wrong to think about things and have opinions about things and not be doing anything about them. On the other hand, there are not many things that I *could* do. Sometimes I feel indulgent . . .

"I'm just some wanker who gets onstage and ponces about, and goes to record company ligs and gets out of it in Al Clark's office. The lifestyle is great fun, but it's not leading to anything.

"It's not a bad job, but there's no dignity to what I do. I don't feel any pride in what I do. I think what I do is entirely ego-motivated.

"And I think that's true of almost everybody in groups, unless they happen to be some kind of religious character who's really got it sorted out and has some kind of message to put across.

"I think we should be at the bottom of the list in any set of priorities. I'm sure I could do something which had more value."

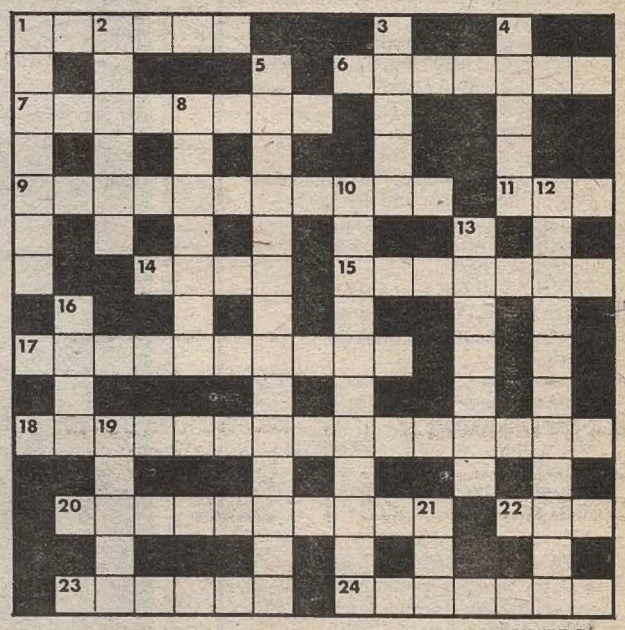
He turns to Partridge for support.

"Really Andy, do you see anything in what we do beyond ego-wanking?"

Partridge doesn't hesitate.

"No," he replies.

X IS THE WORD



ACROSS

1 Authorisation to ride in Beatles opus, without which the railway fuzz will be feeling your collar!
6 & 23 Then spit sells (anag. 7,6)
7 Dave Edmunds, Nick Lowe & Co.
9 The answer is we are Devo ... what's the question? (3,2,3,3)
11 Short instrument!
14 Recently a hit for Jackson Browne
15 Recently a hit for Thin Lizzy
17 A '60 rock'n'roll casualty — the coroner's verdict was misadventure (5,5)
18 Band leader — no, *not* Joe Loss, try again ... (6,9)
20 Chiswick powerpunkpop combo led by Andy Ellison (5,5)
22 Vinyl speed regulator! (1,1,1)
23 See 6
24 Sid borrowed his "My Way" and tuxedo (but passed on the toupee)

DOWN

1 Anderson, Squire & Co.'s current brown rice winner!
2 Joltin' Joe the Sheffield gasman
3 & 13 Recently hung up his guitar and departed the ranks of Genesis — must be due to turn into a pillar of salt any day now ...
4 Famous R&B and blues label founded in Chicago by two brothers
5 Oath frequently heard in vicinity of Oxford Street is music to the ears of Eric Stewart and Graham Gouldman! (6,8)
8 Lancashire town whose team have made poor start in Div II this season, and absolutely bloody nothing at all to do with a soul organist who sometimes accompanies Rolling Stones!
10 Obviously a Liverpool pop combo — the names's a giveaway — their '60s hits ended with "Wishin' And Hopin' "
12 i.e. clear Co-op (anag. 5,6)
13 See 3
16 Woody's kid
19 *Shit, damn! Who let CSM in here?!*
21 Legendary Memphis rock label for which Elvis Presley cut his first records

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: "Ticket (To Ride)"; 6 Stephen (Stills); 7 Rockpile; 9 "Are We Not Men"; 11 Sax; 14 "Stay"; 15 "Rosalie"; 17 Brian Jones; 18 Robbie Robertson; 20 Radio Stars; 22 RPM; 23 Stills; 24 (Frank) Sinatra.
DOWN: "Tormato"; 2 (Joe) Cocker; 3 Steve (Hackett); 4 Chess; 5 "Bloody Tourists"; 8 Preston; 10 Merseybeats; 12 Alice Cooper; 13 (Steve) Hackett; 16 Arlo (Guthrie); 19 Blast (Furnace); 21 Sun.

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DEAR MIDDLE CLASS politicos: with reference to your *Book Of Rock*, do you actually believe readers are going to collect every instalment, tear and fold, and keep for posterity? You stupid snotty-nosed puffs. Music is for pleasure and that alone, not political dogma. I believe your influence is vast (unfortunately) especially in the '70s, therefore you have a great responsibility, since you have used every cheap sales gimmick in the book to increase your readership (and profits) you have isolated the British music industry, which was once the most creative music scene in the world, is now an introspective and negative mess.

These days the young (musicians?) sing about picking their noses and the day they found a fiver (Jesus Christ!). The '60s were far more productive and exploratory. Probably the most active and creative period in the history of music, leaving for the '70s (and beyond no doubt) a frame of reference that no oncoming generation could hope to fill, let alone expand any further. "Punk" was created in the '60s by boring old farts, it was just one small diversion among many. It is my contention that you are concerned with only fashion and not music at all. None of your staff seem to really know anything about music. Nowhere else in the world (except here) could you pick up a musical journal and read that the music of Chick Corea is worthless. Music is not political, it has no class and no labels, it's been around since the beginning of time. Music is a language, but I don't see this generation producing any William Shakespeares, do you? No! This is the muck cart after the Lord Mayor's show and I can't believe you are really dumb enough to think otherwise. Still you have found a winning combination in pushing your rag — muckraking, sensationalism, cheap humour, and disposable fashion, and while I'm about it, I'm fed up with reading about Julie Burchill's sex problems (every time she writes an article) and the standard of journalism Tony Parsons turns in would not, I assure you, get into our school magazine. He turns out to be the little hero of everything he writes mostly about himself in that definitive style of his. Mind you the guy you sent to Egypt to cover the Dead a few weeks ago, now he can write.

I still keep buying *NME* every week, mainly because I'm human and I enjoy the humour and the muck raking. Just leave out the music. Best just stick to what you know and understand best.

TERRY SMITH, London N7

Chick Corea? Who?? Are you a Scientologist or something??? — A. Mack

No, but I am — JOHN TRAVOLTA

I'm Australian — OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN

That's funny, so am I — ROBERT STIGWOOD

Conspiracy theories, anyone?— PHILIP AGEE

I HAVE been having an argument with my younger (punk) brother for a while now, and I wondered if you could sort things out.

If there's one thing I can't stand that is people taking the piss out of good rock music eg: Sabbath, Tull, Floyd, Led Zep. My brother, Paul Punk, as he calls himself, insists that Punk, that music by feeble minded layabouts, is in the category of such great bands. How can they be? They only started out a few years ago. Take the Sabs (ten years) or Quo (nearly twenty years). Please tell our kid that his notion is all wrong. Paul Punk's latest thing is that The Stranglers are progressive. Punk is 'young' and bloody awful, it will never be progressive, they try and make it like heavy stuff but the riffs fall apart. So tell them, please, that Heavy metal rules over punk and please don't say something like it's a matter of opinion because in this case it's not. Anybody who knows music should know that Punk is not superior to Heavy Metal.

IRON MAN OF OLD TRAFFORD, Manchester.

Max Bygraves has been going longer than Quo and the Sabs put together, so . . . listen, why're you wasting the Bag's time when you could be entering the Albertos' competition? Solution: you must *be* an Alberto. The only other possibility is that you've banged your head one time too many — CSM

I WANT to tell the world that 55% of your journal, dated 14th inst., was devoted to advertising poxy records and other humbug. Do something about it. Raise the price and cut these adverts down in favour of your witty, invigorating, and informative news, views and reviews. Or else Brian B and his cohorts will be on the editorial and you will be calling yourselves the *New Musical Exchange and Mart*. Get on the ball.

ANDY, Deepest Hampshire.

Here's the bad news . . . the price goes up next week. Here's the good news . . . there ain't any. If it's any consolation, Andy, we're just as pissed off about the advertising/editorial ratio as you are. — CSM

COULD YOU please tell me if there is a "Rock Against Pixies" headquarters in Edmonton? Me and my mate Dave would like to join.

GARY THOMPSON, Gasworks, Edmonton.

We'll form a Rock Against Smart Ass One Liners if you don't watch out — CSM

VEE MAY have lost zee war, but vee vere zee best dressed!

A. NAZI, Benfleet, Essex.

No, you weren't. Been to any Adam and the Ants gigs lately? — CSM

I HAVE an unusual problem, I am in love with an older woman, Rachel Sweet by name. I'm only fifteen. Do you think you could give her my address?

NICK "TEENAGE CRUSH", London W8.

The tragic thing is, Nick, that you will always be a year younger than Rachel Sweet — CSM

I DIDN'T get where I am today by writing silly letters to *NME*.

C.J.

And I didn't get where *I* am today by reading them — CSM

I AM sitting here or thereabouts wondering if I am going to smack an excrement pie in Penny Reel's pseudo face.

DAMON RUNYON.

Me and Harry The Horse figure that a guy as very dead as you are has no business making threats against such citizens as are turning an honest buck — CSM

TONY PARSONS' article on Bruce is the best one I've read since CSM's very personal one on Jimi Hendrix. I could have almost been at that concert, touched that atmosphere, I know what he means about Bruce and his music, it's got that indefinable *depth* that so few artists have ever reached. Except people like Jimi Hendrix. Keep flying the flag, Tony.

B. HALLIGAN, Barnsley, Yorks.

Yay! So you can please some of the people some of the time! — CSM

WE WISH to protest about the fact that your magazine has seen fit to devote a vast amount of its valuable space to Bruce Springsteen, an entertainer in the unique position of being both a has-been and a nobody. It now seems that the only people taken in by the vast CBS hype of about a decade ago were the Parchill twins. Springsteen is about as talented as Travolta — only J.T.'s hype seems to have worked (the only discernable difference).

You even had the effrontery to print the big hype's visage in such a position that, when closing the magazine, the New Jersey Turd hype's photographic image actually touched that of Captain Beefheart. We, the trouties, protest about this. Unless you print an apology to the Captain — complete with a front page ad stating "Free Bat Chain Puller" in enormous dayglo print — we shall come and break all the window panes with our rubber fish heads — rubber eyes erect and precisely detailed.

THE TROUTIES, (a new youth culture — dedicated to the adoration of Captain Beefheart 'n' the extinction of hype, nursery rhyme street poems, and ESPECIALLY the Di Martino brothers).

. . . but not all of them all the time. — CSM

These guys are *people*? — T.P.

Naw . . . hamburgers. — DON VAN VLIET

CONGRATULATIONS, JULIE Burchill. Her description of the Sham single was all too accurate and her only fault was that she was *too* kind to it. Yet it's such a sham(e) that a group capable of such a masterpiece as "Angels With Dirty Faces" should be reduced to such garbage.

Congratulations must also go to her better half who completed his American Trilogy with a rather brilliant Springsteen piece. A trifle deaf Tone — yeh, it shows. Only a joke — honest. No don't hi.....

MORRISON J, ALISTAIR, Edinburgh.

Crom! The two who strike as one! — A PASSING BARBARIAN

WHY ARE you ignoring the renaissance that Petula Clark is currently enjoying? I didn't get where I am today by ignoring the renaissance that Petula Clark is currently enjoying. Maybe you haven't been watching the Chrysler ads, eh? There's too much of this Punk business in your mag nowadays. Why, I doubt if Petula's had a good review since the days of "Downtown". It's criminal how an artist that recorded worldwide hits like "Sailor", the aforementioned "Downtown", or "The Other Man's Grass Is Always Greener" can be totally ignored by the music press. It's not so long since she released a version of "I'm Not In Love" that made Eric Stewart's vocal on the original sound as if it was recorded up Ringo's left nostril.

And there's the new single "Put A Little Sunshine In Your Smile" and the superb Chrysler ads, showing that she's right back on top where she belongs, so how about a little less Sandie Shaw and a little more Petula?

PETULA CLARK FANS With Beards and duffel coats who drive green Sunbeams against the Nazis (incorporating N.R. Stoate against Racism).

Always preferred Anne Shelton's version of "Sailor" meself — HUMOURLESS BAG EDITORS AGAINST RACISM

IF ONE of the reasons I like The Rezillos is because I'd like to make passionate love to Faye Fife, whose blood-pumping mind-bending voice sends a certain area of my body crazy, not to mention her thick and provocative woolly-light covered thighs and her cute face and her good sculptures — does this make me a sexist? Or just in need of a cold shower?

JIM (Fayzy about her) BROOKS, Dagenham, Essex.

Dunno, Jim, but judging by your calligraphy you wrote your letter left-handed. — CSM

COULD I be the first to wish the Bag and all its staff a very merry Christmas?

ANDY KENT, Bracknell, Berks.

Why not? — CSM

YOU DON'T think Malcolm McLaren has just got a new idea for a musical, do you?

ANDY REALISM, East Acton, London.

No way . . . mind you, the Kiss comix have sold pretty well — STAN LEE

ME'N THE boys were thinkin' about coming across to check out if you've gotten religious or something. Well, how else can you explain the Springsteen piece? We can't. We always thought journalists had to follow the style of the day — you know — intolerance, boorishness and good, old fashioned bullshit. It just wasn't like you, Tony, you've got us worried. . . .

IAN DICKSON, Swiss Cottage, NW6.

You deserve to be — CSM

TUNE YOUR BIROS TO "E" FOR A

HEADS DOWN NO NONSENSE MINDLESS BAGGING

Pic: PENNIE SMITH. Model: Some poor muso who probably isn't really mindless at all.

Bang your pang to GASBAG, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St., London W.1. We read as many as we can stand before they start to feed back. This week's roadie:

CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

Mick Jones, freshly shorn and uncorrupted by the insidious nastiness of the USA, signs autographs outside the Roxy Theatre in Harlesden for the benefit of the kids who weren't able to see the band play 'coz they didn't get to play. The whole sorry mess is explained in **Thrills.** *In the meantime, feast the peepers on this exquisite* **PENNIE SMITH** *picture.*

T-ZERS MEETS THE PEOPLE

"GOD SAVE Sid Vicious", proclaims the graffitti on Wardour Street as the now bailed-out Sidney fights to prove his innocence, aided no doubt by **Malcolm McLaren's** reawakened interest in his former protege. Just the other week, you may recall, poor ol' Sid was virtually thrown out of Warner Brothers' New York office when he went in to attempt to negotiate a record deal for himself. This week, when Malcolm took time off from his championing of Sid to attend *Punk* magazine's annula awards ceremony (held, no doubt, in some Bowery sleaze-pit) and collect his "Con Man Of The Year" trophy, the assembled multitudes took less than no time to raise a chant of "Free Sid!" . . .

In this week's *Thrills*, you'll find all the scam that dedicated teams of researchers in both London and New York have managed to unearth — don't thank us, just read it — and while we wait for **Bob Dylan** to weigh in with a campaign song, ponder the possibility that now that Sid's been accused of a big-time crime, does this mean that he is now notorious enough to record with **Steve Jones** and **Paul Cook?** . . .

As a legend grows before our very eyes *T-Zers* turns its attention to matters of less than life-or-death importance (it's easier to keep our sneers intact when there's no bloodshed involved). *L'affaire* Sid would seem to have caused some sort of revival of last year's punk backlash with persons of a punky demeanour and costume receiving thrusts of rapier like wit from the man-in-the-street along the lines of "Did you stab your girlfriend too, then?" and **The Doomed** suddenly finding their Manchester hotel accommodations cancelled last Friday. Mind you, that could have been caused by a lot of things. Would you kip under the same roof as **Captain Sensible?** . . .

Meantime. **The Jam** found themselves on the receiving end of the wit and wisdom of **Tony Blackburn** on Radio 1's *Round Table* when "Down At The Tube Station At Midnight" came up for comment. "I think it's disgusting the way these punks sing about violence all the time!" howled the diminutive cuckold. "Why can't they sing about beautiful things like flowers and trees?" Telephone at the ready, **Paul Weller** crackled through the switchboard to state that the song in question was *anti*-violence and while he liked beautiful things as much as the next moddieboy, one must confront evil in order to recognise good. Blackburn retorted, "I think it's disgusting the way these punks sing about violence all the time! Why can't they sing about beautiful things like flowers and trees?" In order to teach Weller a lesson about The Beauties Of Life, *Top Of The Pops* decided to ban "Tube Station" on the grounds that it was — gasp — too violent. Ne'mind'eh, Paul, we like it, anyway. . . .

Incidentally, the same **Tony Blackburn** was responsible for describing **Bruce Springsteen's** "Promised Land" as "the most boring single of all time" and **Elvis Costello** as "a silly little man who doesn't know what he's talking about." *T-Zers* would've thought that anyone who could write the line *"radio is in the hands of such a lot of fools trying to anaesthetise the way that you feel"* had a pretty good grasp of the situation . . .

Another media man with his finger on the pulse is **Bob Harris:** "There's a lot going on in the States that the radio doesn't reflect . . . when I was over in the summer, the attitude was very much 'When's Britain going to come up with something?' Except for **Nick Lowe, Elvis Costello** and one or two other, what *have* we come up with?" Clearly Bob hasn't been reading his *NME Book Of Modern Music*. Still, the UK has produced at least two TV rock shows better than the *Bald Fey Bristle Breath* . . .

CAN IT BE mere coincidence that the new **Bob Marley** live double elpee is entitled "Babylon By Bus"? This was, after all, the headline above **Penny Reel's** less-than-ecstatic *NME* review of Bob's UK concert earlier this year. Island, we didn't know you cared, you crazy baldheads you . . .

John Winston Lennon came out of hiding recently to approach the company who designed the **Who** exhibition at the ICA to ask if they'd be interested in doing a similar job on **The Beatles** —hey, we thought the dream was over). The company said they'd be delighted to do it if John supplied the material. They're still waiting to hear from him (as are we all) . . .

Pete Townshend on the subject of the death of **Keith Moon:** "To be blunt about it, Keith's death has opened a lot of doors for us. After 15 years I was scared we were getting in a rut. We *will* tour with a new band — **Roger** keeps on at me about touring. Of course, lots of drummers contacted us after Keith died — some mad lunatics rang just the day after. Others, like **Ginger Baker,** sincerely wanted to help. It's sad but I don't think Keith was a happy person. If he was ever really desperate, really depressed, I don't think he felt he could talk to us. We were his heroes and he had to carry on the act without us." **The Oo** are, incidentally, carrying on with *Quadrophenia* without **Sham 69,** on the grounds that "you can't dance to their songs" . . .

And just in case anyone's forgotten about **The Rolling Stones** while all this excitement has been going on ("Respectable" currently enjoying barely respectable sales), **Mick Jagger, Jerry Hall** and **Diana Ross** seen teaching young **Jade** some natty dance steps at the side of the stage during a recent US **Bob Marley** gig, while a few overheated observers actually claim to have seen said Hall jerking off sidestage at the Stones' recent Chicago gig (God, these people are so *daring . . .)*

BACK IN BOOJILAND, we are mildly amused to learn that **Devo's** new manager is none other than Elliott Roberts, biznessmeister for the likes of **Neil Young, Joni Mitchell** and **CSNY.** Q: Are we not wimps? A: We are m-e-l-l-o-w . . .

Bootleg snobs and **Pistols** fiends alike will be interested to learn of the existence of "Indecent Exposure", a prime-time Spike-Top album recorded in Burton circa September '76 (before the Anarchy tour, **Bill Grundy,** *Sunday People,* **Sid Vicious,** etc). It's in fully functioning stereo and features all the great Pistols' standards of the time (anarchyvacant problems) plus "Substitute" and "Steppin' Stone" (among others) and the whole shebang is packaged in a nifty collage of newspaper clippings, including a report of Virgin boss **Richard Branson's** long-ago bust for flogging **Deep Purple** bootlegs (hi, Al!). Also floating about is a bootleg single of "Anarchy" and "Belsen Was A Gas" and *don't* ask us where to find 'em . . .

NME's **Phil McNeill** and **Brian B** (he of *Live Page* fame) both astonished to see their favourite local rock spot The Bridge House described as 'heavy' in the *NME* review of the "Week At The Bridge House" album. Brian, who reckons he's been there four nights a week for the past two years, testifies that he's never seen any real bother there ever. Our apologies to **Terry** the landlord — and to big, usually bearded **Chris Thompson** of **Manfred Mann** and **Filthy McNasty,** who, as any fule kno, is *not* a woman. **Graham Lock** (who wrote the review) has been *well* dressed down, and **Monty Smith** (who sub-edited it) has been sent to sweat it out in Southern Texas . . .

Following **Stoical Steve Clarke's** featurette on **Ian Matthews** in last week's fab ish, we've been informed that Ian's advance from Rockburgh Records was more than his advances from CBS and Elektra (Matthews last two labels) put together. Steve, who wrote "no large advance was forthcoming" has had a pocket calculator surgically implanted into the back of his right hand . . .

Lessee, where else have we screwed up lately? (Don't answer that). **Big In Japan** (whose current musical activities we'd described as "unknown" in the *NME Book Of Modern Music)* have broken up. We also missed out lead guitarist **Ian,** and listed **Phil** instead of **Budgie** on drums. Budgie is filling in with **The Slits** while they look for a drummer with the correct chromosomes, while lead singer **Jayne** is "getting a band together" . . .

The guts and the glory: *NME* stringer **Steve Walsh** now playing guitar for Manchester-based Mondo Weirdo combo Manicured Noise, currently on tour with **Wire** . . .

Say, who's the little guy: **Graham Parker** (for it was he) showed up to warble alongside diminutive starlet **Rachel Sweet** at the Plymouth and Brum whistlestops of the Be Stiff tour . . .

And an amusing little jape to wind up with: when **Bashful Bernie Rhodes** set off to the States (see last week's T-Zerz) he was originally intending to take along **Topper Headon** and **Paul Simonon,** but the gruesome twosome pulled some fancy footwork and let him leave without them. The plane was already airborne by the time Bernie discovered he was on his tod . . .

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New Releases
20p Meke Army, Smirks Against Travolta, So Alone, The Edge Pil, Zig Zag Blondie, Lemmy, Animal Lib No. 2.
25p New Siouxsie, Undertones, The Dogs (France), Pretty Vacant.
X-Series 20p Patti, Shelley, Culture, Poly.

This Last week		
1	(–)	Animal Liberation
2	(2)	Rezillos
3	(–)	We Are Devo
4	(–)	A.T.V.
5	(6)	Stiff Little Fingers
6	(—)	Siouxsie Special
7	(1)	Penetration
8	(9)	Clash Police
9	(8)	The Slits
10	(4)	Buzzcocks

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